LETTERS

ON

Several OCCASIONS,

By the late

Sir William Freeman.

TO WHICH

Some ACCOUNT of the AUTHOR is prefixed.

Inventa res ipſa eſſet ut certiores faceremus abſentes ſi quid eſſet quod eos ſcire aut noſtra aut ipſorum intereſſet.

TULL.

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INTRODUCTION.

IT has been ſo conſtant, and almoſt invariable a cuſtom, to prefix ſome little account of a writer to his works, that the editor would have ſcarcely been excuſed by the generality of readers, if he had ſent the following letters into the world without ſome biographical anecdotes.

THOUGH he might eaſily have apologized for this neglect, by obſerving that a life paſſed in retirement, is too uniform to afford a variety of pleaſing incidents, and that the letters themſelves contain the character of their writer, he has notwithſtanding complied with a curioſity which is prevalent amongſt mankind, and ſelected the following particulars, not ſo much that they are neceſſary, as becauſe they are expected.

SIR William Freeman was deſcended from an ancient family, his father died when he was about twelve years of age, and left him

him, with a ſiſter, to the protection of a guardian, whoſe tenderneſs for the offspring of his deceaſed friend, ſcarcely gave them an opportunity of feeling the loſs of a parent.

AFTER having paſſed through the neceſſary ſchools, Sir William was ſent to the univerſity of Oxford, where he contracted his acquaintance with Cleanthes. The ſimilitude of their diſpoſitions was the foundation of a friendſhip which ſurvived their reſidence at college, and laſted 'till the lateſt hour of their lives.

FROM the univerſity he went, by the advice of his guardian to the temple, that he might at once get ſome idea of the Engliſh laws and throw off an air of formality, which a long reſidence at college almoſt infallibly gives, and which frequently makes the ſcholar the object of contempt. During his reſidence here he was indulged in every amuſement which he himſelf ſhould approve, a power he never had reaſon to repent his being poſſeſſed of.

AT this time two young ladies from the country came to viſit a family in which he was

was intimate, and which he now perceived a ſtronger inclination to be frequent with than ever. One of them was formed to captivate his affections; ſhe had the happieſt phyſiognomy imaginable, good nature and underſtanding were viſible in the moſt agreeable features, and a dignity in her figure which commanded admiration and reſpect.

HER companion was of a very different character; ſhe was agreeable and ſprightly, had more ſmartneſs than Lucinda, but a much inferior degree of good ſenſe, yet found wherever ſhe went an equal number of admirers.

WHILST they continued in town Sir William was almoſt their conſtant companion, he attended them to publick places, and as the evening returned was generally found at their table. Upon their departure from London, they propoſed to paſs ſome time at Meliſſa's; but previous to this Sir William had inſiſted on becoming their correſpondent; to which the gay Meliſſa immediately conſented, and ſaid ſhe would anſwer for Lucinda's compliance. In conſequence of this, it was agreed that he ſhould addreſs them both in

one letter, and that their anſwer ſhould be the joint produce of their pens.

THIS was ſoon after ſtrictly obſerved by Sir William, who wrote to them in the politeſt manner he was able; but after long expectation he received an anſwer entirely in Meliſſa's hand, with nothing from Lucinda but her compliments.

SOME time after he received another letter from Meliſſa, in which ſhe told him that Lucinda had left her, that in her returning home one of the coach-wheels came off, and that if it had not been for the aſſiſtance of ſome countrymen, ſhe could not poſſibly have proceeded.

THESE circumſtances are trifling, but the editor has been thus minute, that the firſt letter of this collection, in which this accident is taken notice of, and which was written to Lucinda after her return, may be more perfectly intelligible.

IT was not long after Lucinda's return before her mother was adviſed by her phyſicians to take the waters at Bath; thither

thither ſhe was accompanied by her amiable daughter, and thither likewiſe was Sir William carried by the influence of a paſſion which was every hour encreaſing in his breaſt. He was here more truly acquainted with her engaging qualities than ever, and from this moment he determined to ſollicit her affection. Lucinda's parent, who ſaw, with pleaſure, Sir William's paſſion for her daughter encreaſe, invited him to paſs ſome time with her in the country. In his letter to Lucinda, after ſhe had left Bath, he mentions this invitation, and ſays, *Thither, my Lucinda, I ſhall haſten, for there only I begin to find that my happineſs is centered.*

He would now have gladly found ſome reaſon for refuſing the advice of his guardian, who preſſed him to embrace an advantageous opportunity of travelling, and agreed to accompany him firſt in a tour round his native country. But as he thought the only motive he had for his refuſal too weak to ſatisfy a man who had long forgot the paſſion of love, and to whom he was under the greateſt obligations, he made the neceſſary preparations for his departure. He thought it would likewiſe wear the appear-

ance of ingratitude if he denied the good old man at a time when he was no longer under his direction, and refuſed him the only requeſt he had made which he could not enforce by his authority.

When he came to take leave of his fair correſpondent, amidſt the pain he felt at leaving the woman he ſo truly admired, he had the conſolation, to perceive her affection was equal to his own, and heard, as he told her in his letter from Dover, with a mixture of pain and pleaſure, her intimation that diſtance might ſeclude her from his thoughts.

After having paſſed the uſual time abroad with more advantage than travelling ſo young is uſually attended with, he returned to his native country. He now renewed his addreſſes to Lucinda with ſuch marks of ſincerity, that ſhe liſtened to them with pleaſure, and conſented ſoon after to make him the happieſt of mankind. With her virtues and amiable qualifications alone, Sir William would have been happy, but with theſe ſhe brought him a very conſiderable fortune, which enlarged his power

of

of doing good, and alleviating the wants of humanity in diſtreſs.

For a few years they divided their time between the town and country, but their affection for the latter encreaſing, they ſeldom left it, unleſs with a view of enjoying more perfectly their return to domeſtick happineſs. We have now attended the writer of the following letters to that period of his life in which one day differed little from another, and to as much felicity as a human creature can enjoy in this life, where *many accidents*, to uſe his own language, *muſt happen to wound repoſe, which no human foreſight can prevent, nor the greateſt fortitude ſuſtain without anguiſh.**

It remains only to ſay, that after the loſs of his Lucinda he never enjoyed his uſual ſerenity, but left the world about a year after his laſt letter to Cleanthes, content with life, and happy in the aſſurance of rejoining, in a ſtate of felicity, the tender partner of his joys.

* Letter to Eumenes, page 367.

HAVING now made the reader as intimately acquainted with Sir William Freeman as the narrow limits of an introduction would permit, we ſhall detain him but little longer from the letters themſelves, in which his character is clearly ſeen, and in which he appears with all the advantages of a good huſband, an affectionate father, and a perfect chriſtian.

As for the following ſheets, the editor confeſſes he was pleaſed with them, and conceived that the ſentiments of a good man on ſome of the moſt intereſting and important ſubjects muſt be read with pleaſure and advantage. But conſcious that he had examined them through a deluſive medium, which ſoftens every imperfection, and gives to mediocrity the charms of merit, he ſubmitted them to the opinion of ſome others. It is owing to their approbation, uninfluenced by the partiality of friendſhip, that they are given to the publick, and to a natural preſumption that what has already pleaſed a few, may afford amuſement to a greater number.

If the editor, in ſelecting the following letters, had purſued his own natural turn alone, they would have been chiefly of the ſerious and preceptive kind; but as they would by that means have wanted the allurement of variety, he has interſperſed a few where the writer aſſumes an air of gaiety and chearfulneſs; yet even theſe he hopes are not abſolutely uninſtructive, as they obliquely recommend ſome virtue, or give a pleaſing appearance to ſome amiable diſpoſition of the heart.

It may, perhaps, be objected to the editor's obſervance of variety, that many of the following letters are on one ſubject, and that too a ſubject which is ſeldom awakened in our minds without a train of melancholy ideas. This is not mentioned merely to anticipate a cenſure, the editor was ſenſible of it at a time when he might have prevented it by ſubſtituting others in their places, but as he found, upon reflection, that diſſolution is the only important incident which muſt happen, on this ſide the grave, to all mankind, he thought it could not be too often recalled to our minds, if attended with admonition,

admonition, which might annihilate or diminiſh its terrors.

To procure the applauſe of every reader is too ſanguine a hope to be entertained by one who is in the leaſt acquainted with human nature, and knows the irreconcileable variety of its propenſities and inclinations. The editor, however, whilſt he diſmiſſes the following letters without the faineſt expectation that all ſhall be pleaſed, can truly aſſert, that he has endeavoured that none ſhould be offended.

To gratify, as much as poſſible, the taſtes of mankind in general, the editor has here preſented to them a collection of letters written on various occaſions, and at different periods of life. To the fair ſex he hopes they may afford amuſement at a ſeaſon when almoſt every pen is employed on political ſubjects, and the muſes repeat no ſtrains but thoſe of adulation or invective. Their ſmiles he hopes to receive for offering them the letters of a man who was always their warmeſt advocate, and who has written a ſeries of letters to Amelia, in which admonition is ſeparated from auſterity, and taught to wear the recom-

recommendatory ſmiles of amuſement. For their advantage he at firſt intended to have tranſlated the quotations, but this he afterwards thought needleſs, as he was aſſured that no lady was without a man of learning amongſt her acquaintance, to whom ſhe might afford an opportunity of obliging her by applying for his aſſiſtance.

THE editor thinks it prudent, in ſome meaſure to beſpeak the favour of the fair, as he has not endeavoured to procure attention by the ſtale and diſhoneſt artifice of a ſtriking title. The letters of Sir William Freeman are all he promiſes, without pretending that improvement muſt infallibly await their peruſal, or, if I may uſe the expreſſion, that a garland of flowers is here preſented to the publick, which had eſcaped all previous ſearch and examination.

THAT the perſpicacious eye of criticiſm, which examines only for the detection of errors, may here diſcover ſentiments which have been often repeated, the editor is perfectly aſſured; yet 'tis hoped that they are ſo recommended by their dreſs, and ſo blended with others, as to appear with all

the charms of novelty. To repreſs the triumph of this objection, it is neceſſary only to obſerve, that it may be made to every work, and particularly to thoſe where a number of ſubjects are treated, which have frequently employed the talents of mankind.

WHILST the Editor is obviating objections, it may not perhaps be amiſs to obſerve, that fictitious names are here ſubſtituted inſtead of the real ones; becauſe the following letters are many of them relative to affairs which thoſe to whom they are addreſſed would not wiſh to have known. With reſpect to the orthography, the author's manner is followed throughout, by which means it ſometimes happens, that the ſame word is variouſly written.

AS the following letters can raiſe no enemies by the gaul of ſatire, nor conciliate favour by the patronage of the great, their merit only can recommend them: unſupported, however, as they are, the editor flatters himſelf that the opinion of the few who have already read them, will be ratified by a more general approbation.

If the contrary ſhould happen, the only reproaches which can be made him, are, that he has been ſeduced by friendſhip to the diſappointment of his hopes, and added to the numerous volumes which are ſunk into oblivion.

These are cenſures which the conſciouſneſs of having intended well will eaſily enable him to bear, and more material ones he is not apprehenſive of. It cannot be ſaid, that a vice is here palliated, that any thing ſacred is ridiculed, or that the leaſt poiſon can be conveyed to the few who will inevitably read.

Thus much the editor thought it neceſſary to premiſe in an age when the preſs is too frequently the channel of immorality, and 'tis ſome recommendation of a book, to ſay it can do no harm.

ERRATA.

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MUSEUM

LETTERS

P. 222.
H. B

ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

LETTER I.

To LUCINDA.

May 12, 1717.

TO convince you that I poſſeſs as much of the diſpaſſionate in my diſpoſition as any one, I will confeſs that the recital of the accidents you met with on the road to S——gh, afforded me no kind of pleaſure; and that though you have been ſufficiently cruel to deny me the happineſs of a ſingle line, I do not really wiſh you had been over-turned.

IT appears to me, however, that moſt others in my ſituation, would have wiſhed that the honeſt farmers had denied their aſſiſtance, which as it happened, was abſo-

lutely neceſſary, and by which you were prevented from paſſing the evening *al freſco*.

If, however, this letter does not ſoon produce an anſwer, I am determined to lay aſide my patience, and publiſh a ſatyr againſt you, as ſevere as indignation can make it. I will then prove to all the world that you are — and — and — in ſhort, that there are others almoſt as amiable as yourſelf. Though at preſent I am a little puzzled for epithets, I would not have you fancy yourſelf ſecure on that account; invention can eaſily ſupply me with a ſet of imaginary foibles, ſince you have ſo few of the real ones which infeſt the human heart.

And, yet, as there is ſomething more pleaſing to the mind in obtaining the object of its wiſh, by gentle than the oppoſite means, and as every boſom unſullied by foibles is above the fear of reproach, I really begin to imagine, that you would be unaffected with the ſevereſt periods, and that I ſhall more probably ſucceed, by diſplaying the advantages a correſpondence with me would afford you.

I KNOW not then how better to begin, than by telling you that I ſhall keep the ſtricteſt eye on the fair ſex, obſerve with the utmoſt exactneſs the ſwellings of the hoop, and make an obſervation every morning on the female head-dreſs. If you approve of my ſcheme, I intend to prepare ſome tables, in which you may perceive at one glance, the various gradations of faſhion, and obſerve at what periods the many parts began to enlarge or decreaſe. In this, indeed, I muſt be honeſt enough to confeſs, that I ſhall be greatly aſſiſted by an ingenious gentleman of my acquaintance, who, for a few years paſt, has been diligent in obſervations of this kind; he has diſcovered the connection between affairs of ſtate and the petticoat, and has frequently made conjectures which time has verified. He has told me, that he was never ſo much out in any of his opinions, as that which he formed upon the decreaſe of the handkerchief, and the ſudden diſplay of the brilliant ſhoe-buckle. Inſtead of an addition to the matrimonal bills, he perceived the contrary to be true, and from thence has drawn this apothegm, that modeſty is the moſt attractive charm of the fair ſex.

lutely neceſſary, and by which you were prevented from paſſing the evening *al freſco*.

If, however, this letter does not ſoon produce an anſwer, I am determined to lay aſide my patience, and publiſh a ſatyr againſt you, as ſevere as indignation can make it. I will then prove to all the world that you are — and — and — in ſhort, that there are others almoſt as amiable as yourſelf. Though at preſent I am a little puzzled for epithets, I would not have you fancy yourſelf ſecure on that account; invention can eaſily ſupply me with a ſet of imaginary foibles, ſince you have ſo few of the real ones which infeſt the human heart.

And, yet, as there is ſomething more pleaſing to the mind in obtaining the object of its wiſh, by gentle than the oppoſite means, and as every boſom unſullied by foibles is above the fear of reproach, I really begin to imagine, that you would be unaffected with the ſevereſt periods, and that I ſhall more probably ſucceed, by diſplaying the advantages a correſpondence with me would afford you.

I KNOW not then how better to begin, than by telling you that I ſhall keep the ſtricteſt eye on the fair ſex, obſerve with the utmoſt exactneſs the ſwellings of the hoop, and make an obſervation every morning on the female head-dreſs. If you approve of my ſcheme, I intend to prepare ſome tables, in which you may perceive at one glance, the various gradations of faſhion, and obſerve at what periods the many parts began to enlarge or decreaſe. In this, indeed, I muſt be honeſt enough to confeſs, that I ſhall be greatly aſſiſted by an ingenious gentleman of my acquaintance, who, for a few years paſt, has been diligent in obſervations of this kind; he has diſcovered the connection between affairs of ſtate and the petticoat, and has frequently made conjectures which time has verified. He has told me, that he was never ſo much out in any of his opinions, as that which he formed upon the decreaſe of the handkerchief, and the ſudden diſplay of the brilliant ſhoe-buckle. Inſtead of an addition to the matrimonal bills, he perceived the contrary to be true, and from thence has drawn this apothegm, that modeſty is the moſt attractive charm of the fair ſex.

If you conſider how ſuddenly one faſhion expells another here, you muſt be convinced, that I have taken upon me a taſk of the greateſt difficulty, and be aſſured, that I look upon your correſpondence as eſſential to my happineſs.

By this means you will be able to dreſs in taſte, whilſt a faſhion exiſts, without waiting for the diſtant hour when it ſhould arrive in the order of things, and may quote my tables as undeniable authorities, if ever your opinion ſhould be diſputed.

Besides this, you ſhall be particularly acquainted with the motions of both houſes; I mean not of parliament, but the theatres; you ſhall know to whom the audience liſten with the greateſt pleaſure, and receive an inſtant account of every revolution which ſhall happen in thoſe ſtates. A Richard or an Hamlet, a Lear or an Othello ſhall not ſhine without your being conſcious of it; and every honour that the world beſtows, you ſhall be immediately informed of.

If you have any of that curioſity which is natural to human nature, you cannot ſure-

reſ-

reſiſt the temptation: however, as I am not entirely diveſted of ſelf love, I beg you would tell me that it is not the ſole motive of your correſpondence, leſt I ſhould imagine that you look upon my letters as ſo many news-papers, and my vanity be ſenſibly wounded.

When I conſult my heart on this occaſion, it tells me that my wiſhes ſhall be gratified; but at the ſame time I am apprehenſive that the counſellor is too much intereſted to determine with impartiality, and yet however its opinion may be ſuſpected, it ſhall eaſe me from anxiety till I have reaſon to deſpair, and free me from that painful ſuſpence which the mind is apt to feel, when a pleaſure is expected which can poſſibly be witheld or denied. I am, &c.

LETTER II.

To CLEANTHES.

August 5, 1717.

AT length, my Cleanthes, the day is come when the law allows me to write myſelf man, and I receive a power of deſtroying my eſtate, and of committing follies as I pleaſe.

YOU may perhaps ſmile at this whimſical definition of the day which makes me maſter of my fortune and fancy it ariſes from the gaieté de cœur it has inſpired me with; but indeed, my friend, inſtead of the bliſs which glows in moſt boſoms on occaſions of this kind, I feel a degree of pain, leſt I ſhould err in the enjoyment of my eſtate, and incur the cenſure of mankind by a miſapplication of the gifts of providence.

WHEN I look round and conſider human nature, I perceive ten thouſand whom I can congratulate on their poſſeſſions, and yet how ſeldom do we find a man, to whom we can ſay with the poet,

Di

Di tibi divitias dederant. Artemque fruendi.

It is not neceſſary for me to look far before I may diſcover of what ill conſequence the ſame liberty I now enjoy has been; Menander [whom you know], was born to a conſiderable eſtate; his father died whilſt he was young, and left him to the care of a guardian, but little fit for the difficult taſk of leading the mind from the toy to manhood; every pleaſure, even of the moſt innocent kind, was denied to him, from a wrong judged ſeverity, and every amuſement withheld which thoſe of the ſame age are uſually indulged in.

At length, however, the happy day came in which his fortune was put into his hands, improved beyond his utmoſt wiſhes and expectation. Free from the reſtraint he was before under, he gave the reins to pleaſure, which brought him from the height of affluence to poverty and contempt. Should I be guilty of the ſame indiſcretion, I could not plead the ſame excuſe to extenuate it; I do not eſcape from rigid ſeverity like him, on

the contrary I was indulged in every pleaſure but thoſe which are vicious, and in every amuſement which a reaſonable man could deſire.

HAVE I not reaſon then to tremble for myſelf the eyes of every friend are on me, they are anxious leſt I ſhould fail in ſo blending œconomy with liberality, as to avoid the epithets of avaricious or profuſe, and fear that follies may be the conſequence of my power.

IF I know any thing of my own heart, their fears will ſoon be loſt, I ſhall, through the tenour of my life, endeavour to be generous without profuſion, and attached to my own intereſt without avarice. And yet, though this be my firmeſt reſolve, it does not ſecure me from danger; for many, I am aſſured, who have formed determinations of this kind, have frequently forgot them on the ſollicitations of pleaſure, and have reaped from them no other advantage than the conviction of this truth, that *human reſolutions are too often vain.*

YOU, my Cleanthes, muſt have felt the ſame kind of ſenſation on the like occaſion; but

but long before this you have driven every fear from the breaſts of your friends, and have charmed them into a wonder that they ever doubted of your future conduct. I hope that hour approaches which will bring the ſame relief to the anxiety of mine.

THIS acceſſion to my fortune has greatly amuſed me, from the different turns which thoſe who are allied to me by intereſt or friendſhip, have taken to congratulate me on the occaſion. Some, in a profuſion of words, have hoped that the ſun, which called forth the verdure of my meadows, would find my happineſs increaſing, and that I might live to ſee the oakling of my own planting lift its full-grown branches to the ſky. Such laboured compliments proceed from thoſe who are bound to me by intereſt; the language of friendſhip is for ever plain, and accompanied with that look in which the ſentiment of the heart is ſeen.

No one more ſenſibly touched me on this occaſion, than an honeſt old ſteward of my father's, who, giving me a hearty ſqueeze by the hand, wiſhed I might make the ſame noble uſe of my fortune that my father had done

done before me. This good old man, who, unlike moſt others in his ſituation, conſulted the intereſt of his maſter, was left by the ſudden death of my father to a claim only to the reward of his office. I remember to have heard my father ſpeak of him with the utmoſt kindneſs, and promiſe to do ſomething for his advantage; but unhappily this was never carried into execution: I have therefore ſettled on him an annuity which may ſecure him from any apprehenſion of poverty in thoſe hours when human nature is leaſt impowered to ſuſtain it, and have enabled him to paſs his latter days in eaſe, ſince his earlier were dedicated to honour.

To you, my Cleanthes, I may ſay, no action of my life ever gave me more ſenſible pleaſure than this. You yourſelf have felt the ſatisfaction which ariſes from benevolence: and will therefore believe that another breaſt may feel it. Indeed, the joy I have received in giving eaſe to this good old man, has made me wiſh for an encreaſe of my fortune, that I might have a more frequent power of alleviating the diſtreſs of a fellow-creature, and of brightening the dejected eyes of merit.

THE opportunity they have of doing this is the only reaſon why we ſhould envy the ſons of ſuperior wealth; but for this, to be above the *icy precepts of reſpect*, is, perhaps, to be as happy as the conditions of humanity will permit; and yet, how few are there who, with the greateſt poſſeſſions, purchaſe this pleaſure, or employ the gifts of heaven in acts of generous piety.

FROM a view of mankind we might have reaſon to ſuſpect, that the greateſt part of their boſoms were not adapted to the perception of this pleaſure; but notwithſtanding this, I am convinced that every action which ariſes from a truly virtuous motive, muſt convey ſatisfaction to the heart, perhaps the greateſt and moſt laſting it can know.

MAY you, my Cleanthes, long enjoy this happineſs; may it be mine always to deſerve your eſteem, and to call you, at the lateſt hour of life, by the pleaſing appellation of my friend. Believe me, &c.

LETTER III.

To CLEANTHES.

December 9, 1717.

THOUGH reflection be but ſeldom admitted to reſtrain the paſſions of the youthful breaſt, yet a melancholly accident has awakened me to ſerioufneſs, the death of our common friend Clytander. It is indeed, true, that inſtances of this nature are daily before our eyes, but we ſee thoſe whom we never knew go calmly to the grave, and feel ſcarce the leaſt emotion on the occaſion; nothing ſo immediately affects us as the loſs of a friend with whom we have frequently converſed; we then conſider the danger as approaching much nearer, and tremble through apprehenſion for ourſelves.

WHEN we have paſſed through a ſucceſſion of years to that age which deſtroys every inclination for our former pleaſures; when hope can no longer flatter us with moments of joy, the mind acquieſces in the thoughts of death, its terrors are diminiſhed, and we ſink with reſignation from the world. But at the ripening age of youth we are naturally

turally inclined to look forwards to moments of happineſs, and ſoften our preſent anxieties by the expectation of future eaſe.

THE loſs of a friend, therefore, who had the ſame reaſon that we ourſelves have to hope for a length of happy years, muſt naturally diſpoſe the mind to reflection; it will convince us, my Cleanthes, that health is little more than a momentary ſecurity, and exhort to us that rectitude of life which can only preſerve us from the fear of death.

How few amongſt mankind are ſo well prepared to attend the awful ſummons as Clytander was, it is not Clytander therefore that deſerves our pity; he has paſſed that hour which every mortal by the inevitable decree of nature muſt paſs, and exchanged the calamities of this life for happineſs in a better.

WE have loſt, my Cleanthes, a friend whom we could not too much eſteem; let us gain by it a reſolution to imitate his virtues; if we do this, we ſhall paſs like him the hour with ſerenity, in which all but the good man are cowards. I am, &c.

To LUCINDA, *with a Landſcape.*

April 6, 1718.

THE mimick plain extended to my eye,
The ſilver ſtream now ſeem'd to bubble by:
At length my fair, the pleaſing taſk was o'er,
My willing pencil could improve no more.
" Go then, I ſaid, nor yet unenvy'd go,
" WhereLucy's charms bid every boſom glow;
" Where ſhould ſome rebel heart refuſe the ſway
" Of beauty, ſhort-liv'd bloſſom of a day,
" Still ſhall her ſenſe excite the pleaſing pain,
" And make each effort not to love be vain.

As o'er this view no black'ning ſtorm is ſeen,
Nor fleecy cloud diſturbs the wide ſerene
Thus may your days, my fair, with pleaſure flow,
Unknown to every pain and every woe.
But ah! how vain the thought, the wiſh how vain!
Thy boſom, ſure, ſhall feel the tender pain.

Strange,

Strange, if the fair, whom every eye admires,
For e'er eſcape the paſſion ſhe inſpires.
May then ſome youth, the captive of thy charms,
Whoſe merit points him worthy of thy arms,
In tend'reſt accents breath his ſoul's deſire,
And teach thy heart to glow with mutual fire.

Thrice happy youth! each ſun that chears the earth,
And calls the vernal ſnow-drops into birth;
Each ſpring, luxuriant in the blooming ſpray,
Or ſongs melodious that awake the day,
With joy freſh ſpringing ſhall thy boſom chear,
For e'er increaſing with the growing year.

Ah! were that touch the living pencil mine,
That artful nature which, * Lorain was thine,
Some glowing canvaſs where the noon-tide ray
Shone forth effulgent in the blaze of day,
A nobler work, my fair, had charm'd thy eyes,
Which future fame had lifted to the ſkies —

* Claude Lorain: one of the fineſt landſcape painters that have lived, and remarkable for his happy imitation of ſunſhine.

But

But ſoft, methinks ſome guardian pow'r conveys
The pleaſing ſound that Lucy ſtill ſhall praiſe;
With partial kindneſs ev'ry fault ſhall view,
And ſmile, approving, ſince for her I drew.
Then to thy ſhade for e'er be peace, Lorain,
No more my envy, may thy fame remain;
Alike our ſtars with happy influence ſhine,
You charm a world, to pleaſe Lucinda's mine.

LETTER

LETTER IV.

To LUCINDA *from* Bath.

October 3d, 1718.

WHATEVER you may think of the Affair, Lucinda, you have left behind a character which you ſcarcely ſuſpect, and are frequently the ſubject of a converſation which is not greatly to your advantage. Do you imagine, that excelling all the world is a crime which eſcapes with impunity? Believe me, envy is the ſting which attends ſuperior merit, and detraction the general conſequence of envy. From this principle, indeed, I can eaſily account for the behaviour of your own ſex; but even the men here are poſſitive in aſſerting that you are no better than you ſhould be; nay, do not bluſh Lucinda.—They allow you are almoſt as good.

IF it were poſſible to receive any pleaſure from a diſpoſition which diſhonours human nature, I ſhould certainly have been entertained at the ingenious method by which your virtues were metamorphoſed into the leaſt engaging qualities imaginable. There were not wanting thoſe who called

your good nature, an exceſs of freedom, your tenderneſs for the beſt of parents, an intereſted Hypocriſy, and aſcribed your appearing ſo ſeldom in publick places, to an intention of attracting more particular admiration whenever you came.

If I were not convinced that you muſt deſpiſe this as the effect of envy, I ſhould perhaps be more particular with reſpect to the encomiums of the gentlemen; they beheld you with pleaſure, whilſt you were here, and ſpeak of you with a kind of regret, ſince you have left the place.

You will, however, be pleaſed perhaps to hear, that amongſt the fair there are ſome who ſpeak favourably of you. Belinda, who has no other ambition than that of attracting applauſe by the charms of her perſon, allows you ſenſe, whilſt Sophia, on whom nature has beſtowed an underſtanding greatly ſuperior to her form, muſt needs confeſs you are fair. We never withold the applauſe which is due to virtues or accompliſhments for which we cannot value ourſelves.

IT is with the fair ſex, as with poets: a rival can be born by neither. The poet, as if he fancied that the laurel which is gathered by another muſt be torn from his own brow, for ever endeavours to leſſen the growing reputation of a brother; and the beauty conſiders every encomium that is beſtowed on another as leſſening the luſtre of her own fair eyes, or the bloom which glows upon her cheek.

THIS diſpoſition of the fair methinks I can eaſily account for, from the love of power which moſt of them feel within their boſoms: whoever riſes from her toilet with a conſciouſneſs of ſuperior charms, will perceive an inclination for deſpotick power, ſince every beauty is a tyrant who aſpires at univerſal obedience wherever ſhe ſteps.

WHOEVER has ſeen the fair Cleora may be convinced of this truth: obſerve with what grandeur ſhe walks along the rooms, you perceive in her countenance that ſhe conſiders every female preſent as born to envy her, and imagines that all mankind muſt behold with admiration.

THOUGH I have ſpoke thus generally of the fair, yet I am convinced there are others whoſe ambition is more bounded, and who, with the greateſt ſhare of perſonal recommendations, are earneſt in the purſuit of every qualification which can render the mind more amiable.

WERE I diſpoſed to draw the moſt engaging portrait imaginable, I could eaſily find a ſubject, but as you may poſſibly wiſh for an intimate acquaintance with the original, I ſhall omit the attempt, ſince 'twould be difficult for *you* to obtain it from that principle in human nature which makes us ſtrangers to *ourſelves*.

I DO not remember ever to have felt a ſtronger inclination than at preſent to moralize on the uncertainty of our pleaſures and the inſtability of our inclinations. It is not long ſince that I conſidered this place in a pleaſing light, I mixt with others in the aſſemblies devoted to amuſement, and felt that kind of ſenſation which thoſe around me felt. I ſhould be almoſt ready to ſuſpect, that you had bribed the pleaſures into the country, if

I

I did not perceive that the ſame rounds of gaiety prevail here as ever, and that almoſt every countenance wears its uſual vivacity but my own.

AFTER what I have ſaid, you cannot be ſurpriſed at my having determined to leave this place, and to accept of your beſt of mother's invitation to paſs ſome days with you. Thither, my Lucinda, I ſhall haſten; for there only I begin to find that my happineſs centered. I am, &c.

LETTER. V.

To LUCINDA *from* Dover.

May 5th, 1719.

THE concern my Lucinda expreſſed leſt variety of objects and abſence ſhould baniſh her from my thoughts, gave me at the ſame time a mixture of pain and pleaſure; I was inexpreſſibly charmed with it, as a proof of her affection; and yet unwilling ſhe ſhould in the leaſt doubt the ſincerity of my paſſion. Alas! Lucinda little knows the warmth of my love, if ſhe conceives that it can be decreaſed by ſeparation; it is founded on thoſe amiable qualities which are ſeldom united, and therefore but little liable to be diſplaced.

THIS conſideration alone ſhould baniſh every apprehenſion; but if even this were wanting, Lucinda does not ſurely imagine, I can forget the vows of fidelity I made to her.

BELIEVE me, wherever I may be, my wiſhes will always be with you: the ſight of beauty will ſerve only to bring your perſon

to

to my mind, and if ever I ſhould hear an amiable character ſpoken of, I ſhall ſay, with a ſigh to myſelf, ſuch a one is my Lucinda.

I ſhall endeavour, as frequently as I can, to entertain you with the obſervations I ſhall make; do you, my Lucinda omit no opportunity of giving me the greateſt pleaſure I can know, the aſſurance of your welfare.

I am this moment ſummoned aboard by the honeſt captain, and have only time to aſſure Lucinda, that I leave nothing on my native ſhore ſo dear to me as herſelf. Believe me, &c.

LETTER VI.

To CLEANTHES.

Auguſt 11th, 1721.

THERE cannot perhaps be a more pleaſing ſenſation than that which I feel at preſent, upon being again returned to my native country, and to thoſe in whoſe friendſhip I am happy.

INDEED, my Cleanthes, I cannot but reckon amongſt the chief advantages of travelling, that love which it awakens for our native country; there is within every boſom a ſpirit of patriotiſm, which we do not perceive our ſelves whilſt we continue with thoſe of our own nation; I could never hear any compariſon formed between the countries I have viſited and my own without perceiving myſelf prejudiced in its favour; I was ſtrenuous in the palliation of the characteriſtical follies I could not help condemning, and found it almoſt impoſſible to avoid partiality.

FROM what ever motive this may ariſe, 'tis happy for human nature that it exiſts; 'tis this which bids the inhabitant endure the blaſts

blaſts of northern climes, and reconciles him to the ſultry regions of the eaſt; we might otherwiſe, perhaps, ſee mankind aſſembled in thoſe happy parts where temperate ſkies prevail, and the ſeaſons return in a pleaſing ſucceſſion.

I HAVE ſometimes wondered that ſuch as have lived to that age in which the paſſions are lulled to reſt, and who find themſelves becalmed for want of employment, do not more frequently travel. But now, my Cleanthes, I am no longer ſurpriſed I have felt the inclination which every mortal feels of leaving this world amidſt his friends, and breathing his latter moments where he drew his firſt. 'Tis this, I am perſuaded, which reſtrains all but the younger part of mankind from travelling, which otherwiſe ſeems better calculated to entertain at the moments of calm reflection than when the paſſions are in their full powers.

WHEN I lay confined to my bed at Verona, I trembled more at the thoughts of diſſolution, than I hope I ſhall on my native ſoil, and could not help recalling thoſe lines where Tibullus ſo elegantly complains.

Me

Me tenet ignotis ægrum Phæacia terris
Abſtineas avidas, mors violenta, manus!
Abſtineas, mors atra precor. Non hic mihi mater
Quæ legat in mœſtos oſſa peruſta ſinus;
Non ſoror, Aſſyrios cineri quæ dedat odores
Et fleat effuſis ante ſepulchra comis.

INDEED I cannot help thinking that Montaigne was unacquainted with his own heart when he rallied this inclination, and ſaid he was diveſted of a prejudice ſo common to his fellow creatures.

YOU, my Cleanthes, who for ever participate the happineſs of your friends will rejoice to hear, that ſince my return Lucinda has conſented to be mine. Yet, believe me, that however happy I may be as a lover, I cannot forget I am a friend, whilſt I feel from thoſe virtues which adorn Cleanthes that friendſhip is one of the greateſt bleſſings this life affords. I am, &c.

LET-

LETTER VII.

To LUCINDA.

May 9th, 1723.

THIS preſent moment proves, my Lucinda, that you have choſen for a companion a very old-faſhioned fellow; for though above a dozen moons are paſt ſince I firſt received your hand, my love continues ſtill the ſame.

BUT ſuch is the natural inconſtancy of human nature that I am apprehenſive of a change, and fear, that before as many more have appeared I ſhall ſtill love you with greater affection.

I AM now with an old friend of my father's, whom he uſed to call his *Phyſiognomiſt*. We were this morning at breakfaſt in his library, when a man was introduced to him who came to offer himſelf as a ſervant. The old gentleman ſurveyed him with attention, and without aſking him a ſingle queſtion, told him he would not do for

for him. There was ſomething ſo ſtrange in this to me, that I could not help ſmiling, and aſked him what reaſons he had for ſo ſudden a determination.

I DISCOVERED ſaid he, or fancied I diſcovered a great ſhare of ill-nature in that fellow's countenance, which has been always a ſufficient reaſon for my refuſing a ſervant. I never aſk them any queſtions about their abilities if their phyſiognomy diſpleaſes me, and ſeldom make any objections to them if I like it.

FOR ſome years paſt I have not changed a ſervant; a place is now vacant by the death of my coachman. I ſhould hate, ſays he, to ſee a ſet of faces about me which might continually put me in mind of the vices of mankind, and ſhould certainly catch the infection from a countenance overſpread with gloomy ſullenneſs: I conſider myſelf as a chameleon, to be affected by the objects which ſurround me, and am therefore determined to chuſe as I have always done ſuch ſervants as have ſomething pleaſing in their aſpect.

THE good old man has indeed great reaſon to inſiſt on a maxim he frequently repeats, which is, *That the face is always an index to the mind*; I never remember to have ſeen a better looking ſet of people than his ſervants are, good nature is ſtrongly marked in every face about the houſe, and they ſeem rather to be doing what pleaſes themſelves than what their duty demands.

HE has only two daughters, out of a large family, who live with him, and theſe he hopes to keep to himſelf, he ſays, 'till ſome of his grand children are grown up. His only ſon and four young ladies are married with his approbation, a circumſtance which affords him the greater pleaſure as he gave them the liberty of determining for themſelves. One thing which he has always inſiſted upon at the marriage of his daughters is, that they and their huſbands ſhould paſs the Chriſtmas at his houſe; at that ſeaſon of the year he is conſtantly happy in ſeeing all his children about him: he calls it his annual aſſembly. I have heard that nothing can poſſibly be more pleaſing than to ſee this venerable father ſurrounded by his family, and to obſerve the perfect harmony which reigns

reigns amongſt them. He has entreated me, my Lucinda, to bring you to this amiable ſociety when the ſeaſon for their meeting next comes round. This I have almoſt promiſed, as I am convinced it muſt afford you pleaſure.

SUCH are his peculiarities, which I cannot help having a kind of a veneration for from the friendſhip which ſubſiſted between him and my father. He has qualities beſides which muſt procure him the eſteem of all mankind. His charity endears him to objects in diſtreſs, and his good nature to his friends. He has ſeen the polite world, and in converſation never fails to convince you, that he has obſerved and underſtood mankind.

I SHOULD leave the good man with regret, if I did not leave him for Lucinda; but every pleaſure is imperfect to me which ſhe does not participate. Believe me, &c.

LETTER VIII.

To LEONTES.

July 4, 1727.

'TIS an obſervation of Cicero's, that the ſucceſs of a letter depends as much on him who receives as on him who writes. If this be founded on truth, ſure no correſpondent can be more difficultly pleaſed than the modern fine gentleman, who to day is elate with ſucceſs, and to-morrow loſt in deſpair.

To apply this obſervation, let us ſuppoſe for example, that the fickle goddeſs has employed her utmoſt malignity to torment you, a letter arrives from a friend, you read it, look on every thought that ſparkles as an inſult, and are vexed at the writers being in ſo good a humour; but ſhould the contrary have been the caſe, and fortune, with extraordinary beneficence, have dealt her honours, how would you laugh at the prig whoſe letter ſhould be filled with morality, and condemn an epiſtolary ſermon, when every period ſhould be wit. The moſt prudent method

method then is, to obſerve a medium, as there is an equal hazard of pleaſing and diſpleaſing, by gravity or chearfulneſs.

You aſk me, my Leontes, how I can poſſibly paſs the tedious days where no pleaſures are found that are ſweetened by variety, nor joys but ſuch as retirement can afford. You indeed, whoſe hours are paſſed in continual gaiety, may, perhaps, with difficulty be perſuaded that ſtealing down the ſilent path of life can be attended with happineſs, and look on thoſe moments to be loſt which are not marked with pleaſure.

But if you could venture yourſelf amongſt us at B—— I am almoſt convinced, that a ſhort time would aſſure you a rural life is not ſo unentertaining as you imagine, and ſhew you that the pleaſures can condeſcend to dwell amongſt the ſhades and ſtreams.

As nothing could give me greater ſatisfaction than ſeeing you here, let me endeavour to tempt you by ſaying that our neighbourhood boaſts a beauty whoſe charms can

ſcarcely

ſcarcely be excelled, fair without affectation, and eaſy with the utmoſt grace. Her mind is not leſs attractive than her perſon; ſhe has improved the greateſt natural talents with all the literature that can render a female more engaging, and is now in that ſeaſon of life when beauty ſhines in its utmoſt luſtre.

If this can tempt you, and you are ſtill according to the faſhionable phraſe, determined never to reſign your liberty, let me adviſe you to bring with you if poſſible, a more certain antidote againſt the effects of beauty, than the reſolutions you fancy you have formed. Who knows but that happieſs hour may come whilſt you are here, which generally comes to human creatures at ſome age or another, and you may be very fooliſhly though very ſincerely in love.

I know you deteſt the thought, and can fancy I ſee the utmoſt confidence of ſecurity riſing in your countenance, but remember, that human reſolutions are but weak, and tremble.

I COULD ſcarcely help ſmiling at that part of your letter, in which you call me your moralizing friend, and would tempt me to town by telling me I might there indulge my humour in its utmoſt extent. Were I indeed that kind of man, every place affords a variety of objects adapted to the purpoſe; could I not ſay to the fading roſe, ſee there the emblem of human beauty which a ſhort ſpace deſtroys? The ſenſitive plant I might call thoſe pleaſures which we ſo ardently purſue, which ſink drooping from poſſeſſion, and wither upon the ſhorteſt enjoyment. When I obſerved the alliance which reigns amidſt ſome of the flowery train, my fancy would naturally ſuggeſt to me the advantages of friendſhip, and lead me to expatiate on its joys.

THUS you ſee, my Leontes, how my own garden may excite ideas of that kind, and that your moralizing friend had no need forſake his retirement for the purpoſe you have mentioned.

IF there be any amuſement which I envy you the enjoyment of, it is that of the theatre:

I could with pleaſure paſs an evening in ſeeing action joined to ſublimity, and the poet ſtill rendered more pleaſant or pathetick, by a ſkilful player. The calmneſs of a retired life has taught me to look on almoſt every other diverſion with indifference; my own garden ſupplies me with birth-night beaus and belles, and to theſe only am I frequent in my viſits.

And yet, in the midſt of the pleaſure they afford, the thoughts of you are ſometimes accompanied with a degree of pain, ſince the ſame inſtant, in which I conſider you as a friend, for ever tells me you are abſent. I am, &c.

LETTER IX.

To CLEANTHES.

Sept. 28, 1727.

LUCINDA and I were yeſterday paying a viſit where we were entertained with the following anecdotes: If I do not marr them in the telling, they will, I believe, afford you ſome amuſement: If I do, I can only ſay it was an excellent ſtory when I heard it.

ERASTUS at the expiration of his clerkſhip to a merchant, ſaw himſelf in poſſeſſion of a fortune, which a few years with ſucceſs might have encreaſed to the heighth of his ambition. He had made a favourable impreſſion on the heart of the fair Eliza, his maſter's daughter, and married her ſoon after he was ſettled, with the conſent of her father who retired from buſineſs, and paſſed the remainder of his days in eaſe and calmneſs.

THEY had but a few years enjoyed the happineſs they imparted to each other, be-

fore

fore Eraſtus by unexpected loſſes and the bankruptcy of a houſe abroad, was robbed of all his fortune. He now for ever looked on the lovely Eliza with pain. Can'ſt thou ſtill love the man who has reduced thee to poverty? Indeed, thou can'ſt, ſaid he, preſſing her hand with all imaginable tenderneſs. Heaven knows I have not brought my misfortunes on myſelf—we muſt not repine, and yet ſo lovely a family—at which time he caſt his eyes on his little rogues who were playing on the carpet, and then on his Eliza. He ſaw the tear flow down her cheek, and wept. Whatever ſhe could ſuggeſt to give him eaſe, ſhe ſpoke with all the tenderneſs imaginable; we will not weep then, my Eliza, perhaps we may yet know happier hours. The attention of the little ones was drawn by their tears. One asked the mother why ſhe wept; and another with inquiſitive love, why papa cried; Eraſtus kiſſed them and ſaid he would weep no more, bad them be good and heaven would bleſs them.

THUS paſſed their hours till his affairs were ſettled, when he paid to the utmoſt whatever he owed to mankind; ſuch was his character that many offered him money,

which he declined, as he had already found that induſtry could not inſure ſucceſs. By others he was adviſed to go abroad and look into the affairs of the houſe by the bankruptcy of which he had ſo conſiderably ſuffered. This he reſolved on. When he told his intention to Eliza ſhe wept at the thoughts of parting, ſhe dreaded the danger he would be expoſed to more than poverty itſelf, and would not liſten to him unleſs he would conſent to her accompanying him on the voyage. Alas! thou beſt of women, you forget your condition, Eliza cannot think that any thing but the hopes of bettering our fortunes could prevail on me to leave her. Were I to wait till the time was paſt when you might accompany me without hazarding your life, the delay might be dangerous, even then thy tender limbs could but poorly endure the fatigue. I go that Eliza, her little ones, and that infant, which ſoon will claim its ſhare of my affection, may never taſte the bitter cup of poverty. The little remainder of our fortunes I will leave with thee, if that ſhould be exhauſted, which heaven forbid, before I am enabled to congratulate thee on our happier circumſtances, ſure then thou couldſt not know

know the miſery of abſolute want, thy Eraſtus ſtill has friends, I have been unfortunate, my Eliza, but not baſe.

By arguments of this kind he prevailed on her to acquieſce in his deſign. Support yourſelf in my abſence, ſaid he, we ſhall not long labour under misfortunes we have not deſerved. If any thing advantageous ſhould happen to fix me abroad will Eliza follow me? Will —— how can Eraſtus doubt it, ſaid the lovely wife, with you no climate can be diſpleaſing, without you no circumſtances can make me happy. Thou dear, dear woman, ſaid he, claſping her in his arms, how have I deſerved thy love.

At length the time came which was to ſeparate them from each other; no words can expreſs the pain they felt at parting; Eraſtus who had without knowing it, ſupported himſelf by endeavouring to ſupport his Eliza, wept when he embraced his beſt of wives. The tears choaked his voice when he told his little ones to be dutiful to their mother. At the laſt embrace he would have ſpoke, but found the effort vain, he gazed on her for a few moments with a

look which may much eaſier be conceived than deſcribed, and ſilent left her in all the grief a human breaſt can know.

ELIZA now retired to one of the *environs* where her thoughts were generally employed upon Eraſtus, ſometimes when they had wandered from their uſual ſubject, they were recalled to it by one of the little ones aſking where papa was? upon which ſhe could not help pointing out the diſtant hills, and ſaying, that he was a thouſand times more diſtant than they were, an idea but ſeldom awakened without producing tears.

HAPPILY for her, ſhe received a letter from him with aſſurances of his welfare, at a time when ſhe moſt wanted conſolation; and ſome months after came to her hands the following.

'My deareſt Eliza,

'YOU will naturally believe I write this 'with the utmoſt joy, ſince I can in-'form my deareſt wife, that I am now ſet-'tled in ſuch a way, as may ſoon make up for 'our late ill fortune. A more particular ac-'count I reſerve till I am happy in thy con-'verſation. I have ſent a bill though I can-

'not

'ſuppoſe you want it, that nothing may 'poſſibly detain you from my arms. Haſte 'to a huſband who loves you better than 'himſelf, and believe that abſence has made 'you dearer to him than ever.'

ELIZA no ſooner received this welcome letter, than ſhe began to prepare for her departure; by the firſt veſſel therefore that was ready ſhe ſet ſail, and took with her a female ſervant to aſſiſt her in the care of the children. She found no other, ſcarce indeed ſo many inconveniencies as ſhe expected, which aroſe from the humanity of the captain, who unlike moſt of his brethren, compaſſionated the inconveniencies which attend thoſe who are unaccuſtomed to the ſea.

THE wiſh'd for ſhore was now in view, and Eliza's heart exulted at the thoughts of her approaching happineſs. Scarce however was ſhe landed, before her ſpirits ſunk at the appearance of a funeral which paſſed by her; her ill-boding fancy immediately ſuggeſted to her that it might poſſibly be her huſband; ſhe could not avoid enquiring who it was, when ſhe heard that it was a ſtranger, whoſe name was Eraſtus. The colour left

left her cheek, ſhe fainted in the arms of her maid, and recovering found herſelf in the houſe of a ſtranger whoſe hoſpitality was awakened by the appearance of her diſtreſs. Was it for this, ſaid ſhe, I paſſed the dangers of the ſea.——Unhappy woman in having eſcaped its perils: alas! I promiſed myſelf ſome years of uninterrupted happineſs. Good heaven my ſorrows will end but with my life. Thus did ſhe exclaim in broken ſentences till again ſhe ſunk her fainting head, and found herſelf ſupported at her recovery, by the huſband ſhe imagined to be no more. At firſt ſhe ſpoke to him with an incoherent wildneſs which indicated the diſorder of her mind; till at length grown calmer, ſhe ſaid, was it deluſion all — And do I live once more to behold the man I love? It was, it was Eliza, ſaid he, preſſing her to his boſom, thy huſband lives and we ſhall now be bleſt.

As ſoon as their exceſs of joy was ſomewhat abated, Eliza deſired an account of what had happened to him ſince he left her; and aſked if he knew how ſhe came to receive that melancholy information which made her the moſt miſerable of human beings.

As

As ſoon, my dear, ſaid he, as I came over, I found that the affairs of the houſe were not, by much, in ſo bad a way as was firſt imagined, and ſome time after received a larger ſum from it than ever I expected. This and an opportunity which now preſented itſelf of my ſettling greatly to my advantage, gave me exceſſive ſpirits, and I began to hope, as I wrote my Eliza, that happier hours might now await us.

It was not long after my writing that letter, which bad thee haſten to my arms, that a ſtranger came to this part of the iſland in hopes of improving his health. Amongſt others I went to pay him my reſpects. Can you conceive what pleaſure mingled with ſurprize and pain I felt, when in this ſtranger I beheld a brother? This was that brother whom Eliza has heard me mention. He was baniſhed by my father for ſome indiſcretions of youth, and left his native country with the little fortune which had been given him by his grandfather. He ſettled on a diſtant part of this iſland, where he made a conqueſt (for his perſon was remarkably fine) of a widow, who poſſeſſed one of the largeſt eſtates upon it.

He was overjoyed to ſee me. I cannot much longer continue here, ſaid he; I am going to the eternal abode appointed for human nature. Since my baniſhment from my father's houſe, heaven has bleſſed me with ſucceſs. I am told he forgave me with his dying breath: good old man——You are now, Eraſtus, the only remaining of our family: I little dreamt of ever ſeeing you again; but heaven is kind. The terrors of diſſolution are leſſened at ſight of thee. 'Tis not an unpleaſing reflection, that thy friendly hand will cloſe my eyes. Beware, Eraſtus, nor miſemploy the wealth I ſhall leave thee; it was got with honour. I can ſcarcely adviſe thee to marry; 'tis to the loſs of the beſt of wives, which was ſoon followed by that of an only child, that I owe my preſent diſorder. We were happy. She was the beſt of women. At theſe words Eraſtus fixed his Eyes upon Eliza. May heaven continue our lives, ſaid he, may we never know the pang of ſeparation till age has ſilvered o'er our heads, and then it muſt be ſhort.

The brother aſked Eraſtus what accident had brought him to that part of the world, and

and told him that upon the firſt appearance of his illneſs he had wrote to England to enquire whether he was ſtill living; and that he had already made a will in his favour, and left him whatever fortune he poſſeſſed.

It was not long after his arrival, reſumed Eraſtus, that he died and left me an eſtate even beyond the ambition of my wiſhes. 'Twas his funeral you met; it was Eraſtus they were bearing to the grave, but not Eliza's Eraſtus. He lives to be once more happy with the partner of his joys. At theſe words he preſſed her to his boſom with a warmth expreſſive of the moſt perfect love. Upon my return from the funeral I was told by ſome one whom I met, the ſtory of a woman's fainting, with ſuch circumſtances as made me think 'twas thee. I haſtened to the houſe where the hoſpitable ſtranger had conducted thee, and found thee ſunk into the arms of thy maid. Shall I tell my Eliza, that even this circumſtance at preſent affords me a degree of pleaſure? Indeed it does, it convinces me that I ſtill am bleſt with thy tendereſt love, without which, as my Eliza once ſaid to me, no circumſtances could make me happy.

ERASTUS

ERASTUS was now poſſeſſed of a fortune which might enable him to paſs his remaining days independant of the cares of buſineſs. He ſold his eſtates to advantage and returned to his native country, where he now lives in all the felicity of elegant eaſe. The greateſt part of their time they ſpend in the country, and now and then a winter in the rational amuſements of the town. Wealthy without arrogance, œconomiſts without avarice, and liberal without profuſion; univerſally beloved by thoſe who have any connection with them, and admired by the few who are happy in their intimacy.

I CANNOT avoid mentioning one inſtance of their humanity. The captain who carried over Eliza was loſt in returning, and left his widow in circumſtances of diſtreſs. Eliza recollected with gratitude that ſhe was under obligations to him for his civility, and entreated Eraſtus to aſſiſt the unhappy widow. Pleaſed at the opportunity of gratifying a requeſt of Eliza's, he has ſettled ſo much on her as will enable her to paſs the decline of life in eaſe.

THUS do they live, esteemed by all who know them; they scatter blessings on their fellow creatures here, and insure to themselves the more permanent ones to come.

RELATIONS of this nature never fail to amuse me; they exhibit a favourable view of humanity, and leave a pleasing impression on the mind from the reward attending virtue. I am, &c.

LET-

LETTER X.

To CLEANTHES.

August 11, 1728.

NOTWITHSTANDING the diſlike Leontes has for ever ſhewn to the country, I am convinced, his ſtay amongſt us will be longer than he firſt intended. You will aſk, perhaps, whether we have made ſo conſiderable an alteration in his ſentiment, that he can now liſten to the ſongs of nature with pleaſure, or wander by the ſhady ſtream without ſighing for the pleaſures of the town.

THIS, indeed, is more than I can venture to affirm, yet he has found amongſt us, that which has charmed him, though nothing but a meere fine woman. At length, the gay Leontes who has ſo frequently exerciſed his ſeverity on matrimony, is ready to reſign his boaſted liberty, and enter into that ſervitude which he has ſo often laughed at.

YOU muſt certainly imagine, that the fair one who has made this impreſſion on his

his heart, is almoſt perfection itſelf; ſhe is indeed poſſeſſed of every qualification which can render exterior charms more engaging, and as worthy of admiration as one of her ſex can be.

THOUGH this be the caſe at preſent, I have known thoſe, who like our friend, have laughed at love with all its artillery, and have afterwards received a wound from the eye that never ſparkled, or the cheek which never glowed with health.

VALERIO, I remember made the firmeſt reſolution never to relinquiſh the happineſs which a ſingle ſtate affords; for this reaſon he kept the ſtricteſt guard upon his heart whenever he was with the fair ſex, that is to ſay, with thoſe from whoſe beauty he was apprehenſive of danger. The god of love, however, who laughs at human reſolutions, concealed himſelf behind a maid from whoſe charms Valerio was ſo little apprehenſive of any impreſſion, that he left his breaſt unguarded, and received the wound which metamorphoſed him into one of the ſighing train.

We have not forgot to rally Leontes on this occaſion; he bears it with a good grace, and generally gets off by ſaying, that if matrimony has been the object of his ſeverity, it is becauſe he had never known a woman.

Though this expreſſion may be conſidered as a compliment of the moſt exalted kind to his fair one, yet, perhaps it is not devoid of truth: thoſe whom the world has dignified with the appellation of fine gentlemen, ſcarce ever conſider, that there are other charms in the ſex ſuperior to thoſe of the perſon. They have never known the allurements of modeſty when blended with affability, nor felt the power of beauty when innocence has encreaſed its force.

I look upon myſelf as obliged in honour to do every thing in my power to promote his ſucceſs, ſince, perhaps, 'tis owing to me that he ever felt the paſſion which Clarinda has inſpired him with: ſome time ſince, I wrote him a letter, in which I rallied him on his love of gaming, and entreated him to paſs a few weeks with us in the country: I imagined, that the man whoſe moments were paſſed in a continual ſucceſſion of pleaſures,

ſures, would with difficulty be prevailed on to exchange them for the calmneſs of a rural life, and therefore ſent an imperfect deſcription of the fair one, who is now in poſſeſſion of his affections, in order to tempt him if every ſollicitation ſhould fail.

I AM greatly miſtaken, if Clarinda beholds him with indifference; he poſſeſſes that kind of politeneſs which recommends a man ſo greatly to the fair, and is bleſſed by nature with a perſon which few can diſlike.

HE has hitherto led a life of gayety, more from the perſuaſion of others, than his natural diſpoſition; his good nature will not permit him to refuſe any entreaty, when enforced by thoſe he eſteems; and he is ſometimes, perhaps, guilty of follies for want of that courage (for it cannot be called ill-nature) which might enable him to deny. I am convinced a new turn of life would conſiderably alter him, and ſhould not be at all ſurprized to ſee him the graveſt huſband of us all. I am led to believe this from what has happened to him ſince his coming into the country; he ſeems to be every day growing into a greater taſte for its pleaſures,

and told me, lately, that he thought he could now paſs his hours with content in retirement, but added with a ſigh, that Clarinda muſt be his companion.

We have now, Cleanthes, an opportunity of revenging ourſelves upon this ſtrenuous advocate of a ſingle life. He is certainly as obſequious a lover as ever made ſonnet; I have threatened to debar him the uſe of my orchard, leſt he ſhould ſpoil my trees with carving Clarinda's name on them; and tell him, that a lover let looſe, is worſe than an eaſterly wind.

It generally happens, that thoſe, who like Leontes, feel the ſymptoms of love after having laughed at others in the ſame condition, are too apprehenſive of retaliation to confeſs the truth, and perſiſt in denying a paſſion which is clearly indicated by an intervening ſigh.

Leontes, however, is the very reverſe; upon my firſt hinting to him my ſuſpicion he confeſſed the ſtate of his heart, and told me, he then felt that a mortal might be in love.

Adieu

ADIEU, Cleanthes, Lucinda now interrupts me to make a fourth at quadrille, and you know that I dare not refuſe. She is not, however, ſo impatient but ſhe deſires me to add her compliments to you and yours, in which Leontes likewiſe joins. Believe me, with the ſincereſt friendſhip, yours, &c.

LETTER XI.

To PHILEMON.

August 20, 1728.

IT has been obſerved by a celebrated writer, that though love and friendſhip are, in many circumſtances, extremely alike; yet in one they remarkably differ, ſince the lover is forever ſcribbling to the dulcinea of his heart, whilſt his friend is ſuffered to feel the utmoſt anxiety from ſilence.

ONE might naturally imagine that thoſe who are united in the ſocial link, ſhould endeavour, as much as poſſible, to prevent the effects of abſence, and enjoy the imaginary company of thoſe they eſteem ſince the real is denied. Yet I myſelf am a proof that the ſincereſt regard is too weak an antagoniſt for this antiſcribbling diſpoſition, and frequently reflect with ſurprize upon the *je ne ſcai quoy*, which witholds us from the duties of friendſhip.

I HAVE lately purchaſed the eſtate which I have ſo long endeavoured at in vain, and which

which lies contiguous to my garden. I am unwilling to truſt myſelf with the planning it, as I conceive it may be made, with ſkill, one of the moſt pleaſing ſpots that can be imagined. The Kent of the preſent age is now with me. I never advance my opinion in oppoſition to his, but ſometimes throw out a hint which I leave him to purſue or reject. Indeed it would be ſomewhat ridiculous in me, not to imagine that the man who has made this affair his peculiar ſtudy, ſhould be leſs ſubject to err than myſelf. An ingenious painter, whom I once knew, ſent home a picture, which the next morning was returned, and was ſoon followed by the gentleman, who came to enquire why there was leſs wig on one ſide than the other. Sir, ſaid the painter, the face is conſiderably fore-ſhortened, and—Forſhortened, don't tell me, I'll have the wig the ſame on both ſides. This requeſt was immediately complied with, and the picture ſent home, where it now hangs, a ſatyr on the taſte of its original.

Who therefore knows, but I who laugh at the folly of this man, might, with equal obſtinacy, be guilty of ſomething almoſt as

ridiculous, and walk through thoſe viſtos which might prove the meanneſs of my fancy.

As yet he has done nothing which I am not greatly delighted with, and has followed a hint of my Lucinda's with infinite ſucceſs. The decoration of a grotto, which is in the moſt romantick ſituation, I remember to have ſeen, Lucinda has alſo undertaken; it ſeems, that I am not to enter it till it is finiſhed; ſhe diſcovered me peeping, the other day, and has taken care to render it ineffectual for the future. I believe it will be done with taſte.

As ſoon as it is convenient, I intend to begin a little ſtructure, where my own taſte ſhall be my guide. I ſhall call it the temple of conjugal love, and endeavour that it may be truly *ſimplex munditiis.* The ſpot I have fixed upon is at the end of an avenue, along the ſides of which will be the ſtatues of the graces and virtues, all pointing to the entrance; Minerva and Venus ſhall be grouped together juſt at the door, and ſmiling, point to a ſtatue of Hymen; over the entrance will be theſe words, *Procul eſte profani.* Within, and juſt oppoſite the entrance, will be

be a large picture of Lucinda and myſelf, with the little ones playing about us; A-round the temple ſhall be placed ſome figures with their faces turned from it, ſuch as jealouſy, vanity, and ſome others em-blematical of thoſe qualities which prevent connubial happineſs. The whole building will be in the Gothic taſte, and ſurrounded by a grove of ever-greens, around the bran-ches of which, at its proper ſeaſon, the honey-ſuckle ſhall wind her fragrant bloſſoms.

THOUGH I have ſaid my own fancy ſhould direct me in this affair, yet I do not mean to exclude the criticiſms of a friend.— Do you Philemon ſend me your ſentiments of my plan, I ſhall willingly alter it for any improvement you propoſe. Our beſt wiſhes attend you and your fire-ſide. My little boy deſires his compliments to his miſtreſs. I am, &c.

LET-

LETTER XII.

To LYSANDER.

Nov. 3d, 1728.

I CONGRATULATE you, my Lyſander, on the happineſs you muſt feel from the birth of a ſon; paternal fondneſs is a new ſenſe which we can ſcarcely form an idea of 'till we are fathers. With reſpect to myſelf, I look upon thoſe moments which are paſſed with my little family as ſome of the moſt pleaſing I enjoy; you would laugh perhaps, to ſee me ſometimes rolling on a carpet with my little rogues, and conſider me only as an infant of a larger ſize. This, however, is ſatisfaction to me, ſince it affords amuſement to them; beſides I conſider it as an indiſpenſable duty of parents to obſerve the progreſs of their little underſtandings and their paſſions, how elſe can they improve the firſt, and direct or reſtrain the latter.

THE parent who neglects his infant offſpring, will too ſoon perceive, that ſuch is the nature of the human mind that it will produce ſomething, and that the vicious weed will

will ſpring where virtue has not been planted. He may perhaps feel when they come to a more advanced age

—" How ſharper than a ſerpent's tooth it is
" To have a thankleſs child.

THE moſt affecting ſcenes of the Engliſh, or perhaps of any other ſtage, are founded upon filial ingratitude. Who can do otherwiſe than weep at the diſtreſs of Lear, or avoid execrating the cruelty of his unnatural daughters? The tears will ſtart from every eye that beholds, from a parent's they will flow.

SINCE the happineſs of our future hours, and the calmneſs of our age depends ſo much upon their conduct, let us endeavour to form them now, ſo as to find them bleſſings hereafter. Let us teach them in their infant years to acquieſce in the will of a father, they will do ſo in the will of heaven when they are men. Let them now learn to bear with patience the loſs of a toy, they ſhall the more chearfully ſupport themſelves under whatever calamities may be inflicted. The ſalutary curb of contradiction in their little pleaſures or deſires, ſhall teach them to bear

bear thoſe diſappointments which are inſeparable from humanity. Not that I would by any means adviſe that their inclinations ſhould for ever be thwarted, a gloomy and habitual diſcontent may by that means be thrown upon their minds, I mean only that they may know the ſweets of gratification from having taſted diſappointment.

I HAVE generally obſerved, that children before their parents, are either ſuffered to be without the leaſt reſtraint, or made uneaſy by the brow of auſterity. By ſome they are indulged in little impertinences which deſerve correction, and by others too ſeverely treated for trifles. The parent has, perhaps, ſcarce a more difficult taſk, than the blending ſeverity and indulgence, as too much of the firſt may deſtroy the love, and too much of the laſt the reverence which is due to him.

BUT amongſt the errors which parents are guilty of, that of ſelecting a favourite is ſurely one of the greateſt, I mean where it is done without any regard to the real merit of the child. Yet how often does this happen,

pen, the darling is indulged in every deſire it can know, and flattered into early vanity and pride. But this then muſt certainly be ſuperior to the reſt in perſon, diſpoſition or abilities, and therefore leſs limitted in its gratifications. Believe me, my Lyſander, 'tis frequently otherwiſe, but even theſe are motives too weak to excuſe our partiality, as children all are alike intitled to our tenderneſs, and have an equal claim to our affection; if heaven has bleſſed with ſuperior talents one amongſt the reſt, let us teach him in the early hours of his life, to thank the power that gave them, and not by misjudged fondneſs ſow thoſe ſeeds of vanity in his youth, which may make him leſs amiable as a man.

If thoſe have no real claim to a greater degree of love who are born with ſuperior talents, how ſlight a pretence for it is beauty? And, yet, if we look round the world, we ſhall, I believe, find it the moſt general foundation for preference. Parental partiality, is no other, perhaps, than a modification of ſelf-love. The generality of mankind, therefore, will ſelect for favourites, the faireſt of their offspring, for the ſame reaſon that they prefer

prefer a compliment upon their perſons, to one upon their underſtandings.

PERHAPS, then, it is not ſo much at laſt the greater love we have for one than the other, as the indulgence which ariſes from this preference, that is ridiculous; the parent, therefore, ſhould reſiſt the natural propenſity we have to indulge thoſe whom we love in any eminent degree, and be careful to diſtribute his favours according to the ſtricteſt juſtice, unbiaſſed by any motive but their deſert.

WHAT I have hitherto ſaid, I have meant only of conſtant favourites, I know no method ſo proper for the management of a little family, as making a parent's ſmiles their higheſt reward, and his diſpleaſure their ſevereſt puniſhment. The child who has been rewarded for doing right by ſome little preſent, is taught to imagine that he has done ſomething more than he ought, and will upon every like occaſion expect a ſimilar reward. If he ſhould carry this diſpoſition into manhood, he will be ſeldom buſied in any actions, but ſuch as are attended with advantage, whilſt the child who has conſi-

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dered his parents ſmiles as his higheſt reward, will perhaps, in a more advanced age, look on thoſe of mankind in the ſame light.

By thus directing their minds in the tender years of life, we form their future happineſs, and inſure to ourſelves the higheſt ſatisfaction we can know. I am, &c.

LET-

LETTER XIII.

To VALERIUS.

December 27, 1728.

WHEN I firſt mentioned to you the paſſion of Leontes for my fair neighbour, you told me, I remember, 'twas a flame which would ſoon expire, and that the winter would no ſooner bring back the amuſements of the town, than he would leave the country, and think no longer of Clarinda or her charms. —— Time has now proved that Valerius was miſtaken, and that his paſſion for the fair one is ſomewhat more than the admiration which ſuperior beauty creates in every breaſt.

WE paſs our time very agreeably, you know we are muſical people; Clarinda and my Lucinda are both good performers on the harpſichord, and ſing in a pleaſing manner, Leontes plays the flute in the moſt perfect taſte of the inſtrument, the good Ariſtos is our violoncello, and myſelf with ſome neighbouring gentlemen are the violins. We make a tolerable concert for Amateurs, and thus

thus entertain ourſelves whenever we have an inclination.

BESIDES this, we find that Horace's *Dulce eſt deſipere in loco* is true, and amuſe ouſelves with the various diverſions which the year brings round. A few evenings ago we were engaged at one which this ſeaſon of jollity revives when Clarinda, who, from a hint I had given her, knew that Leontes was a dabbler in poetry, commanded him to produce her a poem; in conſequence of this, Clarinda read us at the next day's tea the following little piece which he had ſent her in the morning.

To CLARINDA.

OF all whoſe hearts your charms have bound,
Could not ſome other youth be found,
With ſenſe and genius bleſt, to ſhine
A favourite of the tuneful nine,
But me, unſkill'd in verſe you chuſe,
Who never ſcarce invok'd a Muſe.
You bid me ſing, how hard the taſk,
And yet how pleaſing ſince you aſk.

I ſought the wide creation round,
No theme to pleaſe me could be found.
I wrote, deſtroy'd, and wrote again,
Call'd ev'ry Muſe, but call'd in vain.
At length, unknowing what to do,
My reſtleſs fancy pitched on you,
To paint the bloom your cheeks diſcloſe,
I found a rhime——the damaſk roſe:
I bade the glitt'ring di'mond riſe
A rival to your ſparkling eyes.
When thus the Muſe, Raſh youth beware,
Let other themes engage thy care;
Thy artleſs numbers are too faint
Clarinda's beauteous charms to paint.
To ſing the fair whom all admire
The God of verſe ſhould tune the lyre.

THUS do we find amuſement in the country, even at the time when the ſtreams no longer murmur and the landſkape loſes its verdure. That we ſhould be thus contented to paſs our hours is not, perhaps, much to be wondered at, but that the gay Leontes, whoſe life has been hitherto one continued purſuit of pleaſure, ſhould reſign the amuſements of the town for ſuch as can be found

found amongſt us, is a proof that love can do any thing with the human heart. I aſked him lately, if he had declared his paſſion to the fair one. He told me, that he had frequently determined to do it, but had for ever found a certain ſomething which prevented him. I was never before, ſaid he, with a drole ſimplicity, afraid of the fair ſex.

THIS is a characteriſtick of love, and perhaps the ſtrongeſt proof he has yet given of his paſſion. Methinks you, who, like Leontes, have conſidered matrimony as the ſtrangeſt folly a mortal can be guilty of, ſhould now tremble, and begin to think you may poſſibly be infatuated yourſelf. I ſhould ſmile, Leontes too would ſmile to ſee you in the ſame condition, 'till that happens, he will not chuſe to ſee the man with whom he has ſo often laughed,

——— Secure at all the ſighing train,
And mock'd, an infidel, each lover's pain.

I AM juſt going to our aſſembly, where there will be at leaſt a dozen couples met together with no other intention than to

pleaſe and to be pleaſed. Tell me, Valerius, if you can boaſt of ſuch a one in town.

If you believe this only to be found in Utopia, we ſhall with pleaſure convince you of the contrary whenever you chuſe to pay us a viſit; and come, my Valerius, whenever you will, you cannot anticipate our wiſhes. I am, &c.

LETTER XIV.

To DEMETRIUS.

Auguſt 11th, 1729.

THERE is nothing which has, perhaps, done more miſchief to thouſands than applauſe. Spondee was bred under his father, an attorney in a country town, and from having a good deal of vivacity, was thought by his companions to be a wit; unhappily for him, he had tried his hand at a rebus, which ſoon travelled over the little town in which he lived, procured him vaſt reputation, and encouraged him to ſtrengthen it by other performances of the ſame nature.

HE was now, inſtead of drawing leaſes, for ever buſied in tagging of rhimes, and began to have ſome thoughts of abandoning parchment for the more honourable toil of poetry.

SUCH was the ſucceſs of his firſt eſſay, that ſoon after there was not a family in the town without ſome of Spondee's riddles, nor a young lady of any beauty whom he had not celebrated in an acroſtick.

His fame, it may be eaſily imagined, was conſiderable. Wherever he went he had the happineſs of being complimented upon his talents. The good old women were delighted with his genius, and their daughters could not be diſpleaſed with the performances which made them wiſer than Minerva, and fairer than the Paphian queen.

It is not to be conceived that Spondee poſſeſſed this reputation unenvied. The young fellows of the town beheld him as a dangerous rival, and endeavoured to put a period to his fame by a *ſatyr*, the joint production of their abilities. Spondee ſoon produced an anſwer which met with the greateſt applauſe, and which added greatly to his vanity and reputation.

Such was now the idea he had of his poetical powers, that he determined to relinquiſh the law, where ſuperior genius was uſeleſs, and inſtead of conveying eſtates, determined to convey amuſement and inſtruction as an author,

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This reſolution he communicated to his friends, whom he expected to have found greatly pleaſed with it, but his father who had got a genteel fortune by the law, made uſe of every argument he could, to diſſuade him from his intentions. Is it not better, ſaid Spondee, to be the companion of great men, like Pope, than an attorney in the country? Is it not better to live admired, than unnoticed and loſt to the world?

The father who found all reaſoning vain, was forced to uſe a more infallible method, which was threatening to diſinherit him if he did not comply, and immediately ſettle as an attorney with all his genius. Spondee was forced to obey, and began to be reconciled to his profeſſion, which was lucrative, juſt as his father died and left him a genteel fortune. It is even actually imagined, that he would never more have thought of his former ſcheme, if the prize Ænigma in the ladies diary had not appeared ſoon after to be his. This almoſt unhoped for ſucceſs awakened his ambition, and perſuaded him that he was born to ſhine amongſt the beaux eſprits of the metropolis.

He now determined to reſign his buſineſs, to quit the country, and mingle with thoſe whom the great approved and admired. At his firſt ſetting out, he was led into a train of expence, which he thought neceſſary for his introduction into good company. This manner of living ſo charmed him from its novelty, that he led the life of a fine gentleman, without once recollecting he had propoſed being an author, till he had almoſt exhauſted his purſe. This gave him no uneaſineſs, he rather conſidered it as a happy circumſtance, ſince he ſhould procure himſelf fame by being obliged to get money.

He therefore collected together the poems he had wrote at different times, and added ſome others to them, till they were ſufficient for two volumes. They were juſt finiſhed as ſome of his creditors began to grow importunate; he therefore applied to the bookſellers in order to diſpoſe of the copy, and applied in vain, for it was not the ſeaſon for publiſhing. Spondee's circumſtances did not at preſent agree much with delay, what muſt be done? He waits on a gentleman in whoſe company he had ſpent a good deal of his

his time and money, with an intention to aſk a few guineas of him till winter, when he did not in the leaſt doubt of receiving a conſiderable reward for his work. Sir Thomas was extremely ſorry that it was not in in his power to aſſiſt him, but really he had been laſtly unfortunate lately at play, and was juſt going out himſelf to borrow a few pieces of a friend.

THEY parted at the door, Spondee in ſearch of better ſucceſs, and Sir Thomas to White's, where he either diſſipated or added to thoſe guineas he had refuſed to Spondee, whom the ſame ill fortune attended in all his attempts.

BY ſome means or other he contrived to paſs on till winter, at which time he again offered to the bookſellers his collection of poems.—He was now told that poetry was a meer drug, almoſt as bad as a volume of ſermons, and what no one in the trade choſe to publiſh. However, one amongſt them told him, that if on peruſal, he ſhould like them, he would give him fifty pounds for the copy. Spondee was ſtruck with the propoſal; — fifty pounds, ſaid he with a ſneer

ſneer, what for two volumes? Why I had rather beg in the ſtreets. He knew not now how to put off his creditors any longer, but by telling them, that he found bookſellers never rewarded authors according to their merit, and that he determined to print one volume of his poems at his own expence, and aſſured them, that he thought it impoſſible for things of ſuch merit to fail of ſucceſs.

SPONDEE ſoon after came into the world, and dedicated his work to ſome great man, whom he imagined to charm by that means to his intereſt. Whatever was the meaning, I will not take upon me to determine, but certain it is, that the poems did not ſell, and that Spondee involved himſelf in freſh difficulties by this laſt endeavour to ſet himſelf free. His creditors were now no longer to be fed with hopes, nor to be perſuaded as they had been before, that *Spondee would be ſent for*. At length, arreſted and thrown into a goal, he began to reflect on his paſt life, and repented that ambition had ever a place in his heart. He determined, whenever he was at liberty, to return to the country and purſue his old profeſſion with aſſiduity, ſince he had learned from experience,

rience, that his reputation as a poet and wit, was of ſo delicate a nature, that it could exiſt only in the pure ſerenity of a country town.

He had yet another volume of poems; he propoſed to print them by ſubſcription, and applied to the great man to whom he had dedicated his former work, for his aſſiſtance in the affair. My lord, who was what the world calls a good-natured man, was willing enough to aſſiſt him, when it was attended with ſcarce any expence, and procured for Spondee a conſiderable number of ſubſcribers, which together with thoſe he had got by means of other friends, were more than ſufficient to releaſe him from his confinement.

He purſued the reſolution he had made, and retired immediately into the country, where he lives as much admired as before, and applies only to the muſe in his moments of leiſure.

We are all well, my Demetrius, and deſire to be remembered to you and and yours. I am, &c.

LET-

LETTER XV.

To LYSANDER.

October 3d, 1729.

WE are juſt returned from our annual excurſion, my Lyſander, which at the ſame time that it affords us amuſement, makes our return to domeſtick happineſs more pleaſing.

THOUGH nothing affords me more ſatisfaction than a fine collection of pictures, yet, methinks, I feel a kind of envious ſenſation, when I reflect that my countrymen have no ſhare in affording me this pleaſure.

I REMEMBER, that in paſſing through the nations I have viſited, the parallel which I drew between them and my native country was generally to its advantage. In Paris, for example, if I admired a Boileau, I could reflect that Pope was in my own library; if Corneille or Racine affected me at the theatre, I recalled the pleaſure I had received from the ſcenes of Shakeſpeare and of Otway.

BUT, indeed, the caſe was different, when I admired the excellencies of a Pouſſin, le Sœur, or le Brun, I have ſought in vain for thoſe of my own country who could rival them: with all my partiality I ſought in vain.

WHAT reaſons, my Lyſander, can we aſſign, why nature which has given us a Bacon, a Newton, a Shakeſpear, and a Milton, has not yet graced this iſland with a man whoſe name is famous in the annals of painting?

A FRIEND of ours, would, I know, account for this from phyſical cauſes alone; but before we agree with him entirely, let us firſt ſee how painting has been affected by moral ones.

IT is evident, then, upon the ſlighteſt examination, that many things have conſpired to retard the progreſs of painting in this iſland, amongſt which may be reckoned the vaſt advantages which ariſe to the portrait painter.

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THE univerſal inclination which prevails amongſt Engliſhmen of ſitting for their portraits, has made this branch of painting extremely lucrative to ſuch as excel in it; the friends of thoſe, therefore, who are born with talents, will naturally direct them to an employment which is attended with ſuch advantages, and diſſuade them from the purſuit of viſionary unrewarded fame.

ALMOST every other part of painting demands the patronage of the great, and that it has ſeldom found amongſt us; but all mankind have vanity, a weakneſs to which portraiture in a great meaſure owes its riſe.

BESIDES this, the religion of the countries where painting has flouriſhed has not a little contributed to its improvement; the cuſtom of adorning their churches with pictures, finds employment for their painters, whilſt the ſubjects warm their fancy, and their being expoſed to the publick eye, excites the ſtrongeſt emulation.

WE have here the ſame aſſiſtance to form the poet with other nations, the works of the

the ancients are deſcended to us with the ſame perfection that they are to others, and we have ſeen the Britiſh muſes rival thoſe of Athens and of Rome. But if we have a Homer, a Virgil, a Sophocles, or Euripides, we have not the antiques to copy from; we have no academy where our youth may learn to draw from the life, nor any eſtabliſhment for ſending a certain number of young painters abroad to ſtudy the works of their predeceſſors.

BUT you will tell me, that the beſt painters who have yet lived, have flouriſhed at a time when moral cauſes have not the leaſt contributed to their advancement. An argument, I confeſs, which proves that phyſical ones muſt have no trifling ſhare in the revival of arts and ſciences.

THE three beſt painters of the french ſchool lived before the eſtabliſhment of an academy, and carried their art in its infancy, to the higheſt degreee of perfection it has ever known in that nation.

IT is true likewiſe of other arts and ſciences that they have ſtarted into perfection, at

a time when moral cauſes could have no influence on their advancement, and ſunk again when every endeavour was exerted to ſupport them.

BUT ſurely, my Lyſander, becauſe painting in other nations has flouriſhed without the concurrence of moral cauſes, is by no means a proof that they can be of no ſervice to it. The floriſt can raiſe by his care and cultivation, the flowers which nature has denied to his native ſoil; perhaps too, the art of painting, though ſpontaneous in other nations, muſt here be cheriſhed with the warmth of patronage, and the aſſiſtance of moral cauſes.

I FLATTER myſelf, that if an academy be eſtabliſhed, we ſhall ſome time or other have a painter whoſe works will do honour to his country, and believe the time will come, when a prince, the lover of his people, and the encourager of arts and ſciences, may ſee his palace decorated with the productions of his happy ſubjects.

WHENEVER this moment arrives, if thoſe who have long been removed from their native

tive country can be affected by any thing which relates to it, I ſhall feel the moſt ſenſible pleaſure.

We muſt not, though every endeavour ſhould be vain to raiſe an exalted genius, too ſoon deſpair; let us caſt our eyes over Europe, we ſhall ſcarely find a man whoſe works will be admired by poſterity, not even where a Raphael and an Angelo were cotemporaries.

But ſuppoſing even that we never boaſt a rival of the celebrated ſchools, innumerable advantages muſt ariſe from an academy. We cannot fail of better painters than the preſent, and a more elegant taſte will be diffuſed amongſt our artiſans.

This alone is an advantage ſufficient to encourage the attempt, as there is nothing wanting beſides to render the manufactures of this country perfect. Our workmen excel thoſe of every other nation in the executive part, and are univerſally eſteemed and admired.

How eaſily too might a fund be raiſed ſufficient to ſupport an academy, if one guinea ſhould be advanced by thoſe who have paid five for their portraits, two by thoſe who have paid ten, and ſo on a guinea for every five. But this, however reaſonable, is a ſcheme, which can never be put in execution, ſo much is the gratification of vanity and ſelf-love preferred to the publick advantage.

INDEED there is but little probability of its ever being done; 'till the monarch on the throne ſhall have ſome affection for the imitative arts, a time I earneſtly pray for, as I wiſh to ſee my native country not ſo much like Rome, the miſtreſs of the world, as Rome the ſeat of arts and ſciences. Adieu. Believe me with ſincerity yours, &c.

LETTER XVI.

To LEONTES.

May 2d, 1731.

IN what terms ſhall I thank the father of mercies for having reſtored my Lucinda from diſeaſe to health, and given to my arms again the greateſt bleſſing of my life. Oh, my friend! I never knew 'till now how much I loved the beſt of women.

NEXT to the thanks which are due to the great director of human events, Theron our common friend deſerves my ſincereſt acknowledgements, his care and tenderneſs upon this preſent occaſion, have, if poſſible, encreaſed the eſteem and friendſhip which I owe him.

YOU will now grant that this is a ſufficient apology for my unuſual length of ſilence, and believe that every other buſineſs was intermitted whilſt my Lucinda's ſafety was in danger.

EVEN now, my Leontes, whilſt I write I can ſcarcely reſtrain ejaculations of gratitude to heaven for its mercies. I conſider how wretched I muſt have been without my Lucinda, and tremble at the thought. I feel the happineſs her preſence imparts, and am overwhelmed with thankful joy.

IT is a common obſervation which Shakeſpeare has dreſſed in the following manner:

——————— For ſo it falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and loſt
Why, then we rack the value; then we find
The virtue that poſſeſſion would not ſhew us
Whilſt it was ours.

THOUGH I cannot accuſe myſelf hitherto of having ſet too ſmall a value on my Lucinda's merit, yet conſidering the inconſtant diſpoſition of mankind, the anxiety I felt for her ſafety may, perhaps, have been of ſervice: Who knows but the time was otherwiſe at hand, when indifference might have ſtolen on

on my heart, and I might have forgot the the value of a jewel I have long worn?

THOUGH I am far from thinking that this could ever have happened, yet as I have felt the frailties of humanity on other occaſions, I will conſider this diſorder of my Lucinda's as inſtrumental in preſerving my affection, and thus convert it to a bleſſing.

TELL Clarinda, that I am in hopes of making her very happy ſoon, by a collection of ſhells; a friend of mine has promiſed me ſome, together with a quantity of ſea-weeds.

LUCINDA and I, in our laſt excurſion, ſaw ſome of them framed in an elegant taſte, with which ſhe was ſo greatly pleaſed, that ſhe determined to attempt ſomething in the ſame way.

I SUPPOSE the grotto advances apace; but for any information of that kind I muſt apply to Clarinda, as I find you are excluded 'till it is finiſhed.

I ſhould, before now, I believe, have been permitted to enter mine, if Lucinda's diſorder had not prevented her finiſhing it. The moment I have it in my power I intend to examine it nicely, and to be very ſevere upon the faults I ſhall diſcover.

Adieu, Leontes, our beſt wiſhes attend you and yours. I am, &c.

LETTER XVII.

To MELISSA.

Sept. 28, 1732.

WHEN I conſider what joy your recovery will impart, not only to thoſe who converſe with you, over the chat-inſpiring tea, but to others who have not that pleaſure, I am at a loſs to determine who ought rather to receive my congratulations, your friends or you.

YET, however difficult it may be to decide who have the greateſt right to them, they are certainly, in a conſiderable degree, due to both; to you, Meliſſa, on the return of the moſt ineſtimable bleſſing, to your friends, on the pleaſure they will receive from it.

IT is not long ſince, that my Lucinda and I paſſed a few weeks with the new married couple, who are ſettled in the country, within twenty miles of us. Sure never was a happier pair. The fortune Leontes poſſeſſed is enlarged, beyond his utmoſt expectation, by the death of an uncle, who has

given him all he enjoyed: his love for the amiable partner of his joys is perpetually increaſing.

It is ſcarcely poſſible to imagine a more pleaſing ſituation than that in which their houſe is placed; it commands the moſt extenſive view; a river winds meandering at the bottom of their garden, which is laid out in the greateſt taſte. At ſome diſtance from the houſe is a little building, contrived with the utmoſt elegance. To this Clarinda retires, and employs herſelf in reading or in forming flowers with ſhells, which ſhe does with the greateſt ſkill, and with which ſhe has decorated this place.

Leontes is at preſent what I imagined he would be whenever he married, as meer a huſband as any of us all; he never ſighs for the pleaſures of the town, and thinks the greateſt happineſs he can poſſibly enjoy muſt ariſe from his beloved Clarinda.

Indeed if he be not bleſſed with her no female could have bleſſed him, ſhe poſſeſſes almoſt every qualification which can excite admiration, and that amiable diſpoſition which

which for ever produces eſteem. This will make their pleaſures laſting, for beauty can only conquer, the endowments of the mind and boſom muſt detain the captive.

WE left the happy couple with regret, and ſhould have left them with ſtill greater, if they had not promiſed ſoon to paſs ſome time with us. To me there is ſcarce a more pleaſing ſight than a happy couple to whom I am unknown; but I look with peculiar pleaſure on this bliſsful pair, as I myſelf have been, in ſome meaſure perhaps, the cauſe of their union. Can any reflection come accompanied with greater joy than that of having been the cauſe of happineſs to two perſons for whom you have the greateſt eſteem?

WHENEVER I conſider my own felicity, I recall my friends to my imagination, and forever wiſh that thoſe amongſt them who are ſingle would try the joys of the united ſtate. Tell me what detains you from the trial? It cannot be the want of admirers, it may, on on the contrary, be your having too many. This you approve for his underſtanding, another for his good nature, and a third for his perſon.

perſon. Perhaps you wait 'till you find theſe perfections united all in one. If this be the caſe, you may poſſibly continue ſingle much longer than I wiſh you to, ſince there are but few amongſt mankind who, on ſuch terms, can deſerve your affection. If you heſitate between one of good underſtanding and another of a fine perſon, let my advice turn the ſcale in favour of the man of ſenſe; he has but a very ſlender title to that character if he be not poſſeſſed of good nature, a virtue which is abſolutely neceſſary to render the marriage ſtate happy. Your fine fellows too frequently imagine that the woman they marry is obliged to them, whilſt the man of ſenſe receives the hand of her he eſteems as the greateſt of all obligations.

I HOPE to hear ſoon, my fair friend, that you have conſented to the ſollicitations of ſome admirer, and made a man who loves you deſervedly happy. Lucinda, who now looks over my ſhoulder, joins with me in this wiſh, and deſires her compliments. I am, &c.

LET-

LETTER XVIII.

To LEONTES.

June 7th, 1733.

I MUST own, my Leontes, your obſervations on our friend's work are extremely juſt, he has certainly no excuſe for hurrying his productions to the preſs, and might therefore have been perfectly correct: but though I agree with you in your criticiſms, I confeſs I did not perceive the errors you have pointed out, till a ſecond reading; I was at firſt ſo ſtruck with the propriety of his thoughts, that I did not attend to the language they were dreſſed in, I admired his truly original manner of thinking, and was pleaſed with the reflection of his being my friend. At preſent, however, I cannot but wiſh he had more diligently attended to the elegance of ſtyle, and by that means, have almoſt rendered his work

" That faultleſs monſter which the world
" ne'er ſaw.

DID you know, Varillus? A friend of his once pointed out to him ſome imperfections

in

in his works; he heard the criticiſm with good-nature, confeſſed it to be juſt, and ſaid at the ſame time, that he himſelf could find a thouſand others. This confeſſion naturally led his friend to aſk him, why he was then conſciouſly incorrect? Upon which Varillus told him, that if he would dine with him the next day, he would ſhew him an excuſe for all his errors. The invitation was accepted of, when Varillus in conſequence of his promiſe, and pointing to his wife and an amiable little family, ſaid, theſe ſir, are the apology I ſpoke of.

It was his lot, like that of many others, to be more bleſſed by nature, than by fortune, and to find himſelf notwithſtanding the ſuperiority of his abilities, in no better ſituation than that of a curate.

This ſtory reached the ears of a nobleman who is truly the patron of genius, and who has beſides, a peculiarity of humour which is ſeldom found amongſt men. He ſent Varillus a grammar with this note. Lord ******'s compliments to Varillus, and has ſent him an Engliſh grammar, a ſlight perusal

uſal of which, he hopes will enable him to be more correct in his language for the future.

VARILLUS was greatly ſurpriſed at this, and ſtill more ſo, when upon opening the book, he found in one of the leaves a bank note for five hundred pounds, and in another an invitation to his lordſhip's houſe.

VARILLUS upon a perſonal acquaintance with his lordſhip, had the good fortune to pleaſe him ſo much, that he was ſoon after made his chaplain, and preſented by him to a living which made him the happieſt of mankind.

A FEW years after, he likewiſe dedicated to his patron a work which convinced mankind that he wanted no abilities for beſtowing the moſt perfect elegance on whatever he created.

IT is always a rule with me, never to be offended at the improprieties of ſtile, till I know the circumſtances of the writer; indeed, I cannot avoid commiſerating the man who is obliged from the nature of his circumſtances

cumſtances to give his productions to the world with imperfections he himſelf is conſcious of, and errors which he muſt not amend; ſurely, this is a ſituation by no means to be envied! I could therefore wiſh, that thoſe who like Varillus are bleſt with genius, might find like him, a patron by whoſe beneficence the hours they devoted to ſtudy might be calm and undiſturbed. We ſhould then, my Leontes, behold the ſciences lift their drooping heads, and our native iſland the admiration of a world.

But this you will perhaps ſay, is no kind of apology for our friend; 'tis true, but has not Horace already been his advocate where he ſays,

" Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non
" ego paucis
" Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit
" Aut humana parum cavit natura.

That the *ubi plura nitent* is applicable to his work, even envy herſelf muſt allow; but perhaps, an apology of another kind may be yet drawn for him from the very nature of ſuperior genius.

It is this only which enables the writer to create with ſublimity; to poliſh is in the power of an inferior claſs of men; it is not impoſſible, therefore, but from a pride which is natural to human nature, thoſe who are bleſſed with the firſt may deſpiſe the latter, and conſider it as much beneath their notice, as a conqueror, at the head of victorious legions, would the fruitleſs oppoſition of an enemy from whom no honour could be obtained by conqueſt.

If you are yet unſatisfied, let us ſay it proceeds from a lazineſs which is frequently the companion of exalted talents; or that—but ſure I have all along forgot that I am writing to the friend of the man I have endeavoured to vindicate, and to one, who like myſelf, beholds his works through the favourable medium of eſteem; I ſhall therefore reſign my office of apologiſt, to congratulate you on the fame it has procured him, ſince it muſt of conſequence afford you ſatisfaction.

You tell me, Leontes, that ſince Clarinda has ſeen the ſea-weeds which [my friend] has framed,

[Lucinda]

framed, you have been continually ſollicited to procure ſome for her, and aſſure me that there can be no peace in your houſe 'till this requeſt is complied with.

I SHOULD not have reminded you of this, if I had not been able to aſſure you, that in a few days you will receive a parcel of them, which may employ Clarinda's fancy for many months.

ADIEU, Leontes, the ſincereſt wiſhes of my Lucinda for every happineſs, wait on you and yours. I am &c.

LETTER XIX.

To CLEANTHES.

December 27, 1733.

AT length I can inform Cleanthes of my perfect recovery from the most dangerous disorder I ever knew. The various obligations I am under on this account, I have mentioned in the poem which accompanies this letter.

YOU will certainly be surprised at my turning poet; but surely, my Cleanthes, what indignation can do, that gratitude may attempt, and Horace has told us, that

Quem natura negat facit indignatio versum.

whatever merit then may be found in this little piece must be attributed to the inspiration of a grateful heart, grateful to heaven, to Theron and Lucinda.

WE shall accept your kind invitation, my Cleanthes, and prepare immediately for our journey.

MAY health, a bleſſing whoſe value we truly know but from its abſence, for ever attend my friend, and thoſe he loves. I am, &c.

Written after a fit of illneſs.

WHITHER, ah whither doſt thou fly?
I ſaid,
Thou beſt and ſweeteſt ſolace of our lives,
Content-inſpiring health. In ſearch of thee
With many a weary foot-ſtep have I paced
The dewy lawn, the graſs-clad hill around,
And paced in vain. Return, for without thee
Life has no charms, nor love a joy to boaſt.
And thou, pale monſter, hence to where
the ſons
Of riot nightly call thee by each art
Of wild intemp'rance; thither on thy ſteps
Shall admonition wait, and firm reſolves
To give to virtue every future hour
Perchance ſhall riſe. Ah! let thoſe hours
come,
Nor give them to the grave whilſt yet their
crimes
Unſoften'd by repentance may provoke
The direful wrath of heav'n. Rather on me
Thy

Thy vengeance wreck who know no other ſins
Than ſuch as perfect mercy may forgive.
Or rather yet the good man's pillow find,
Whom poverty ſurrounds, the worſt of ills,
To him more dreadful, as deluſive hope
Can point no road to eaſe for every caſe.
Ignoble refuge from its thorns his heart
With honeſt pride diſdains. Thee ſhall he greet
With placid ſmile, and hope to find from thee
An end to every care, to every frown;
Contemptuous of the proud, which wrings ſevere
The gen'rous ſoul oppreſs'd: ah thither fly,
For here no chilling penury is found,
Nor knows this peaceful roof the voice of care.

Thus I exclaimed, as anxious now around
Lucinda with the innocents that bleſs'd
Our happy bed, with tear-ſwoll'n eyes beheld
Their huſband and their father. Come, I ſaid,
For every hope was loſt that e'er again
Their little arts ſhould pleaſe, or Lucy's love
Again delight. Ye ſpotleſs ſweets, I ſaid,
Come take a father's bleſſing and embrace.
Oh may your lives—awhile my faltering voice
Forbad the reſt. May happineſs attend
And virtue bleſs your days. My life, my love,

Long may thy fond parental care protect
The pledges of our love, ſince heaven denies
Their father's caution thro' the ſnares of life.
May heaven its choiceſt gifts—I ſaid and ſunk
Upon her breaſt, whilſt every eye around
With ſorrow flow'd. See where my Adam
ſtands
In ſilent grief, as down his furrow'd cheek
The tear involuntary flows. Not thus
Around thy bed, Tibullus, once were heard
The plaintive ſighs of ſympathizing friends,
When from thy native ſhore, from Delia far,
Each hope of life was loſt. No tender wife
Was there to ſooth thy pains, no pious friend
To cloſe thy fainting eyes: far happier, I
Feel beams of comfort from the tears which flow
Around my bed. They tell me I've deſerv'd
As huſband, father, maſter, and as friend,
The tend'reſt love of thoſe whoſe love to gain
Is likewiſe to deſerve that bleſt reward,
The chriſtian hopes, which chears his parting
ſoul.

But ſee, propitious to their fervent prayers
From heaven deſcends the meſſenger of health
To Theron's breaſt, and prompts the happy
thought,
Which gives me back to life. I come, I come

Ye little prattlers, to a father's joys,
To form your minds to knowledge, and impreſs
Each ſocial virtue on your ſpotleſs breaſts.

To thee, my love, I come to thee and life;
For not to life, my love, if not to thee.
Again my fancy paints a train of years
Each happier than the paſt. The lark again
Shall call us to the wonted lawn and eve,
Shall find us at the rill where oft we've ſtray'd,
And ſeen the ſummer ſuns go down the ſky.
Nor morn nor eve ſhall come to find our hearts
Forgetful of thy mercies, heavenly father,
Whoſe hand has raiſed me from diſeaſe again,
To taſte the bliſs of health. Oh beſt of joys,
Deſert this breaſt if ever lateſt life
Eraſe the ſweet remembrance from my mind
Of Lucy's love. Oh, ne'er can I forget
How diſregarding of herſelf ſhe ſat,
And watch'd with me the tardy night away:
How cautious of my peace; whene'er the tear
Stood trembling in her eye ſhe turned her head
Till more ſerene, ſhe looked with tend'reſt love
And bad me not deſpair of happier days.

With Lucy's love ſhall Theron's friendly care
For ever live, and gratitude ſhall warm

The heart which beats by him. Nor mid the reſt
My Adam be forgot, whoſe arms have oft
An infant born me, and whoſe love purſues
Each rip'ning year. To ſoften ev'ry care,
And ſmooth his way to peace, ſhall now be mine.

Now bleſs, thou ſource of joys, this happy roof,
'Till ſilv'ry age ſhall ſteal upon our loves;
Then let us ſink together from the world
Content with life, nor know the parting tear.

LETTER XX.

To VALERIUS.

May 5th, 1734.

MY Lucinda and I are now with Leontes and his Clarinda, at a ſeat he has purchaſed near the ſea. You, Valerius, who are fond of romantick ſituations, would, I am convinced, be extremely pleaſed with the proſpect this houſe commands.

WE were this morning walking by the ſea-ſide, when the riſing ſun gilded the waves, which were juſt curled by a gentle breeze, and at ſome diſtance appeared a veſſel under ſail.

I COULD not avoid reflecting, as I obſerved her progreſs along the liquid way, on the perfection which navigation has attained, and the ſecurity with which we viſit the moſt diſtant regions of the globe.

WHILST I was thus employed the ſcene which had been the object of my admiration began to change, the ſun no longer beſtowed its luſtre, the breeze was augmented to a ſtorm, and the deceitful element, which before was ſcarcely ruffled, now roſe in tumid waves.

THIS brought to my mind that paſſage of Horace, where he ſays,

Illi robur et æs triplex
Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci
Commiſit pelago ratem
Primus: nec timuit præcipitem Africum
Decertantem Aquilonibus
Nec triſtes Hyadas, nec rabiem noti;
Quo non arbiter Adriæ
Major tollere ſeu ponere vult freta.
Quem mortis timuit gradum,
Qui ſiccis occulis monſtra natantia
Qui vidit mare turgidum &
Infames ſcopulos acroceraunia?

FROM what I now ſaw I was convinced that only trifling ſecurity could ariſe from human caution without the protection of the great author of nature, at whoſe command alone the waves are ſtill.

I CANNOT ſay, my Valerius, that I felt any of that pleaſure which Lucretius mentions on a ſimilar occaſion.

Suave mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis
E terra alterius magnum ſpectare laborem.

on the contrary, I was ſo greatly anxious for

for thoſe in the veſſel, that the idea of my own ſecurity never once occurred to my imagination.

SOME time after, indeed, when the ſtorm began to abate, I could not help offering my thanks to Providence, that I was not obliged to undergo the dangers of the ſea, nor to relinquiſh the family which claims and deſerves my love. I am ſo formed for domeſtick happineſs, that I ſhould certainly have made the worſt ſailor in the world.

I HAVE often thought, my Valerius, that beſides the natural advantages which ariſe from ſtorms, they are of ſervice in recalling, the greatneſs of our maker, and raiſing a train of awful and inſtructive ideas in our minds.

WHILST nature proceeds in a regular courſe, the author of that regularity is too ſeldom thought of, but when the winds are let looſe from their caverns, and lightenings flaſh through the ſkies, reflection ruſhes on the ſoul.

How finely does Shakeſpeare make his Lear ſay at ſuch a time. Tremble

——— Tremble, thou wretch,
That haſt within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipt of Juſtice. Hide thee, thou bloody hand,
Thou perjure, and thou ſimilar virtue,
That art inceſtuous: caitiff ſhake to pieces,
That under covert and convenient ſeeming
Haſt practiſed on man's life! —— Cloſe pent up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents, and aſk
Theſe dreadful ſummoners grace.——

At ſuch a time indeed the ſoul looks inward on itſelf, and he alone is perfectly at eaſe who can ſay with Lear,

——— I am a man
More ſinn'd againſt than ſinning.

We learn likewiſe from hence the true and ineſtimable value of our common bleſſings. Without ſuch ſtated commotions ſerenity would loſe its charms, and ſunſhine its allurements.

INDEED I am of opinion with a celebrated writer, that the perpetual duration of ſpring, which the poets attribute to the golden age, would by no means add to the happineſs

happineſs of mankind at preſent. To render enjoyment laſting, it is neceſſary that it ſhould ſometimes be interrupted, ſince we learn the value of moſt things from feeling the effects of their abſence.

THIS is a truth I could ſupport by numerous quotations, but ſurely here are already enough to convict me of pedantry with the greateſt part of mankind. Valerius, however, knows me too well to believe they are inſerted for any other reaſon than becauſe they expreſs my own thoughts in better language than I am maſter of.

WE are received with ſuch perfect politeneſs and friendſhip by the happy couple, that we find it impoſſible to return ſo ſoon as we expected. I could almoſt wiſh that Lucinda's affection for our little ones were ſometimes to abate, as ſhe is never perfectly eaſy whilſt ſhe is abſent from them. This will bring us home much ſooner than Leontes or Clarinda could wiſh, much ſooner indeed than Lucinda herſelf would deſire if returning to her little family were not the greateſt pleaſure ſhe can know. I am, &c.

LETTER XXI.

To LYSANDER.

November 16, 1734.

THERE is nothing more common and fallacious than forming our opinions of characters from ſingle incidents: Who would not have imagined that if ever philoſopher exiſted, Varanes was one; with what perfect reſignation did he bear his baniſhment from court! With what content did he retire to the inactive ſcenes of the country after having long preſided at the adminiſtration of affairs, and been the unrivalled favourite of his prince.

HERE, however, though ſecluded, he heard that mankind admired his fortitude, and felt a ſecret pride in being called the great unfortunate, which repaid him almoſt for the loſs of power.

HE now employed his moments in writing, and had no ſooner finiſhed, than he gave his work to the world; the ſanction of his name, however, could not preſerve his writings from contempt, but like other unſuc-

ceſsful

ceſsfull attempts, they ſunk into oblivion. Behold the philoſopher now mad with vexation! the man who bore his baniſhment with ſuch calmneſs, cannot command philoſophy enough to be eaſy under his preſent circumſtances.

How are our ideas changed, and how eaſily may we account for this ſeeming inconſiſtency. The eyes of mankind are drawn towards a great man in circumſtances like Varanes, and every age has thought it illuſtrious to be unaffected with the change of fortune. If he, therefore, reſigned his power without a ſigh, it was that the world might applaud his fortitude, and rank him with thoſe whom misfortunes cannot affect. But who conſiders an unſucceſsful author, or deſires to be informed how he bears the diſappointment of reputation? Under ſuch circumſtances it is not worth while to be patient; he frets, the philoſopher frets, therefore, upon the mortification of his ſelf love.

FAVONIUS hates the thoughts of avarice, he is generous to thoſe who apply to him, nay, more, he ſeeks the objects himſelf, and relieves without

without ſolicitation. This one might naturally imagine ſhould procure him the approbation of mankind, indeed there are but few who withold it from him, and theſe are his creditors whom he hates to pay. Who ever beſtowed applauſe on a man for paying his debts? 'Tis at moſt but being honeſt. Favonius has ambition and will be generous; the tradeſman, therefore, returns frequently from his door unſatisfied, that this favourite paſſion may be indulged. Without knowing this part of his character, we might have reaſonably imagined that his generoſity proceeded from a ſenſibility of ſoul, and ſympathetick commiſeration for the misfortunes of others. At preſent, it is evident, that vanity prompts him to the action whenever he chears the boſom of diſtreſs, for true charity, my Lyſander, is inſeparable from juſtice.

Such, and a thouſand others, are the inconſiſtencies of human nature, how probable is it, therefore, that the opinions we form too haſtily of characters, will be falſe, ſince we have ſeen that the philoſopher of to day, is but meer mortal to morrow, and what we conceived to be generoſity appears at preſent to be ambition.

By

By arts like theſe are we frequently deceived, and by arts like theſe, my Lyſander, do we deceive ourſelves. The miſer, as an elegant writer has obſerved, who lives unenjoying amidſt affluence, will fancy himſelf charitable, becauſe he now and then beſtows ſome trifle, or becauſe he has once ſo far forgot himſelf, as to have alleviated the ſufferings of a fellow creature. This ſingle incident outweighs a thouſand others of a contrary nature; he forgets how often he has paſſed unmoved by diſtreſs, and with what cruelty he has treated an unhappy family.

'Tis this, ſays the ſame accurate author, which renders the γνωθι σεαυτον ſo difficult, and makes us form ideas of ourſelves ſo much beyond our merit.

Adieu, my Lyſander, however unacquainted we may be with ourſelves in general, I am convinced that my heart is yours at preſent, and aſſured that it will ſo continue, as long as it is mine. I am, &c.

LET-

LETTER XXII.

To ARANTHES.

June 2, 1735.

BELIEVE me, my Aranthes, that inſtead of wondering why envy has endeavoured to ſtain your reputation, it has frequently raiſed my ſurprize, to find that it has not long before this, employed its malignity againſt the man whoſe ambition prompts him to virtuous actions, and whoſe boſom is the ſeat of humanity.

EVERY age has produced thoſe who have endeavoured to blaſt the characters they could not equal, and to draw others from ſeats in the temple of fame, which they themſelves have in vain endeavoured to poſſeſs. This, indeed, is a diſpoſition which can ſcarcely be accounted for, and which perhaps we might look upon as imaginary, if we were not too frequently convinced of its exiſtence.

WHOEVER has employed his hours in meditating the advantage of his fellow-creatures, muſt feel the utmoſt pain upon finding that he has not eſcaped the tooth of envy.

It

It would, perhaps, be impoſſible for human creatures to ſuſtain the anguiſh which muſt ariſe from perceiving their fame o'erſhadowed, if reflection did not aſſure them that time will diſpel the clouds, and their reputation ſhine with greater luſtre than before. Indeed, ſuch is the juſtice of mankind, that they will expiate every cenſure they have too haſtily believed, and beſtow their praiſes with the greater readineſs, ſince they have blamed without deſert.

HOWEVER, the arts of your enemies may prevail for a time, they cannot rob you of that ſatisfaction which waits on virtuous actions, nor of that inſelt joy which conveys more ſenſible touches to the heart than applauding multitudes can poſſibly do.

For what is glory but the blaze of fame;
The people's praiſe, if always praiſe unmix'd;
And what the people but a herd confuſed;
A miſcellaneous rabble, who extol
Things vulgar, and well weigh'd, ſcarce worth the praiſe.
They praiſe and they admire they know not what,

And know not whom; but as one leads
the other:
And what delight to be by ſuch extolled?
To live upon their tongues, and be their
talk,
Of whom to be deſpiſed were no ſmall
praiſe;
His lot who dares be ſingularly good.
Parad. Regained, B. II.

WHEN I have known how contrary to the dictates of truth, the envious have endeavoured to deſtroy the reputations of thoſe who have offended only by their excelling them, I have wiſhed for ſome law which ſhould take cognizance of the crime and puniſh the offender as he deſerved; but indeed a little conſideration convinced me that this was abſolutely needleſs, and that 'tis a ſufficient puniſhment of envy to be envious.

THUS, my Aranthes, if you were capable of entertaining the leaſt idea of revenge, you have need only to reflect on the diſpoſition of your enemies; you will then perceive that they carry a ſeverer puniſhment in their breaſt than human laws can inflict, and that the

ſatisfactio

ſatisfaction they receive on the ſucceſs of their attempts does but poorly repay the hours of pain they muſt have felt from the merit which they have ſullied but for a trifling ſpace.

I SHOULD ſcarcely have mentioned any motives to recall your ſerenity, if it did not frequently happen that the mind oppreſſed gives way to the melancholy ideas which ariſe without recollecting thoſe which might bring them eaſe. Shall reproach be painful to you who have this greateſt of all conſolations, *To have lived ſo as not to deſerve it?* I am, &c.

LETTER XXIII.

To PHILEMON.

August 4th, 1735.

I LOOK upon it as a conſiderable happineſs, that the good Philander's place is ſo well ſupplied, and that the preſent incumbent ſo perfectly reſembles him in his virtues. I have perceived of what advantage he has been to his people from his life and precepts, and could wiſh, that every one in the ſame ſituation would purſue the paths he trod. I am extremely pleaſed with the preſent; his manner is pathetick without affectation, and his ſtile ſuch as all may comprehend, and the ſcrupulous admire; he endeavours not at a diſplay of the learning he poſſeſſes, nor ſwells, like many others, with applauſe even whilſt he is enforcing humility.

THE moſt certain method of conveying inſtruction with ſucceſs, is to appear convinced of the truths we endeavour to enforce, and purſue into action, what we recommend to the practice of others.

WHO-

WHOEVER deſcends from perſuaſions to virtue, to a life which is varied like that of other mortals, with crimes and follies, counteracts his precepts, and deſtroys whatever he had done in the cauſe of virtue. He ſhould render his precepts viſible in himſelf, and be that good and amiable man he would perſuade his auditors to be.

ONE might indeed naturally conclude, that he who is eloquent in the cauſe of religion, ſhould himſelf be an example worthy of imitation; but believe me, I have known the man whoſe life has been the antitheſis of his advice to others, and of whom it might be almoſt ſaid, that his eloquence had charmed every heart to virtue but *his own*.

I HAVE obſerved with pleaſure the attention which Ariſtus wins from his audience; they liſten to inſtructions with ſatisfaction which are conveyed in language they underſtand, and appear to be moved by his manner, which, however ſimple, is truly ſublime. He has all the gracefulneſs of action which is neceſſary to the preacher; he has nothing of the theatrical which diſpleaſes.

His diſcourſes have hitherto been the warmeſt recommendations of the duties enjoined us by our religion, which indeed, are the only proper ſubjects that can be found. Whoever enters on controverted points will run the hazard of raiſing doubts which he may not ſatisfy, and of leading minds from the truth, which all his reaſoning cannot recall.

There are in the world three kinds of men; in one are thoſe who believe becauſe others have believed before them, and who never entertain a doubt becauſe they have not known that others have doubted; in another are thoſe who poſſeſs the moſt dangerous degree of underſtanding, and who ſee not far enough to anſwer the doubts which they have created in their own minds, like the ſun, that ſometimes raiſes the vapours which it cannot diſpel; in the third are thoſe whom heaven has bleſſed with ſuperior talents, who believe not like the firſt for want of knowing that others have diſbelieved; they have formed objections which they have conſidered and anſwered within their breaſts, like the ſun which firſt exhales the vapour, and again diſpels by greater heat.

Of

Of the latter kind there are but few amongſt the ſons of men, the world is filled by thoſe of the firſt. From this then it will appear, how dangerous it may be to touch on diſputed points, ſince the greateſt part of mankind, perhaps, have no other baſis for their faith than what I have juſt now mentioned.

HOWEVER Ariſtus may deſerve eſteem as a paſtor, he is equally entitled to it as a companion; his converſation is always inſtructive, his manners gentle, and his countenance for ever wears that ſerenity which the conſciouſneſs of a virtuous life beſtows.

HE has one daughter living, which is all his family, and her the good man has lately married to his utmoſt ambition; for this reaſon we are frequently happy in his company at our tea-table; he brings with him chearfulneſs whenever he comes, amuſes us with ſome of the incidents of his paſt life, or joins us at a party of quadrille.

YOU will, perhaps, ſcarcely ſuſpect that ſelf-love is the motive which induced me

to draw this character; but to be honeſt, I will confeſs I have ſome thoughts of tempting you by this means to B——— where you will find in my Lucinda one who will rejoice to ſee you, in me a friend, and in Ariſtus the beſt of men. Believe me, &c.

LETTER

LETTER XXIV.

To AMELIA, *with a Gold Thimble.*

Sept. 28, 1735.

CAN you believe me, my little friend, when I ſay that the preſent I now make you may be of more ſervice to you in the courſe of your life than the ring of Gyges, and that I deſerve your thanks as much as if I had given you the cap of Fortunatus. Perhaps you may have heard only of the latter, I will explain to you the virtues of the ring: this, my little fair, would render you inviſible whenever you choſe to be ſo; you might then range through the appartments of your play-fellow unſeen, and play ten thouſand little tricks, which at preſent it is not in your power to do; but indeed the greateſt advantages of the ring are reſerved for another age, when you may be preſent with your lover and diſcover the true ſentiments of his heart, perplex your rival, hide her bruſſels and her jewels the night before a ball, and torment her with all the arts of ingenious miſchief. Theſe are advantages which at preſent, perhaps, may not tempt

tempt you; the cap, I can eaſily imagine, to be rather the object of your wiſhes; but tell me, you ſay how this thimble can be of ſuch infinite ſervice.

AT your age, my little friend, employment is of the utmoſt uſe; to be buſy, if it be not learning to be virtuous, will at leaſt protect you from the contrary impreſſions: whilſt your imagination is employed how beſt to ſhade a roſe, or your fancy determines the colours of the various parts of your work, vanity will ſcarce have time to whiſper in your ear, that you have more beauty than another, or inſpire you with too early a love of gayety and pleaſure.

WHEN you have lived to that age in which your reaſon ſhall be ripened you will, perhaps, perceive that thoſe little follies which your ſex are guilty of, proceed from a fault in their education, and that idleneſs is the parent of vice. Thus then, in the early years of life, whilſt you place the thimble on your finger, you are guarding your boſom againſt the approach of foibles which might baniſh thoſe from your ſociety, who were attracted by the charms of your perſon.

ANO-

ANOTHER of its virtues, which in all probability, you can never want to experience, is, that if properly applied, it contains a charm againſt the calamities of poverty. I have known many a female, who by its aſſiſtance has ſupported herſelf with decency, and felt the pleaſure of living without depending on the beneficence of others.

A FEW years hence, when the youth whom your eyes have wounded ſhall beg your acceptance of ſome trifle, in the warmeſt terms imaginable, he will intreat you to preſerve it; but I, on the contrary, ſhall deſire you to be frequent in the uſe of this, and to wear it out for my ſake. I am, &c.

LETTER XXV.

To LEONTES.

July 10, 1736.

I WAS this morning engaged in my garden, and as I was examining the various beauties of the flowery train, amongſt the reſt, an auricula of no remarkable perfection attracted my attention. A different kind of pleaſure aroſe upon the view of this, from that which the reſt excited, and as a mark of peculiar approbation, I placed it in the moſt conſpicuous part of the ſhed.

THIS flower is a proof how much of ſelf-love is blended with all our actions; it is no otherwiſe entitled to my eſteem, than by being one of my own raiſing. I placed the ſeed from which it ſprung in the earth, and its bloſſom affords me greater ſatisfaction than any other, though greatly ſuperior in its beauties.

THERE is nothing upon examination in the raiſing of a flower, that ought to flatter us, yet, how many are there who from ſuch

ſuch a circumſtance receive the moſt exalted joy.

ADRASTUS is one of thoſe: the ſpring begins to deck the fields, and the tender plants from whence his happineſs is to come, now firſt appear; with what care does he watch their growth, and ſigh for that moment in which the bloſſom ſhall unfold his fate: at length, the bud begins to ſwell, and his anxiety encreaſes; the morning calls him early to obſerve it, and he wiſhes that nature was leſs ſlow in her productions. Behold it now expanded, and Adraſtus with all his partiality cannot find a beauty in it to applaud. You ſmile at his diſappointment, yet hope is near him with her comfort, and Adraſtus conſiders his happineſs as only deferred till another ſeaſon.

THIS comes with more ſucceſs, and preſents him with a flower beyond what his warmeſt hopes could expect. He now calls his friends to admire it, and receives as much pleaſure from the applauſe they beſtow, as a mortal can almoſt receive. But ſuch are the laws which nature has given to the flowery train, that their beauties are almoſt momentary, and fade as ſoon as they appear.

pear. Thus then, whatever his pleaſure in ſuch circumſtances may be, it muſt be ſhort, ſince all his fondneſs cannot change the decrees of nature, nor preſerve the tints he admires a moment beyond their deſtined time.

THIS, indeed, would be a melancholly conſideration, if all the pleaſure a flower can beſtow was to terminate with its bloom: Adraſtus rejoices in having added to the productions of the garden, a rival of its greateſt beauty, and is perpetually put in mind of his happineſs by the ſollicitations of other floriſts, who are not a little pleaſed with the promiſe of a *ſlip*.

THIS flower now flouriſhes in other gardens, is known by the title of his delight, his beauty, or his fame; and repays him by this means for the care its cultivation has occaſioned.

THUS ambition purſues us to the ſhade, and even ſolitude affords us objects to excite it. Indeed, ſo firmly is the love of fame implanted in every breaſt, that it operates without our perception; the 'ſquire leaps a five bar gate, and his good old mother pickles for reputation.

WHO-

WHOEVER is fond of flowers will find the utmoſt entertainment in the garden of Adraſtus; the man of taſte, without this paſſion, will ſcarcely be pleaſed with its diſpoſition: it conſiſts entirely of parterre, and knows no ſhade that can protect you from the heat. Adraſtus is entirely devoted to the care of flowers, and like the bee, extracts from them the ſweets of life, with this difference however, that the bee can find them in the moſt common bloſſom of the field, and Adraſtus only in thoſe which are remarkable for their ſcarcity.

IF any one ſhould ſmile at his amuſement and condemn it as frivolous, he may be told, if he is a lover, that the beauty of his miſtreſs is a flower of a ſhort duration; or if ambition be his darling paſſion, that fame is a bloſſom as ſubject to wither from the blaſts of envy, as the flower from other inclemencies.

THERE are but few amongſt mankind from whom ſociety can receive any advantages, or whoſe ſecluſion from the world can be perceived; he, therefore, who finds his happineſs in objects of an innocent na-

ture,

ture, however trifling, may be conſidered with envy. Without ſome favourite purſuit or employment we ſhould be becalmed on the ſea of life; for paſſions are the gales, which give us motion.

THE man whoſe talents enable him to ſhine in the active life, would certainly be wrong if he employed them on trivial objects, or if his underſtanding was ſuch that his ſtudies might procure him honour in the retired, he would deſerve our cenſure for neglecting them. But nature never intended Adraſtus for either of theſe, it is therefore happy for him that he can paſs his moments with ſatisfaction in the care of his garden, and ſteal down the vale of life with innocence and pleaſure.

THOUGH he is thus perpetually buſied amongſt the beauties of the ſummer, his curioſity has never excited him to a knowledge of their various parts, nor to trace a flower from the ſeed 'till it blooms in all its ſplendor. He is as intimately acquainted with their names as 'tis poſſible, and as ignorant of the means by which they vegetate as one who never ſaw them.

THIS

This part of his character is indeed ſurpriſing; that a man ſhould have ſo little philoſophical curioſity, as to ſtop there, would be almoſt incredible, if innumerable inſtances of the ſame nature were not daily before our eyes. How juſtly does Fenelon ſay, *Un homme qui vit ſans reflexion ne penſe qu'aux eſpaces qui ſont aupres de lui, ou qui ont quelque rapport a ſes beſoins. Il ne regard la terre, que comme le plancher de ſa chambre, & le ſoleil qui l'eclaire pendant le jour, que comme la bougie qui l'eclaire pendant la nuit. Ses penſeés ſe renferment dans le lieu etroit qu'il habite. Au contraire l'homme accoutumé de faire des reflexions, etend ſes regards plus loin, et conſidere avec curioſité les abimes, preſque infinis dont il eſt environne de toutes pars.*

The pleaſure which ariſes from a garden is different according to the diſpoſitions of mankind; to the naturaliſt, it affords an opportunity of admiring the wiſdom of Providence in the ſkill and contrivance of the vegetable world; to the meer floriſt, it preſents the greateſt treaſure he can wiſh for in a flower of his own raiſing; and to the man of a philoſophick or ſtudious turn, a place

adapted to excite that ſerenity ſo favourable to his ſtudies.

THERE are others again, and indeed the greateſt part of mankind, whom it pleaſes not ſolely from either of theſe motives, but perhaps from a combination of them all, amongſt which number, my Leontes, we are both, I believe, to be ranked.

CLARINDA is, I find, grown quite a botaniſt; I have ſent her therefore a parcel of ſeeds, which, with her care and cultivation, may perhaps come to ſomething. Pray tell her, that as ſoon as ever ſhe intends publiſhing her hiſtory of plants, ſhe may depend on my Lucinda and myſelf for ſubſcribers. We are all well, my Leontes, and wiſh you every happineſs which life can afford. I am, &c.

LETTER XXVI.

To THERON *from* LONDON.

Sept. 4th, 1736.

WHEN I waited on your friend in the city, my Theron, I was told by his people that he was gone to his country-houſe at——and would return the next day before change time.

I THEN again went to him, and after our buſineſs was finiſhed he invited me to his box in the country, and very kindly told me, if I would paſs a couple of nights with him, that he would carry me down Saturday evening in his one horſe chair.

IT is but a little place, ſaid he, but it is pleaſant: you may ſee of a Sunday as many people out of my parlour window as you can in Cheapſide. The proſpect was hindered 'till lately by a row of trees, but I have *downed* with them all. Theſe were his words, and from theſe you may be convinced that I formed no very advantageous idea of the citizen's taſte.

His invitation, however, as it was made with ſincerity, I accepted of, and about an hour and half brought me to the door; he introduced me to his wife, who deſired her huſband to ſend for alderman —— to make out a party at *whisk*.

The alderman in a few minutes arrived, the table was placed, and the remainder of the evening was ſpent at cards.

As ſoon as I got out of bed the next morning, I ſaw mine hoſt walking in the court before the houſe in his ſlippers, morning-gown, and crimſon velvet cap, and very importantly taking his morning's pipe.

The uſual compliments were ſcarce over before he told me he would ſhew me his houſe and I ſhould gueſs what he gave a year for it.

After he had led me through every room in the houſe to the garret, I obſerved that the only window in the room was plaiſtered up.

'The perſon who lived here before, Sir, ſaid he, had a vaſt affection for this window.

dow. He had a teleſcope here; it had what ſome people call a fine proſpect, trees, fields, a very extenſive view, Sir, but no body to be ſeen. I ſhut it up to ſave the tax, a man cannot be too careful of his money theſe hard times; 'tis you country gentlemen that have all, a poor tradeſman'— Here I found was a proper place to interrupt him, and tell him that I thought 'twas carrying œconomy too far for a man whom all the world knew to be in a fair way to be worth a plumb.

THIS pleaſed my citizen greatly. 'Oh! lord, Sir, ſays he, the world muſt not be believed, 'tis —— Here we were informed that the breakfaſt was ready, which interrupted our converſation.

HIS wife hoped that I had ſlept well, and aſked me how I liked their little place. Extreamly, you may be ſure, I replied. 'Well, now, Sir, what do you think I give a year for this houſe.' I pretended to think, fifty pounds: I was determined to ſay enough. 'Not forty, ſaid he, I aſſure you.' I complimented him with aſtoniſhment.

In the morning we went to church, and I was told that Mr. —— would dine with us, who was a very ſenſible man. I will give you his character from Shakeſpeare.

There are a ſort of men, whoſe viſages
Do cream and mantle like a ſtanding pond,
And do a wilful ſtillneſs entertain,
With purpoſe to be dreſt in an opinion
Of wiſdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who ſhould ſay, I am *Sir Oracle*,
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark.

By the artifice which the poet has here deſcribed, it ſeems that Mr. —— had obtained the character of a very ſenſible man, and great deference was paid to his opinion at the club.

As ſoon as we had dined, it was propoſed to remove the bottles and glaſſes into the arbour, where we might ſmoke a chearful pipe, and ſee every ſoul that went by.

Here we were almoſt ſuffocated with duſt raiſed by hackney coaches, and city 'prentices in one horſe chairs, though mine hoſt

hoſt called it taking a mouthful of freſh air.

I HAD almoſt forgot to mention the garden, to which you deſcend by a number of ſteps, and which a very high wall, well fortified with broken bottles, ſurrounds; here we drank tea at leaſt ſecure from duſt, and the good lady was kind enough to rob her garden of its treaſure to preſent me with a noſegay.

'I AM almoſt aſhamed to tell you, Sir, what the trees in this garden have been, ſaid he. Theſe two, Sir, were cut into the ſhape of ſwans. Alderman—uſed to ſay he never ſaw any thing ſo natural; but they are ſhamefully grown out, you may juſt diſcern ſomething of them. There was not a tree in the garden but what was cut into ſome ſhape or other. But I am almoſt determined to cut them every one down they coſt ſo much to keep them in *repair.*'

WHAT I ſaw and heard in the remaining part of my viſit was much to the ſame purpoſe with what I have already mentioned, I ſhall therefore finiſh this journal by ſay-

ing that he brought me next day to town in his chair, where I left him with an aſſurance that I ſhonld be glad to ſee himſelf and his lady at B——.

THE love of being out of town, for it cannot well be called being in the country, was never ſo prevalent as at preſent; indeed I cannot help thinking that a diſorder which you, my Theron, have never met with, ſhould be added to *Ramazzini's diſeaſes of tradeſmen*, and called the *villa fever*.

IT has been obſerved, that ſeveral who have been attacked with this diſorder three or four ſummers ſucceſſively, have been ſo conſiderably weakened by it, that they have not been able to hold up their heads, nor ſtir abroad without the moſt imminent danger.

I REMEMBER the time, ſaid a friend of mine lately, that when people went thirty or forty miles out of town, they went into the country, but now they only carry London out of town.

How-

HOWEVER oddly this ſentence may be dreſſed, 'tis certainly juſt; my lord, to whom the town is odious in the ſummer, retires to quadrille and riſes at noon to taſte the morning air.

THE citizen cannot find any ſatisfaction in his own houſe during the Saturday afternoons and Sundays of the ſummer, and therefore ſmokes his pipe at leaſt half a dozen miles from the change.

THOSE who cannot afford to have a houſe, are contented with lodgings, where the only comfort they have for being confined within ſuch narrow limits, is the reflection that they are in the country; a reflection which ariſes, not from their ever wandering by the ſide of a murmuring ſtream, or liſtening to the plaintive ſong of the nightingale, not from their ever ſeeing the herds graze in the meadow, or the yellow corn wave in the field, but becauſe they have at leaſt a mile to go upon the turn-pike road after having been bolted more than another upon the London ſtones.

FROM

FROM what I have ſaid, my Theron, you muſt not imagine that I think any man blameable for theſe little retirements from buſineſs, unleſs it be attended with an expence which he cannot prudently afford, and conſequently with an injury to his family.

ON the contrary, I am extremely pleaſed that thoſe who contribute ſo much to the welfare and dignity of their country, as the merchants certainly do, can find amuſement to relieve them from their application, and to render their return to buſineſs more agreeable.

I HAVE ſent you this morning a parcel of pamphlets, which I have heard ſpoken of favourably. I expect by the time I return, to know from you whether they are worth reading or not. Lucinda is well, and joins with me in wiſhing you the continuance of a bleſſing we both enjoy by your means. I am, &c.

LETTER XXVII.

To CLEANTHES.

May 29th, 1737.

WE were the other day taking a ſhort journey, when my attention was drawn from the beauties of the ſpring, by the appearance of a new building, which though yet unfiniſhed, ſeemed to promiſe a more than common magnificence.

A CURIOSITY which is natural on ſuch occaſions, led me to enquire of one of the workmen, for whom he was employed; when inſtead of the ſplendid title which I imagined would be joined to the name, I heard the plain and ſimple one of my father's old friend Senex.

SENEX is one of thoſe who have paſſed the moments which nature intended for pleaſure in the acquiſition of wealth, and deferred the hours of eaſe, till he can reaſonably expect but a very few more of life. Yet, at length, in poſſeſſion of the moſt conſiderable fortune, he has baniſhed the fears of poverty at ſeventy-five, and reſigned his buſi-

neſs

neſs to a favourite nephew. In this ſituation we might naturally imagine, that he ſhould endeavour to paſs the remainder of his days in the ſerenity ſo ſuitable to age, and taſte that calmneſs in the ſun-ſet of life, which as yet he has never known.

I KNOW not from what fatality, but Senex has determined to build, and laid the foundation of that ſtructure which there is great probability he may never enter, and exchanged the cares of the tradeſman for others of equal anxiety.

To every indifferent eye, this method of proceeding muſt appear in the greateſt meaſure ridiculous, yet ſo infatuated is Senex with his ſcheme, and ſo reſolutely determined to live till the finiſhing of his houſe, that at preſent he denies himſelf every little indulgence, that he may appear with the greater ſplendour whenever that hour ſhall come.

HOWEVER abſurd this may be, I am convinced that it is not ſingular, and that many have had it in their power to ſay to a friend with Horace,

'Tu ſecanda marmora
'Locas ſub ipſum funus, & ſepulchri
'Immemor ſtruis domos.'

I HAVE frequently endeavoured to account for this diſpoſition, and have ſometimes imagined it proceeds from the deſire of tranſmitting a name to poſterity which glows in almoſt every breaſt, and that the ſtructure riſes that our children may aſk who built it.

AT other times I have attributed it to the dread of inactivity, which thoſe who have been buſied in the tenour of their lives are known to poſſeſs to the laſt, and have conſidered the building as a refuge to which they fly from its influence.

THOUGH each of theſe may be true at different times, I am certain they are neither of them ſo at others. If Senex has any ambition of being mentioned by our poſterity, 'tis only as a man who acquired a large fortune by his induſtry; and methinks he is now arrived at an age when even inactivity ſhould not be diſpleaſing; what then can determine him to this action?

IF

If we could but diſcover the ſecret ſpring of human actions, we might perhaps ſometimes perceive, that what we had endeavoured to account for, aroſe from ſome peculiar aſſociation of ideas in the imagination, and be ſurpriſed to find how diſtant probability may ſometimes be from the truth.

Thus, perhaps, this diſpoſition I have endeavoured to explain, may ariſe from one of the motives which are hid from human eyes, and which actuate the human breaſt without its being ſometimes conſcious of it itſelf.

It is not however, impoſſible, but the love of life may ſometimes determine a man to build; he may perhaps flatter himſelf with thinking, that death can never ſurpriſe *him* ſoon, who has begun the pile which will require ſome time to be finiſhed, and may ſuppoſe, that fate has too much good manners to interrupt a gentleman who is building a manſion houſe for his family.

The ingenious arts of deceit are never ſo ſucceſsfully or ſo often practiſed as by human creatures on themſelves; how many ſophiſms

do

do thoſe, who in the opinion of others are deſcending into the grave, make uſe of to perſuade themſelves that they may yet ſee a few years more. They recall ſome friend who lived to a more advanced age than that they have attained, and hope to quit this world like the inhabitants of the iſle of Syria, whom Eumæus mentions in the odyſſey.

No want, no famine the glad natives know,
Nor ſink by ſickneſs to the ſhades below;
But when a length of years unnerves the ſtrong,
Apollo comes, and *Cynthia* comes along,
They bend the ſilver bow with tender ſkill,
And, void of pain, the ſilent arrows kill.

INDEED it is not with reſpect to life alone hat men deceive themſelves, whoever will re-ollect a number of thoſe actions which he as committed upon what he calls reflection, vill find that he was influenced by the moſt rifling arguments on the ſide of his inclina-ions or paſſions, againſt conviction and de-nonſtration on the part of prudence.

I HAVE obſerved that the period which nen fix for the continuation of their lives ecreaſes as they grow old, 'till it comes to a ttle longer, a fugitive term, which advances with

with themſelves, and to which they never approach in their own imaginations.

Is it not aſtoniſhing, that thoſe who are taught to expect a ſtate of happineſs hereafter, ſhould leave, with regret, a life of pain and anxiety? The antients indeed, whoſe aſſurance of futurity was founded only on a ſlight baſis, might reaſonably enough hope for the continuation of life with all its infirmities, ſince death afforded them ſcarce any proſpect but that of annihilation. I am not therefore at all ſurprized that they ſhould avoid, as much as poſſible, the intruſion of ſo melancholy a ſubject as death into their converſation, or expreſs it by the moſt ſoftening periphraſes which could be found.

But the caſe is far different with reſpect to thoſe who have the happineſs to be born in an age of chriſtianity, diſſolution is to them a refuge from calamities and a paſſage to the happieſt of conditions.

You will here perceive that I am ſpeaking only of the good and virtuous; to thoſe indeed who fear the reſult of that day when every man ſhall be judged according to his deſerts, diſſolution comes fraught with hor-

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ror and the pagans proſpect of annihilation is by far leſs dreadful than their own.

CAN any thing give us a greater idea of the goodneſs of heaven than the reflection, that to obtain felicity hereafter, and to ſweeten this life by the expectation of it, we are only enjoyned the obſervance of a few laws which even contribute to our temporal happineſs?

ARE they not framed, my Cleanthes, for the preſervation of our health, and the tranquillity of our boſoms, for the union of mankind into ſocieties, and for the ſupport of friendſhip?

WHO would imagine that ſuch conditions of future happineſs ſhould ever be refuſed, or that our paſſions ſhould ever prevail on us to be wretched here, and to hazard more laſting miſery hereafter?

I HAVE been led, I ſcarce know how, my Cleanthes, into theſe reflections, and detained you, I am afraid, from greater amuſement: give me leave, however, to treſpaſs a moment longer, to aſſure you that I am, with the utmoſt ſincerity, yours, &c.

LETTER XXVIII.

To LYSANDER.

November 16, 1737.

THERE is, perhaps, no greater proof of the powers of poetry than that it has frequently perſuaded thoſe to retirement who are not by nature capable of enjoying it.

EVERY age has celebrated the charms of a rural life, and the *felices ter et amplius* of Virgil have been echoed through every language.

INDEED, I am not in the leaſt ſurpriſed that men ſhould be influenced by deſcription which promiſes an exemption from every care, and one continued round of happy ſerenity.

IT is however, I believe, certain that many have been thus tempted only to be diſappointed, and to ſeek in vain for thoſe pleaſures which appear ſo alluring in verſe.

A FEW years only have paſſed ſince Manilius was buſied in the acquiſition of wealth,

with

with opportunity of ſeeing his little box in the country but an evening or two in the week. He returned to his affairs with a kind of regret, and wiſhed that his fortune could enable him to paſs his time entirely in the country.

THIS wiſh was ſoon after compleated by the death of an uncle, and Manilius having no longer any buſineſs in town, retired further into the country.

YOU cannot be ſurpriſed, my Lyſander, that Manilius was here diſappointed in his expectations: whilſt he was engaged in the cares of commerce, the few hours he ſpent in the country were agreeable, becauſe they were inactive, for idleneſs is no trifling pleaſure, to the man who is generally employed.

BUT at preſent, inactivity, which was pleaſing, is greatly the reverſe, and no endeavours on his part have been wanting to avoid it.

ALMOST as ſoon as he was ſettled in the country, he caſt his eyes around him to obſerve how thoſe in the ſame ſituation with himſelf employed their time.

He found that ſome were buſied in collecting the flowers which are remarkable for their beauty or their ſcarcity; that ſome again ſought for happineſs by the ſide of winding ſtreams, or in the field, whilſt others were employed in contemplating and admiring the works of nature.

Though theſe were amuſements for which he could not perceive that he had any taſte, yet he determined to try them, and began with collecting thoſe flowers which he perceived others admired. He was for a ſhort time entertained with their various beauties; but as he had none of the floriſts enthuſiaſm, he ſoon become indifferent to the vernal train, and neglected the care which was neceſſary for their preſervation.

The calm diverſion of angling he could by no means approve, and he was ſufficiently ſatisfied with his firſt eſſay at hunting, by having been thrown from his horſe.

I obſerved, with ſome degree of pain, an honeſt man in ſearch of happineſs which he

he could not fix, and therefore began to conſider if I could not find ſome amuſement more laſting than the others he had experienced.

For this end I adviſed him to purchaſe the various kinds of microſcopes and the beſt authors of natural hiſtory which could be found. It has ſucceeded, my Cleanthes, beyond expectation: Manilius is ſo enamoured of his preſent occupation, that he is ſeldom either without a microſcope before him, or ſome author of natural hiſtory in his hand. Beſides this, he talks of collecting together the minerals, foſſils, and other things which are ſeen in the cabinets of the virtuoſi. I am not certain but he may likewiſe ſollicit to be made a member of the royal ſociety.

There is, perhaps, no ſtudy ſo capable of entertaining thoſe in circumſtances like Manilius, as that of natural hiſtory; the variety of objects it preſents to the eyes, and the reflections it muſt inevitably occaſion, cannot fail of rendering it extremely amuſing.

It requires likewiſe little or no learning to purſue it, and mediocrity of talents will enable a man to comprehend all that has hitherto been diſcovered. To form new explanations of various phænomena is the work of genius.

The hours no longer hang heavy on Manilius, he has ſufficient employment in repeating experiments which others have made before him, and ſometimes making new ones of his own.

Amongst his neighbours Manilius already paſſes for a philoſopher; the microſcopes are always brought out when there is company, and his eldeſt daughter, to the admiration of the beholders, cuts in two one of thoſe little eels which are found in paſte. They are deſired in general to gueſs at the objects they behold, and are all aſtoniſhment to find that this is the eye of a fly, this the fibre of a feather, and that the down of a butterfly's wing.

He has already procured ſeveral echini filled with flint, from whence he never fails

fails to demonſtrate the certainty of the deluge, with the aſſiſtance of ſome of the foſſil-ſhells which are found in the ſtrata of the higheſt mountains.

THUS does he entertain his friends, and avoid that moſt diſpleaſing of all ſenſations, which we have no word for in our language, and which the french call *ennui*.

DON'T you think, Lyſander, that Manilius is greatly in my debt? I aſſure you he thinks ſo himſelf, and always acknowledges the obligation whenever I am with him.

IT is but a few days ſince, that Lucinda and I paid him a viſit; we found him, his wife and daughter (for all are naturaliſts) very buſy in preparing objects for the microſcope. You ſee, ſaid Manilius, we are hard at work, but you have given us a never-ending employment: nature is inexhauſtible.

I AM not a little pleaſed at having contributed to the happineſs of a man who has

no vices to make him miſerable, and to whom idleneſs muſt be the moſt diſagreeable thing imaginable.

We are all well, my Lyſander, and deſire to be remembered to you and yours. I am, &c.

LET-

LETTER XXIX.

To CLEANTHES.

May 2d, 1738.

THERE is nothing which at certain times affords me a greater degree of pleaſure, than a review of the letters I have received from my friends; they recall to my imagination the hours we have paſſed together, and convinced me that I have not lived without eſteem.

THUS was I employed this morning, when a letter which was ſent me ſome time ſince by a niece, among the reſt, came into my hands; I was touched with her ſituation which ſhe has artleſsly deſcribed, and was ſurpriſed to find upon recollection, that I had not yet returned her an anſwer. She aſks my advice in one of the moſt important affairs of life! I have therefore incloſed her letter, that your opinion may ſtrengthen mine if we agree, or teach me to alter it if the contrary ſhould be the caſe.

'Dear ſir,

I HAVE too frequently experienced your good nature, to imagine that any apology

'is

'is neceſſary for the trouble I am giving you. 'The daughter of a ſiſter you loved, now 'begs your advice in the affair which may 'determine her future happineſs. You have 'long before now been acquainted with the 'diſpoſition of my father, and have known 'that his ambition lies in poſſeſſing the fi-'neſt horſes, and in being the greateſt drink-'er in the country. Theſe follies, however, 'he reſtrained in ſome meaſure 'till the loſs 'of my mother; at which time our houſe 'became a continual ſcene of noiſy and 'obſtreperous jollity. I muſt own this 'gave me concern; I had frequently been 'told by the female ſervants of the houſe, 'that the young 'ſquires of the neighhour-'hood would be continually purſuing me, 'and that my fortune, as I was an only 'child, would enable me to outſhine moſt 'of the country ladies.

'You muſt then naturally believe, that I 'ſaw this fortune which was to procure me 'ſo much happineſs, continually leſſening, 'with the utmoſt pain. I ſometimes took 'the liberty to expoſtulate with my father, 'which generally produced a promiſe to my 'ſatisfaction, and which he forgot almoſt

'as

'as ſoon as it was made. He was brought 'home one day from the field after a fall 'from his horſe, which confined him ſome-'time to his bed; I took this opportunity 'of perſuading him to part with his dogs; 'well, Jenny, ſaid he, as ſoon as I am 'well the pack ſhall go. He recovered, I 'reminded him of his promiſe; he told me 'he would take one morning's hunt with 'them more, and diſpoſe of them imme-'diately. When this day of diverſion was 'over, upon his return he walked up to the 'glaſs; lord! girl, ſaid he, was ever a man 'ſo altered for the better? Look at my com-'plexion, huſſey; poor jowler ſhan't go, 'old boy I would not part with thee.—— 'Thus again my hopes were diſappointed.

'SOME time ago a gentleman came down 'into our neighbourhood, who being carried 'one morning by the impetuoſity of a horſe 'he was not able to reſtrain, over a ditch 'of remarkable breadth, he gained the ap-'plauſe of my father, who gave him a ge-'neral invitation to our houſe whilſt he 'ſhould remain in this part of the world. 'He came ſoon after to dine with us, and 'had raiſed my father to the greateſt idea

'of

'of his ſkill in his favourite ſport, by the
'accident I have mentioned. As ſoon al-
'moſt as he was ſat down, my father be-
'gan to aſk him ſome queſtions which are
'natural and peculiar to ſportſmen, when
'to his utmoſt ſurpriſe, he found he had
'invited a man as little ſkilled as it is poſ-
'ſible to conceive. By making uſe of the
'moſt unſportſman like terms, and by
'confeſſing his approbation of tea, he was
'diſplaced from my father's good graces,
'and departed without receiving another in-
'vitation. On this account he did not for-
'ſake the houſe, he was frequent in his
'viſits. He was ſure almoſt of finding
'me alone, and I muſt confeſs that his
'company was never diſpleaſing: can it be
'wondered at, indeed, that a girl who has
'been educated with ſome tolerable care by
'the beſt of mothers, ſhould prefer the
'company of one who has received the po-
'liteſt education, to the ſolitary pleaſure of
'reading or playing the harpſichord alone?
'After ſome time he ventured to aſſure me,
'that I had made a laſting impreſſion on
'his heart, and confeſſed his paſſion which
'I heard without diſpleaſure. I always
'conceived that the conſent of a parent

'was

'was neceſſary, and abſolutely refuſed him 'the moſt trifling hope 'till that could be 'obtained. He immediately applied to my 'father, but in vain, and received this rea-'ſon for his refuſal, that his fortune was 'too inconſiderable. This anſwer was un-'expected; he had enquired into my father's 'circumſtances, and had diſcovered that 'every year they conſiderably leſſened. 'The fortune he at preſent poſſeſſes is not 'ſmall, his expectations are great; he was 'therefore ſurpriſed at his being refuſed. 'My father, who has ever determined me for 'one like himſelf, that is, a country 'ſquire, 'came and aſked me if I had given any 'encouragement to that tea-drinking fellow; 'to which I was making ſome heſitating 'anſwer, when a friend of his came in and 'prevented my confuſion. A day paſſed 'with the utmoſt anxiety: I felt that my 'heart was no ſtranger to the tender ſenſa-'tion, and determined, if poſſible, to ſup-'preſs it. Every reſolution of that kind, 'however, was baniſhed for a time by the 'following letter.

" My deareſt JENNY,

" IF you have the leaſt tenderneſs for
" me, I ſhall look on the ungentle refuſal
" of your father, which at firſt was the
" cauſe of pain, as a happy circumſtance,
" ſince it affords me an opportunity of aſ-
" ſuring you, that my love is diſintereſted
" and ſincere. Conſent to be mine I ſhall
" be bleſt. The little fortune I am maſter of
" will ſecure us from poverty; for your ſake
" only I wiſh it were greater. Say, that my
" deareſt Jenny's heart is mine, and nothing
" can add to the joy of

Yours with the trueſt affection, &c."

' THIS letter baniſhed every thought of
' my father's conſent, and had its author
' been preſent when I received it, I ſhould
' certainly have given him my hand. Such
' inſtances of generous love are but ſeldom
' heard of. I aſk your advice, but I am
' apprehenſive that I ſhall ſcarcely follow
' it, unleſs it be conformable to my incli-
' nations. Can you blame a daughter, Sir,
' for marrying contrary to the conſent of
' that father who is every hour withdrawing
' from

from her what 'tis his duty to preſerve? Can you blame her for making, at the ſame time a man ſhe approves happy, and ſecuring herſelf from the frowns of fortune."

I SHALL not now, my Cleanthes, make any reflections on my neice's letter, but deſire you would write me your ſentiments immediately, that I may return her an anſwer.

I SHALL conclude, my Cleanthes, in the homely language, of *hoping that you are well, as I am at this preſent writing*, the ſincerity of which muſt apologize for its ſimplicity. Believe me, &c.

LETTER

LETTER XXX.

To AMELIA.

Auguſt 4th, 1739.

IF I imagined that your thoughts were employed only on the improvement of your external charms, I muſt indeed confeſs, that my preſent would have been extremely ill choſen, and ſhould perhaps have deſerved your pity for knowing ſo little of the human breaſt: but from what I have ſeen of you, I have conceived a much better opinion of your merit. I flatter myſelf on my ſkill in phyſiognomy, and think I have diſcovered in that pretty face of yours a mixture of great underſtanding and good-nature: from this motive I was led to make you a preſent, by which you might improve your natural talents, and render yourſelf as amiable as I wiſh you to be.

As I am too well acquainted with your mother to imagine ſhe has any of that ridiculous tenderneſs which ſhall condemn pretty miſs to univerſal ignorance through fear of ſpoiling her eyes, I muſt inſiſt on your reading the authors I have ſent, but I am almoſt

aſſured

assured that every persuasion is needless, and that your own desire of improvement will sufficiently incite your attention.

To gratify an inclination which is generally found amongst young ladies of your age, and that you may not accuse me of detaining amusement from you, I have, amongst the rest, sent you a novel which has been greatly admired.

But this, however, is the only one I have indulged you with, and this in particular, as it tends not solely to the entertainment of the fancy from its variety of incidents, but to the improvement of the heart, from the engaging recommendation of its virtues. This is a fund of amusement for you; and if you will hear, in this affair, any kind of director, I should advise you to let this be the entertainment of an hour, when you are perhaps tired with attending to an author who may possibly be less attractive, though of equal importance and instruction.

You do not, however, I hope resemble some of your sex, who, if on opening a book, the title should present them with the plea-

ſing term of adventures, can ſit down with the utmoſt ſatisfaction, and attend to a ſet of incidents which ſome diſtorted imagination has thrown together, and from whence probability is for ever baniſhed for the marvellous.

'Tis from pages of this character that the tender maid has her head filled with romantick ideas. To her every handſome young coxcomb becomes a lover, and the tender confinement of her parents the durance of an enchanted caſtle, from whoſe battlements ſhe is ready to leap into the arms of ſome knight-errant, who has diſcovered the ſtrength of her fortune and the weakneſs of her underſtanding.

As it would be taking up too much of your time to ſpeak of all the authors I have ſent you, I ſhall only mention the *Spectacle de la nature*, by l'abbé de la Pluche, and the Phyſico-Theology of Derham, which the Guardian has ſo favourable ſpoken of. When you have attended to theſe, you will never after breathe the balmy evening, or enjoy the fragrance of the roſe, without having your imagination lifted to their author; the ſnow-

drop

drop will be eloquent in the cauſe of its maker, and the warblers from the ſpray attune his praiſe.

A GREATER degree of acquaintance with the works of nature than what may be drawn from theſe authors, I conſider as uſeleſs to the fair, and the female who talks in pompous terms of attraction and repulſion, or who decides between the opinions of different philoſophers, is, perhaps, leſs to be admired than one who ſhould be abſolutely unacquainted with the ſimpleſt laws of nature.

WHEN I come next to R—— I expect a very pleaſing detail of what you approve, by that means your taſte will be diſcovered, which at preſent I fancy to be ſufficiently delicate. You will then be convinced of the value of my preſent, and thank me more than if I had decked you with the brilliants of the eaſt, ſince you have drawn from it the greateſt ornaments of the mind, and virtue, the diamond which ſhould ever be hung upon the heart. I am, &c.

LETTER XXXI.

To LICINIUS.

Dec. 6th, 1739.

I DO not remember, Licinius, to have felt a greater degree of aſtoniſhment than that I received from your laſt —— You ſay, your ſon has made you miſerable. Can a father be unhappy whilſt his child is bleſſed? Conſent to ſee the amiable partner he has taken, your reſentment, I am almoſt convinced, will ſubſide: her ſilent beauty will plead more powerfully in his behalf than all the eloquence I can uſe. I received the incloſed letter from him a few days ſince.

'SIR,

'I am unwilling to give you pain, I muſt— 'My father has been for ſome time paſt greatly ſollicitous for my marrying: he has indeed 'gone farther, and fixed upon a lady in the 'neighbourhood, agreeable in her perſon, 'and of the largeſt fortune in that country. 'He has talked with her father on the affair, and found *her* heart to be at preſent 'diſengaged,

'disengaged, and all her friends extremely 'pleased with the proposal.

'THIS he informed me of, and expected, 'he said, to have received my acknowledg-'ments upon the occasion. I do not, like 'some fathers, said he, insist on your mar-'rying deformity or old age, the lady I have 'fixed on is not less remarkable for her per-'sonal recommendations than her fortune. 'At this time I was proof against the ut-'most beauty, and except one woman, each 'individual of the sex was equally the object 'of my wishes. I had seen, Sir, the fair 'one whose beauty and amiable qualities 'deserve esteem from all mankind; in me 'they created love.

'YOU must then imagine, that this did 'not produce the effect which my father 'desired, nor spread that smile of approba-'tion on my countenance which he expected. 'It was indeed with difficulty I made him a 'reply, and concealed the anxiety I felt.

'FROM this moment we were scarce ever 'together without his endeavouring to pro-'cure my consent. It gave me the utmost

'pain to hear a father intreat, ſince I could
'not but be unhappy in complying with his
'requeſt. Divided between love and duty,
'diſpleaſing dilemma, I knew not where
'reaſon pointed. Love was at length victo-
'rious, our hands were joined, our hearts
'were before united. I fondly flattered my-
'ſelf that his reſentment would ſoon paſs
'off——that he would eaſily forgive an ac-
'tion which could not be recalled, and par-
'don a ſon who had offended only through
'exceſs of love. Unhappily I was miſtaken,
'I had not only married contrary to his
'inclinations, I had taken a woman who
'was more indebted to nature than to fortune.

'He refuſes, Sir, to ſee me; I am ba-
'niſhed from the preſence of a parent whom
'I never before offended. My crime a re-
'fuſal to be miſerable. I have wrote him
'ſeveral letters, ſome of which he has read,
'and others he has returned unopened; in
'all I have entreated him to ſee the lovely
'woman, and then to blame me if he can.

'Nothing but this diſpleaſure of a fa-
'ther could leſſen my preſent happineſs. I
'have heard him ſpeak of you with the
'greateſt

'greateſt eſteem and friendſhip, you would 'not otherwiſe have been made acquainted 'with my ſituation; by your perſuaſions he 'may perhaps be brought to liſten to the 'voice of reaſon. Theſe I am convinced 'you will uſe, ſince they may contribute to 'the happineſs of a fellow-creature. You 'will by this means confer the greateſt of 'obligations on an unhappy youth. My 'Eugenia will bleſs you, and our hearts for 'ever retain the moſt perfect gratitude.'

THIS, Licinius, is the letter I have received from your ſon.

YOU abhor, you ſay, the ſeverity of the parent, who would force a child to pay his addreſſes where nothing but the conſideration of intereſt could tempt him; do you think yourſelf leſs unreaſonable than this father? The woman whom you fixed on was even admired for her beauty; let it be ſo, Licinius, your ſon, you ſee by his letter, was inſenſible to every charm but thoſe which he admired in his Eugenia, and equally indifferent to all the ſex beſides. How therefore does Licinius differ from the man he blames?

LET us for a moment conſider what might——what indeed muſt have been the conſequence of his obeying your ſollicitations. He muſt have firſt forgot the vows he had made to the fair Eugenia, and have rendered his heart inſenſible to the tears of beauty in diſtreſs, of beauty reproaching him with inconſtancy and violated faith. What muſt have been the diſappointment likewiſe of the fair to whom he had given his hand? ſhe muſt ſoon have found that his heart was before engaged, and have felt the moſt ſenſible pain from unrequited love. He himſelf would have paſſed his hours in thinking on Eugenia, and repenting, when it was too late, his obedience to a father's command. His generous ſoul muſt have ſuffered even from the love of his partner, ſince he could only repay it with pity. Could fortune, however extenſive, have been a tolerable recompence for their anxiety: could magnificence have ſupplied them in this ſituation with bliſs? Believe me, no: the utmoſt ſplendor could not have afforded them joy, nor have ſpread ſerenity upon their breaſts.

CAN

CAN you now wiſh, Licinius, your ſon had liſtened to your entreaty? Can you repent your not having been the cauſe of miſery to three perſons who deſerve to be happy, and will probably be ſo? Your ſon waits only to receive your bleſſing to have his happineſs complete, ſhall it be ſaid by the enemies of Licinius, that he was the invincible bar to a ſon's felicity, to the felicity of that ſon who had brought no diſhonour on his family, and whoſe only crime, to uſe his own words, was *exceſs of love*.

EUGENIA is now bleſſed in the man ſhe loves, nor knows the leaſt anxiety but as partaker of his pain. The fair one to whoſe arms you would have forced your ſon, may now meet with affection equal to her own, and know the bliſs of mutual love.

I SHOULD not, perhaps, have been thus warm as an advocate for your ſon, if I had not ſeen his lovely partner, and heard the ſtory of their loves. She truly deſerves whatever encomiums he can beſtow on her: they are formed by nature for each other.

THUS

THUS ſhould I have endeavoured to perſuade you, if we had lived two thouſand years ago, and thus have applied my powers to prevail upon the *man*; but you, Licinius, are a *chriſtian*; remember then that you aſk forgiveneſs from heaven, as you yourſelf beſtow it on your fellow-creatures. I am, &c.

LETTER XXXII.

To CLEANTHES.

July 2d, 1740.

YOU who know how great an advocate I have always been for matrimony, will not be ſurpriſed to hear that I have endeavoured to prevail on our friend, Camillus, to make one of us.

HE told me, that no one thought more honourably of the marriage ſtate than himſelf, but ſaid, at the ſame time, that it was at preſent too much an affair of intereſt, and that *hearts, like boroughs, muſt be gained by bribery.*

THESE you have no need to be informed were his own words, they are ſo perfectly expreſſive of his character, in which there is a good deal of the miſanthrope. Beſides this, upon my urging ſome of the ſtrongeſt arguments I could think of, he told me, he would anſwer me in verſe, and repeated the following lines.

Au bon vieux temps un train d'amour regnoit
Qui ſans grand art, & dons ſe demenoit
Si qu'un bouquet donné d'amour profonde,
C'eſtoit donné toute la terre ronde :
Car ſeulement au cueur on ſe prenoit
Et ſi par cas à jouir on venoit
Savez-vous bien comm'on s'entretenoit
Vingt ans, trente ans : cela duroit un monde
Au bon vieux temps.

Or eſt perdu ce qu'amour ordonnoit
Rien que pleurs faints, rien que changes on n'oyt.
Qui voudra donc qu'à aymer je me fonde,
Il faut premier, que l'amour on refonde
Et qu'on la meine ainſi qu'on la menoit
Au bon vieux temps.

THIS little piece is one of Marot's rondeaus, a poet who lived in the time of Francis the firſt, and Camillus inſiſts upon it, that 'tis more applicable to the preſent age than that in which it was wrote. Be that as it will, it is certainly one of the moſt pleaſing trifles I remember to have ſeen, and has in it a *naiveté* which cannot poſſibly be tranſlated.

THOUGH

THOUGH at firſt ſight it might ſeem reaſonable to think that ſuch a man as Camillus, who has no other objection to matrimony than what I have already mentioned, would be more inclined to try the united ſtate than one who had vowed againſt it, and made it the object of his ſeverity. Yet there is not a marriage-hater of them all of the ſame age with Camillus, but, I would venture a good deal, will be married before him.

MEN of his diſpoſition, who carry diſtruſt with them will be hardly perſuaded, that a woman's love can be diſintereſted; and there is generally a cynical ſomething about them which renders them diſagreeable to the fair ſex, and which conſequently will prevent them from creating a paſſion perfectly ſincere.

As for the others, who are diſtinguiſhed by the title of marriage-haters, and pity an unhappy friend who has nooſed himſelf for life. We have ſeen them frequently, my Cleanthes, the ſlaves of a paſſion they have ridiculed, and ſeverely puniſhed by the reported raillery of their acquaintance.

WITH

WITH reſpect to myſelf, I ſeldom pay any kind of attention to their reſolutions; though, indeed, when a man ſays very ſeriouſly, that he has conſidered the advantages and inconveniences of both ſtates, and determined thereupon never to relinquiſh the freedom of his condition, I cannot in ſuch a caſe avoid believing that he really will not be married —— *on the morrow.*

WE have both of us, my Cleanthes, but little reaſon to rely on determinations of this kind, whilſt we remember Leontes, who is now become one of the beſt huſbands I know, though once the moſt ſtrenuous advocate of a ſingle life.

THERE is a time when their reſolutions yield to a propenſity which nature has implanted in our breaſts, and which contributes more than any thing to our temporal felicity.

BESIDES the reaſon I juſt now mentioned, there is yet another why I deſpair of ſeeing Camillus married, which is his want of talents for making love; a want, to ſay the truth,

truth, I ſhould never have ſuſpected him of if he had not confeſſed it himſelf,

INSTANCES of this kind are, however, common enough amongſt men of the greateſt underſtanding; the moſt ſingular one is that of the great Corneille, who has given us the following portrait of himſelf.

EN matiere d'amour je ſuis fort inégal
J'en écris aſſez bien, & le fais aſſez mal
J'ai la plume feconde & la bouche ſterile;
Bon galant au theatre, & fort mauvais en ville:
Et l'on peut rarement m'ecouter ſans ennui
Que quand je me produis par la bouche d'autrui.

IF we had not this account from himſelf, it would in general be ſcarcely believed, that a man who has ſo feelingly deſcribed the paſſion of love, and put ſuch tender ſentiments into the mouths of others, ſhould himſelf be at a loſs to expreſs and enforce a real flame.

YET ſtrange as this may appear, it is to be accounted for, I believe, from the very nature of true love. He who ſincerely knows

knows that paſſion, will feel, whenever he is before the object that has excited it, a timorous awe, which will greatly influence his expreſſions. Indeed I am convinced, for my own part, that the man who addreſſes his miſtreſs with all the eloquence he is at any time maſter of, can never be very fervently in love.

THIS, my Cleanthes, would be a little unhappy for lovers, if the ſame paſſion which leſſens their eloquence did not compenſate for its loſs, by transferring the ſilent powers of perſuaſion to the eyes.

To theſe ſincerity never fails of conveying an almoſt irreſiſtible manner of ſolliciting, more perſuaſive than the warmeſt expreſſions, and not like them to be ſupplied by intereſted hypocriſy.

METHINKS I have been drawn by talking of love into a great length of letter, and ſhall only add, in the language of friendſhip, that I am with the moſt perfect ſincerity, yours, &c.

LET

LETTER XXXIII,

To CLEANTHES.

November 16, 1740.

YOU have undoubtedly heard, Cleanthes, that Amintor, the ſon of our friend Licinius, has married contrary to the inclinations of his father. The youth, unhappy in a parent's diſpleaſure, deſired me to uſe whatever influence I had on Licinius to procure a reconciliation. I wrote to him, made uſe of every argument I thought neceſſary, and endeavoured to convince him, that his ſon had by no means deſerved his ſeverity. My letter ſo far prevailed on him that he conſented to ſee his ſon and the fair Eugenia, a favour which the youth himſelf had long intreated in vain.

AMINTOR came upon the appointed day accompanied by his lovely partner. He was conducted to the room where Licinius ſat, and led his trembling Eugenia to the feet of a father whom for her he had diſpleaſed. In broken accents he begged his bleſſing, he begged it for the beſt of women; at which time per-

ceiving the tears ſtand trembling in Eugenia's eyes, his ſympathetick boſom felt for her, and both were ſilent, weeping on their knees at his feet. To have ſeen the moſt graceful of her ſex overwhelmed with grief, to have ſeen a ſon in tears, imploring for a bleſſing, muſt have moved a breaſt where pity ever entered. Here Licinius himſelf wept, and and ſuch was the amiable appearance of Eugenia, that he could no longer blame his ſon for beſtowing on her his heart. He bad them riſe and be happy.

THEIR tears were now changed to tears of joy, and as ſoon as Amintor could ſpeak, he ſaid, I am at preſent, Sir, the happieſt of mankind, bleſt, as a huſband, in the beſt of women, and reconciled to a parent whoſe diſpleaſure only could give me pain. Such was the happy conſequence of this interview.

I HAVE heard the ſtory of their loves, and not without conſiderable pleaſure. As you and your Leonora will be probably entertained with it, I have endeavoured to recollect it for your amuſement.

EUGENIA

EUGENIA was the daughter of a baronet, whoſe eſtate deſcended to him from a father, who had greatly encumbered it by his want of œconomy. He came and mixed with others about the court to ſollicit preferment; but his generous ſoul could by no means condeſcend to the meanneſs which is requiſite to purchaſe it; he could not flatter that miniſter for his honeſty whom he ſaw ready to betray his country, nor another for his political perſpicuity, whoſe ignorance had injured the ſtate. In parliament he ſpoke the ſentiments of his heart, without the leaſt tincture of party prejudice; he voted as he thought his country and his conſcience required. One might naturally imagine that a man of this character ſhould ſoon have found reaſon to abandon his hopes, and have quitted, in a fit of miſanthropy, the court, where honeſty was no recommendation.

THIS probably he would have done if a love of magnificence had not been his prevailing paſſion; he was therefore unwilling to relinquiſh his hopes of that ſucceſs which might ſome time or other enable him to appear with greater ſplendor.

In the earlier part of his life he was a conſtant attendant at publick places; his perſon was extremely pleaſing, and his qualifications all of the moſt engaging kind; he determined therefore to ſearch amongſt the fair ſex for a wife who might improve his fortune. Notwithſtanding this reſolution he could not guard his heart from love; he was ſtruck with the beauty of a nobleman's daughter, whoſe fortune was by no means adequate to his wiſhes. He conſidered, however, that 'tis not wealth alone which conſtitutes our happineſs, and received her hand with joy. They lived for ſome years not abſolutely without hopes, and in a manner ſuperior to their circumſtances. He ſaw with pain his family encreaſing, whilſt his fortune perpetually diminiſhed, and often wept when he conſidered in what ſituation he ſhould probably leave it. In the midſt even of his gayeſt moments the playful airs of his little ones had this effect,

At length the time came when reflection convinced him that he no longer had reaſon to hope. He determined therefore to retire with

with the little remnant of their fortune before he was compelled to it by the voice of poverty. In this determination he was greatly influenced by his Olivia, who for ſome time paſt had reſigned every hope of happier hours, and had worn the appearance of ſerenity without its affecting her heart.

In their ſecluſion from the world they found that happineſs which before they never knew. They were no longer anxious for events they could not direct, nor taſted pain from the diſappointment of their hopes. Happy in each other, they forgot their more ſplendid moments, and paſſed the evening of their lives in calmneſs and content. Eugenia's father, at his death, left a ſon at the univerſity, three daughters and his Olivia.

The ſon, not long after this left the univerſity, purchaſed a commiſſion in the army with part of his fortune, and gave the remainder to his ſiſters. During his reſidence, at college, he became acquainted with Amintor; their inclinations were the ſame, and the ſtricteſt friendſhip bound them to each other.

OLIVIA, whoſe tender boſom never regained its eaſe after the loſs of her lord, ſoon followed him to the regions of bliſs, where lovers again unite to part no more.

How melancholy a ſeaſon muſt this have been for the eldeſt daughter, who was then about eighteen, her ſiſters ſcarce of an age to participate her grief. She informed her brother, who was then abroad, of their unhappy loſs, and begged him to return to them with all poſſible haſte. It is not to be conceived how much this letter affected the worthy youth: at any time he would have wept for the loſs of a parent, at that moment it gave him additional pain, as he then found it impoſſible to return to his ſiſters, and not improbable that he never ſhould ſee them more.

HE wrote to Eugenia, ſaid every thing he could imagine which might give her eaſe, and told her he would return as ſoon as he could. At the ſame time he ſent the following letter to his friend Amintor at the univerſity.

'I have lately received, my Amintor, a 'letter from my ſiſter, which brought me the 'melancholy account of our having loſt the 'beſt of mothers. They are now left un-'guarded to the world, with nothing but 'their innocence to protect them. Do you 'whoſe boſom never knew a vicious paſſion, 'protect their little fortunes from fraud; 'protect them from thoſe who can hear, 'unmoved, the reproaches of the ruined 'virgin. In remembrance of me, be the 'friend of innocence, and tell them, if 'heaven ſhould never more permit me to 'ſee them, they had a brother who felt 'much more for them than for himſelf.

'Now, whilſt I write, the preparations 'are making for a battle; who knows 'what may be the conſequence of to-'morrow. —— In this ſerious hour no-'thing gives me ſo much ſatisfaction as the 'recollection of thy friendſhip, but for this 'I ſhould go with much greater reluctance 'to the plain, from whence what numbers 'muſt return no more.

'BEFORE you receive this, I may perhaps be no more to be influenced by any thing in this life; if it ſhould be ſo, conſider it as the requeſt of a dying friend, and heaven will repay the kindneſs when I cannot——I now feel my boſom lighter than it was, and ſomething tells me we ſhall all be happy. Adieu, Amintor, may you long live the favourite of heaven, and be bleſt as you deſerve.'

AMINTOR, in conſequence of this letter, waited on the three young ladies. When he firſt entered the room where they were, the eldeſt received him with all the politeneſs imaginable. The melancholy which appeared upon her beautiful countenance, and the awful dreſs of them all, diſpoſed him to participate their grief. He was juſt going to ſpeak, when his eyes fell on the picture of his friend, which recalled the painful reflection, that the man, whom of all others he eſteemed and loved, might be now no more. So much was the worthy youth affected by this incident, that he could not ſuppreſs the tears, and for ſome moments was loſt in ſilence. It is not poſſible to conceive

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a more tender interview than this was; Eugenia, who ſaw him ſo attentively fixed upon the picture, was anxious for her brother's ſafety, and trembled when ſhe enquired if any thing had happened to him which might add to their preſent calamity. Amintor, upon this, delivered to her the letter he had received: ſhe wept as ſhe read it, and the little boſoms of the younger ſiſters caught the infection.——Some time after, when they could talk with greater calmneſs, Eugenia appointed him the guardian of their fortunes, and received the pleaſing intelligence, that their beſt of brothers was well.

EUGENIA was now of that age which is called the bloom of beauty; there was an inexpreſſible ſweetneſs in her face, and an elegance in her air which commanded univerſal admiration. At the firſt moment Amintor beheld her, he was ſtruck with the charms of her perſon, and every ſubſequent hour encreaſed his eſteem for thoſe of her mind. A ſufficient time had elapſed to permit him to declare his paſſion, which he did with all the tenderneſs and delicacy that the ſincereſt love could inſpire him

him with. About this time a gentleman of an immenſe fortune had ſeen the fair Eugenia, and from that moment had determined to pay her his addreſſes. At the univerſity he had been acquainted with Amintor. He had been informed that Eugenia did nothing without his advice; he therefore came to him one morning, told him his intentions, and begged him to be his advocate with the fair.

AMINTOR was ſurpriſed at the propoſal, and with the utmoſt difficulty concealed his uneaſineſs. As yet he knew not whether he had any claim to Eugenia's affection. He had indeed mentioned his paſſion, but received ſuch anſwer only as permitted him not abſolutely to deſpair. The perſon who would now make her his, was poſſeſſed of an eſtate much larger than his own could ever be. He determined rather to be miſerable than to act with diſhonour. He aſſumed the appearance of gaiety, and ſaid he would introduce him to Eugenia, where he might uſe whatever arguments he thought neceſſary for his purpoſe.

UPON

UPON the day appointed they went, and Amintor introduced her new admirer as his friend. The tea was ſcarce over when Amintor pretended that ſome buſineſs called him away, and retired. Her lover now began to declare the intention of his viſit. He told her in the warmth of his ſollicitations, that he was encouraged by Amintor, and intreated her to ſay whether he might have reaſon to hope, if his fortune and character ſhould ſatisfy upon enquiry. Eugenia replied, that ſhe was convinced Amintor would not countenance a man whoſe character was not ſpotleſs, his fortune ſhe before had heard was beyond her ambition. She told him at the ſame time, with ſuch polite ſincerity, that ſhe could not give him room to hope, that the refuſal even charmed him. His paſſion was ſuch only as ſuperior beauty creates in almoſt every breaſt, a ſudden flame, which burns but for a ſhort ſpace, and is extinct; her not favouring his addreſſes therefore gave him but little pain beſides what he felt from the mortification of his pride. He left her with the utmoſt gentility, and wiſhed her all imaginable felicity with the man ſhe ſhould prefer.

No

No anxiety could perhaps exceed what Amintor felt during his abſence; he trembled leſt Eugenia ſhould have given a rival room to hope; he repented his delicacy, and began to wiſh he had owned a previous paſſion. When he next waited on her he bore the marks of confuſion in his countenance, and dreading to know the conſequence of the viſit, he was ſome time ſilent; at length he told every circumſtance of the affair, and aſked her with a ſigh if he had contributed to his own unhappineſs. Eugenia, whoſe anxiety from this affair had ſcarcely been inferior to his, was now charmed with the generous tale which appeared in ſo different a light. Her boſom was too much influenced by love and gratitude to conceal its ſentiments, and in her warmth ſhe owned that for him ſhe refuſed the offered ſplendor. A circumſtance the moſt flattering of any to a lover's imagination.

The happineſs they enjoyed from a mutual aſſurance of each other's affection was but of a ſhort duration, Licinius now preſſed Amintor to marry, and had fixed upon a young lady whoſe perſon and fortune were ſuch as he

he thought his ſon could poſſibly find no objection to. Amintor heard the propoſal of his father, with all the anxiety imaginable. Without Eugenia he muſt be miſerable, in the diſpleaſure of a parent he could not be happy. In this ſituation he went, as uſual, to Eugenia. He would, if poſſible, have worn the appearance of ſerenity, but the heart-felt ſigh would break forth notwithſtanding his endeavour to ſuppreſs it. Alarmed at this, Eugenia inſiſted on knowing the cauſe of his pain, ſhe entreated him, by his love for her, not to conceal it, and told him, that whatever it was, it muſt bring relief to her, ſince it could not be more terrible than her apprehenſions. Moved by ſo powerful a perſuaſion, he told her what had happened, and fixing his eyes upon her with the greateſt tenderneſs, when ſhall we taſte, ſaid he, uninterrupted eaſe.

FROM this time Licinius was continually endeavouring to prevail on his ſon: he could not conceive what objection he could have to fortune and to beauty, nor imagined himſelf in the leaſt guilty of ſeverity by inſiſting on this alliance. Amintor fled from the pain he felt in denying the entreaties of of a father to his Eugenia, and now determined

termined to make her irrecoverably his. For ſome time was ſhe deaf to his propoſal; but lovers eaſily find arguments which lovers cannot reſiſt. He told her that his father's reſentment would be but ſhort. I do not doubt, ſaid he, thou beſt of women, but he will even congratulate me on my happineſs. The worſt that can happen muſt be leſs painful to me than what I feel from the perpetual refuſal of his deſire.

LICINIUS, when he knew the affair, told the unhappy youth he would no longer conſider him as a child, and baniſhing him from his preſence, ſaid, he baniſhed him alſo from his heart. Amintor left him with tears, Eugenia wept. Can you ſtill love the woman, ſaid ſhe, who has thus involved you in diſtreſs? Love thee, thou excellent woman, no circumſtances can diſplace thee from my heart——Nay, do not weep, Eugenia, we ſhall yet be bleſt.

AMINTOR, after having in vain endeavoured to procure a reconciliation by ſeveral letters, entreated me to uſe my influence with his father; the conſequence of which you already know.

THEY

THEY are now as happy in each other as they deſerve, and enjoy their moments of eaſe the more for having known the hour of anxiety. A degree of ſatisfaction is likewiſe reflected from them to me, as I may in ſome meaſure conſider myſelf as the cauſe of their preſent felicity.

LUCINDA and myſelf enjoy the moſt perfect health. I am, &c.

LET-

LETTER XXXIV.

To EUMENES.

Dec. 15th, 1740.

THE friendſhip I owe your father's memory, will for ever intereſt me in your welfare; whatever actions you may commit which would have given him anguiſh, will be painful to me, and to find you proceeding in the paths of virtue, will afford me the moſt ſenſible pleaſure.

You are now no longer beneath the cautious eye of a mother, whoſe happineſs depends upon your conduct; ſhe can at preſent no otherwiſe protect you from the approaches of vice, than by perſuaſions to virtue; nor guard you from the temptations you are expoſed to, but by ſhewing that their conſequences may be fatal.

As I have too good an opinion of your diſpoſition, to ſuppoſe you can immediately forget thoſe principles of virtue, in which you have been always educated, I ſhall offer to your attention a few admonitions which if

if ſufficiently regarded, may greatly contribute to your happineſs.

To refuſe the entreaties of thoſe who propoſe to paſs an evening of innocent chearfulneſs and mirth, is almoſt impoſſible for one who fears he may obtain the epithet of unſociable, and dreads to be conſidered as inſenſible to the joys of ſociety. Yet, believe me, my Eumenes, a too frequent compliance with requeſts of this kind muſt be avoided. Thoſe who have preſſed you to their ſociety will too frequently forget their conditions, and tempt you, by every argument they can find, to jollity. Remember then, in the midſt of their ſollicitations, that whoever perſuades you to that which your reaſon diſapproves, has no right to be gratified, and cannot be your friend.

The vice of intemperance is, perhaps, one of the firſt which becomes familiar to the mind. We eaſily pardon ourſelves for an offence which ariſes from a kind of virtue, and that which was once *yielding to perſuaſion*, grows at length into *habitude* and *inclination*. Beſides this, my Eumenes, when reaſon is baniſhed from her ſeat, and

the paſſions are no longer reſtrained, will vicious pleaſure diſplay her charms and allurements: there is then no reflecting that they are but the veil of pain and anxiety; nor conſidering that virtue only leads to happineſs, one folly is ſucceeded by another, till returning reaſon comes accompanied with repentance.

Do not conſider this as the voice of auſterity, for Horace himſelf, notwithſtanding his *nunc eſt bibendum*, &c. when he ſpeaks the language of ſerioufneſs, recommends ſobriety; and even the gay Petronius inſiſts on abſtinence from one who would ſucceed in his ſtudies.

THERE is nothing which ſo much retards the progreſs of a ſtudent in any profeſſion as too great a fondneſs for wine; whoever is addicted to it is unhappy whenever he is abſent from the table, and renders himſelf unfit for improvement in thoſe hours he applies to ſtudy.

I SHALL only mention one diſſuaſive more from this pernicious habit, which is, the frequency of quarrels ariſing from it. In an affair

affair which the world calls an affair of honour, I ſhould greatly ſuſpect your behaviour; I do not believe, Eumenes, you have courage enough to refuſe a challenge.

When I conſider then how little neceſſary the uſe of wine is, and what a train of ill conſequences attends its abuſe, I could wiſh with Caſſio, that *courteſy would invent ſome other cuſtom of entertainment.*

It is the advice of Longinus to the poets, that they ſhould raiſe themſelves to ſublimity, by conſidering how Homer, Sophocles and others of exalted genius would have ſaid what they want to expreſs. Thus, my Eumenes, in the affairs of life I ſhould adviſe you to think how a good man would proceed, if you had not within your own breaſt a monitor which never flatters, and which if duly attended to, is the moſt infallible guide.

When Ariſtotle was aſked, what he got by philoſophy, he replied, 'To do that without 'being commanded, which others do thro' 'fear of the laws.' How trifling an advantage! If the good man ſhould be aſked,

what he got by religion, he would ſay, 'To 'do that with pleaſure which others do 'thro' fear of the laws, to meet adverſities 'with fortitude, and the hour of diſſolution 'with a ſmile.

SUCH are the benefits which ariſe from a religious life; temptations, one would imagine, ſufficient to influence all mankind, and to render exhortation of no uſe. By a religious life too, you will make the moſt affectionate mother happy, 'tis all ſhe expects for her tenderneſs towards you from your infancy to the preſent moment, and the only repayment you can poſſibly make.

THIS alone then, methinks, ſhould be a ſufficient motive for your purſuance of virtue, without conſidering that you are at the ſame time deſerving the favour of heaven, and procuring eternal happineſs.

A FRIEND of mine being ſollicited in his younger days to do ſomething he could not approve of, ſaid, that he would willingly comply, provided it could be concealed from one particular perſon. Pleaſed with this, as if an abſolute conſent, he was told by his companions

companions that no human creature but themſelves could poſſibly know it; and was aſked whoſe knowledge of the affair he ſo greatly apprehended. You will naturally imagine they were all confuſion when he replied, with a noble calmneſs, that this perſon was *himſelf*.

THIS, my Eumenes, is the perſon whoſe reproaches are ſeverer than the united cenſure of mankind, and whoſe applauſe is the greateſt happineſs we can know. May your life be then ſo paſſed as to deſerve the internal approbation of your heart: may your youth be temperately virtuous, and old age, whenever it comes, will be ſerene.

AT that time, when reflection can no longer be repelled by pleaſures, the recollection of a religious life alone can afford us comfort.

MAY that comfort, my Eumenes, be yours, you will then approach towards the end of your journey without trembling, and leave the world without a ſigh. Adieu.---- I am, &c.

LETTER XXXV.

To CLEANTHES.

March 28th, 1741.

THE tranquillity which the happy Amintor and Eugenia felt on their father's being reconciled to them, was ſome time ſince interrupted by an account of their brother's death. This melancholy affair ſpread a gloom on their joys; Eugenia could not be indifferent to the loſs of the beſt of brothers, nor her Amintor be unaffected with that of the ſincereſt friend. Their pain too was in ſome meaſure the greater from his having fallen in the deciſive battle, after which he would have returned to his expecting friends.

WHEN time had a little ſoftened their grief, Amintor received this billet from a ſtranger.

'If you are diſengaged this afternoon, 'I intend to do myſelf the pleaſure of 'waiting on you, in conſequence of Orontes's 'deſire. I ſaw him fall in the field, and 'heard

‘ heard the laſt words he ſpoke. Though the
‘ painful remembrance of his friendſhip will
‘ be awakened, yet, upon the whole, Sir, I
‘ am aſſured I ſhall not add to your diſquiet.

AMINTOR communicated this billet to Eugenia who ſighed as ſhe read it, and told him ſhe ſhould not be diſpleaſed with the viſit. In the afternoon the young officer came. He was ſhewn by the ſervant to the room where they were, and the happy Amintor and Eugenia, in this imagined ſtranger beheld their friend and brother. The joy they felt at this moment is only to be conceived by boſoms like their own; they were too much affected for ſome time to liſten to the ſtory of his return, and know from whence the report aroſe which had given them ſuch pain. It happened thus, Orontes had fallen in the battle, as was ſaid, he wrote to his friends as ſoon as he recovered, but unluckily the letters never came to their hands. When he returned to England he found that Amintor and Eugenia had mourned his death, and thought the little deceit he practiſed could be attended with no ill conſequences.

He has accompanied the happy pair in their viſits round the country. They have paſſed a few days with us. I never ſaw a man who came ſo near my own idea of what a ſoldier ſhould be as Orontes does. From his converſation, which is polite and eaſy, you would never diſcover that he is a ſoldier; and yet no one can ſatisfy you with greater perſpicuity, if you deſire an account of any thing that happened whilſt he was abroad. He has a graver turn of thinking than moſt of the military gentlemen, and conſiders debaucheries as no ways eſſential to the compoſition of a ſoldier. Theſe qualities, with a happy underſtanding, and the greateſt good nature, muſt procure him the eſteem of mankind; beſides which he has another very powerful recommendation to the ladies, I mean a fine perſon, almoſt irreſiſtible at any time; what muſt it be then in a red coat with a ſhoulder-knot? Abſolutely ſo, you will ſay. Indeed, my Cleanthes, a fair one in this part of the world, has, it ſeems, found it ſo. Gueſs who it is——that very woman whom Licinius had choſen for his ſon, a happy conqueſt for the worthy man,

as

as her father has left her miſtreſs of her own inclinations and fortune.

IT ſeems my young ſoldier firſt ſaw her at an aſſembly, where he danced himſelf into her good graces, in which he is now ſo firmly eſtabliſhed, that he is ſoon to put a happy period to the days of courtſhip. They will be happy if love and fortune can make make them ſo, for he has too much ſenſe to be influenced ſolely by advantageous conſiderations in the choice of a companion.

I HAVE often heard him ſay, that he thought ſoldiers ſhould never marry unleſs they were enabled at the ſame time to relinquiſh the army, as their lives are too precarious to permit a woman that ſincerely loves them to be abſolutely at eaſe.

HIS commiſſion he therefore intends to make a preſent of to ſome friend, and to devote his future hours to domeſtick joys. It is impoſſible to avoid reflecting here how much happineſs Licinius might have prevented by his ſeverity, and feeling a degree of pain when we conſider, that parents in general are too much of his diſpoſition.

Is it not ſtrange that——But why, my Cleanthes, ſhould I uſe any arguments to convince you they are wrong, who have thought ſo ſince firſt you felt the tender tie of parent. May we never repent the liberty we are reſolved to give our off-ſpring of determining for themſelves in the moſt important affair of life. I am, indeed, convinced we never ſhall. Believe me, &c.

LET-

LETTER XXXVI.

To EUMENES.

May 3d, 1741.

I WAS extremely pleaſed, my Eumenes, with that part of your letter in which you call the profeſſion you have fixed on, your miſtreſs.

I HAVE myſelf frequently conſidered the ſciences as the fair ſex, to whom we owe a general reſpect and eſteem, and a peculiar attachment to ſome favourite. Indeed we are in the younger years of life in much the ſame ſituation with reſpect to both; the heart is ſeldom fixed to one object 'till it has admired in general all the fair, nor do we ever, perhaps, ſelect our favourite ſcience without having felt ſome kind of inclination for the reſt.

THERE are thoſe too, who, like the general T- lovers whoſe hearts are never fixed, and who wander from ſcience to ſcience, perplexed in the labyrinth of reſtleſs imagination.

THE

THE conſequence of this is obvious, they obtain only that ſuperficial kind of knowledge which can never procure applauſe, unleſs it be from thoſe whoſe applauſe is of no value.

YOU, my Eumenes, are now of an age when, to uſe the expreſſion of an elegant French writer, *l'impatience naturelle fait qu'on voudroit moiſſonner un inſtant apres avoir ſemé.* You muſt therefore be cautious how your affections are withdrawn from your miſtreſs, ſhe is by no means an eaſy conqueſt, the advances you make in her favour will be ſlow; but remember when you begin to be diſcouraged, what advantages may ariſe from perſeverance, and to what honours aſſiduity may conduct you.

FROM what I have here ſaid, you are not to underſtand that I would intirely debar you from an acquaintance with every other ſpecies of literature, I mean only, that the law and eloquence ſhould be the objects of your ſtrongeſt application and ſtudy.

EXCUR-

EXCURSIONS ſometimes into other ſtudies will relieve the mind by an agreeable variety, and by no means retard your progreſs in the profeſſion you have ſelected; nay, according to Cicero, theſe excurſions are not only neceſſary; but yet more, he ſays, 'That no 'man ought to pretend to the character of 'an orator, without being previouſly ac-'quainted with every thing worth knowing 'in art or nature; that this is implied in the 'very name of an orator, whoſe profeſſion 'it is to ſpeak upon every ſubject which 'can be propoſed to him, and whoſe elo-'quence, without the knowledge of what 'he ſpeaks, would be the prattle only and 'impertinence of children.' But this, my Eumenes, is ſurely expecting too much from human abilities, and ſuch a character as no one can juſtly pretend to.

THERE is nothing perhaps in which the antients more truly deſerve our imitation, than in the exceſſive diligence with which they purſued their ſtudies. It is vain to expect that we ſhall ever reſemble them, without exerting the ſame endeavours; and methinks, with equal application it would be

be abſurd to deſpair of it. Indeed, I cannot help looking upon the declenſion of oratory to ariſe in a great meaſure from the neglect of a proper education, in which the Romans were of all people the moſt careful and exact. 'Their attention to it, 'ſays an elegant writer) began from the 'moment of their children's birth, when 'they committed them to the care of ſome 'prudent matron of reputable character and 'condition, whoſe buſineſs it was to form 'their firſt habits of acting and ſpeaking, to 'watch their growing paſſions, and direct 'them to their proper objects, to ſuperintend 'their ſports, and ſuffer nothing immodeſt or 'indecent to enter into them, that the mind 'preſerved in its innocence, nor depraved 'by a taſte of falſe pleaſure, might be at 'liberty to purſue whatever was laudable, 'and apply its whole ſtrength to that pro-'feſſion in which it deſired to excel.

BESIDES this, it is was reckoned a matter of great importance, what kind of language they were firſt accuſtomed to hear at home, and in what manner not only their nurſes, but their fathers, and even their mothers ſpoke, ſince their firſt habits were then neceſſarily

neceſſarily formed either of a pure or corrupt elocution; thus the two Gracchi were thought to owe that elegance of ſpeaking for which they were famous, to the inſtitution of their mother Cornelia, a woman of great politeneſs, whoſe epiſtles were read and admired long after her death for the purity of their language *.

THIS laudable example of the Romans, my Eumenes, your father followed. He intended you for the bar even whilſt you was an infant, and neglected no precaution which might contribute to your future reputation.

SINCE this is the caſe, what may you not hope for from unweared diligence, as nature has been liberal of her gifts! Yet do not conceive, that by thus exhorting you to application I would diſſuade you from every amuſement; I know too well, that notwithſtanding the determinations, which thoſe of your age may make to the contrary, that pleaſure will ſometimes interrupt and claim them for her own.

* Middleton's life of Cicero.

ALL I aſk is not to let her avocations be too frequent, and ſhe may then be of infinite ſervice in advancing your ſtudies.

'WE are miſtaken, (ſays the duke of 'Rochefaucault) if we think that none but 'the more violent paſſions, ſuch as love and 'ambition, ever triumph over the reſt. In-'dolence, as weak and languiſhing as it 'is, ſeldom fails to ſubdue them: it gets 'the better of all our deſigns, controuls 'every action of our lives, and conſumes, 'inſenſibly, both our paſſions and virtues 'together.

I SHALL add no other diſſuaſion from this diſpoſition than what the ſame author ſays in another place; 'that it ſhamefully 'reſtrains our ſearches after knowledge, and 'is the cauſe why no man ever puſhed his 'capacity ſo far as it would go.'

IF ever I ſhould live to ſee the comple-tion of my wiſhes, you will contribute to the happineſs of every friend, and to the honour of your native country. I am, &c.

LETTER XXXVII.

To EUMENES.

July 2d, 1741.

IN one of my laſt letters I offered to your attention ſome precepts, by which you might become a *good* man, the preſent, my Eumenes, ſhall inſtruct you to be a *polite* one.

IT is ſaid by Quintilian, that *In quibuſdam virtutes non habent gratiam, in quibuſdam vitia ipſa delectant.* 'Tis politeneſs which palliates every error, adds a luſtre to every virtue, and renders mediocrity of talents agreeable.

WERE I to endeavour at the definition of a fine gentleman, I ſhould ſay, that with the aſſiſtance of a perfect education, it conſiſted in being able to conform ourſelves to the diſpoſitions of thoſe with whom we are preſent. Here, however, it will be neceſſary to keep the ſtricteſt guard upon our hearts leſt we become ridiculous by imita-

ting their follies, or infamous by the adoption of their vices.

I DO not remember to have ſeen the character of a truly polite man better drawn than that of Corneille by Racine, where he ſays, ‘ Il y (l'academie) apportoit ſur-tout ‘ cet eſprit de douceur, d'egalite, de deference ‘ meme ſi neceſſaire pour entretenir l'union ‘ dans les compagnies. L'a-t-on jamais vû ‘ ſe preferer a aucun de ſes confreres. L'a- ‘ t-on jamais vû vouloir tirer ici aucun avan- ‘ tage des applaudiſſemens qu'l recevoit dans ‘ le public? Au contraire apres avoir paru ‘ en maitre & pour ainſi dire regné ſur la ‘ ſcene il venoit diſciple docile chercher a ‘ s'inſtruire dans nos aſſembleés laiſſoit pour ‘ me ſervir de ſes propres termes laiſſoit ſes ‘ lauriers a la porte de l'academie toujours ‘ pret a ſoumettre ſon opinion a l'avis d'au- ‘ trui.’

THE ſame deference to the opinion of others, the ſame appearance of equality and good-nature which procured Corneille the eſteem of the academy can never fail of making you beloved.

THIS

THIS, my Eumenes, is true politeneſs, for which a profuſion of ceremony is frequently miſtaken, and from which there is nothing more diſtant.—I know not in whom this is more viſible than in Orontes.——You have yourſelf admired the perfect eaſe of his behaviour, and have remarked that he pleaſes wherever he goes. It muſt be your own fault if you do not equal him; nature has not been leſs liberal to you than to him, nor denied you a requiſite for the moſt amiable of characters.

I KNOW no ſchool where this engaging quality is ſo ſoon learned as amongſt the fair. The natural deſire we have of becoming pleaſing to them, and the delicacy of their diſpoſitions inſenſibly ſoften our manners, and poliſh the roughneſs which hangs about us.

THERE is nothing which contributes to render us more ridiculous in the eyes of a neighbouring nation, than the little regard we have for the company of the fair ſex; they look upon us as a ſet of mortals who reſign one of the greateſt pleaſures we can

poſſibly enjoy, and conſider every company from whence they are excluded, as deprived of the greateſt incitement to gaiety and chearfulneſs.

FROM this difference in the two nations, a principal characteriſtick of each has, in all probability ariſen; the *fierté* of one, and *politeſſe* of the other. It is indeed evident, that whilſt we aſſociate with thoſe of our own ſex our pride will naturally prompt us to ſuperiority, and every appearance of that is incompatible with true politeneſs.

I HAVE frequently been ſurpriſed to find a qualification which ſcarce ever fails of pleaſing, ſo much neglected; but at preſent I imagine it may be naturally enough accounted for. Whoever has made any obſervation upon human nature, muſt have perceived that men in general think they cannot be too oppoſite to what they once begin to diſlike, and that the ſenſible part of mankind, who deſpiſe the ridiculous airs of the fop, have often run into another extreme, at leaſt as abſurd as that which they intended to avoid.

This is perhaps the reaſon why politeneſs is ſo little regarded by men of ſenſe; and many others are influenced in their turn by theſe. No argument, however, can be drawn from their conduct to give an amiable appearance to ruſticity, nor render politeneſs leſs engaging to mankind in general than it ought to be.

Be it therefore, my Eumenes, your endeavour to acquire this amiable qualification, ſince without it almoſt every other recommendation is of no value. I am, &c.

LETTER XXXVIII.

To EUMENES.

December 27, 1741.

AS I have in a former letter adviſed you to be frequently in the company of the fair ſex, I cannot but conſider it as my duty to offer you likewiſe ſome kind of direction for your behaviour towards them.

LET me then firſt of all endeavour to diſſuade you from the too faſhionable gallantry of the times when the ruin of innocence is conſidered by many as a ſacrifice only to their vanity.

I CANNOT ſuppoſe you baſe enough to endeavour at the deſtruction of a virgin's honour, by the horrid arts which are frequently made uſe of. You cannot tempt to ruin an amiable creature who loves you by promiſes of marriage, nor——But 'tis needleſs to add examples, I know your diſpoſition too well to ſuppoſe it even poſſible.

BUT

BUT conſidering how apt we are to ſoften by lenitives the crimes to which we are inclined, it cannot be needleſs to refute an opinion by which villainy is too frequently palliated; which is, that however criminal it may be to ſeduce an innocent creature, by promiſes of marriage, or by means too horrid to mention, it is not much ſo, when neither of theſe have been made uſe of.

IN the inquiſitive hour of conſcience, my Eumenes, this reflection will afford but little comfort, if there be that hapleſs moment in a woman's life, when the guardians of her honour are lulled to ſleep, I ſee but little difference between the anticipation of it, and waiting 'till it arrives. It is too natural for thoſe who love to liſten to the perſuaſions of the beloved object, without conſidering, that the loſs of their reputation will almoſt inevitably follow.

THEIR conſenting to their ruin then is but a trifling extenuation of our baſeneſs, and will by no means ſecure us from remorſe. We muſt in our impaſſioned moment reflect with horror on having con-

demned to infamy one who never deſerved it, and who might have made a fellow-creature deſervedly happy.

If we purſue the ruined virgin through the remainder of her life, we ſhall in general find, that deſerted by her parents, deſpiſed and unpitied by the generality of her friends, ſhe paſſes through various ſcenes of miſery and vice, to the moſt wretched and abandoned of all human conditions.

Can we wonder then if divine juſtice ſhould place thoſe crimes to our account of which we may be ſaid ſo truly to be the authors? If this ſhould be the caſe, my Eumenes, what anguiſh awaits the ſmiling conqueror of a virgin's honour.

Do you, for a moment place yourſelf in the ſituation of a father, who hopes to paſs the remainder of his years in eaſe and calmneſs; but alas! that hour in which he is meditating the welfare of his off-ſpring, puts a period to his happineſs. The ſpoiler comes who ſtains the honour of his family, and that daughter, the only child of his old age, from whom his future pleaſures are expected,

is

is doomed to infamy and ruin. Farewell to him the peaceful moment; farewell 'till heaven ſhall releaſe him from a life of pain, and lay his ſorrows in the grave.

SUCH has undoubtedly been the condition of many a father; ſuch and more complicated diſtreſs has the indulgence of paſſion produced. With what deteſtation then muſt the villain be conſidered by the graver part of mankind, who can thus ſacrifice the repoſe of thoſe who never injured him. But ſurely it muſt ariſe from want of reflection. I cannot ſuſpect that a human creature, who conſidered its conſequences, could be the author of ſuch villainy, much leſs a chriſtian, whoſe rule of action ſhould be to do to others as he would be done by. In whatever light however the ſerious may conſider this crime, I am afraid that in the general eſtimation it is too lightly thought of, and that the unhappy virgin, who deſerves our pity, is alone the object of reproach.

THIS circumſtance, though it afford encouragement, ſhould, methinks, be a ſtrong perſuaſive from the crime I have been ſpeaking

ing of. Can any thing indeed be more terrible than to loſe not only the affection of our parents, and the eſteem of our acquaintance, but even the more diffuſive friendſhip of the world?

YET this, my Eumenes, is the general fate of ruined innocence, whilſt thoſe who deſerve the ſeverity of mankind meet with the cenſure only of a few.

DO not imagine that theſe are the reflections only of my old age, I made them almoſt as ſoon as they could be uſeful, and have now the happineſs to recollect that they preſerved me from every temptation.

THERE is yet another cruelty which is frequently practiſed upon the moſt amiable of the fair ſex, which is by flattery and peculiar attachments to engage their affections without any intentions of rewarding them with honour.

TO what purpoſe, unleſs it be the gratification of a trifling vanity, can it be to procure the love of one which you never intend to repay. You do not, indeed, in this caſe

caſe make them infamous; you may make them unhappy. The firſt paſſion is not ſoon eradicated from their hearts, and that paſſion their boſoms eaſily receive.

Be therefore, 'till you have found the woman you can approve, a general admirer, and this will almoſt infallibly protect you from the crime I have firſt ſpoken of. Many, I am convinced, who could not calmly contrive the ruin of innocence, have forgot the obligations of humanity, when they found that love had almoſt inſured them ſucceſs, and committed that cruelty which they would once have reflected on with horror.

As ſo much of human felicity depends upon a happy marriage, you cannot be too cautious in chuſing a companion for life. I know not how better to adviſe, in order to ſucceed in this important affair, than to obſerve the conduct of the woman you can love in the ſeveral duties of life. Is ſhe amiable as a friend, and as a child the joy of her parents, it is ſcarcely poſſible ſhe ſhould be otherwiſe than a good wife. It will be needleſs to mention here the common-place obſervations

on

on the ſhort duration of beauty, and its inſufficiency to make us happy. I ſhall therefore only add one reaſon why good ſenſe with an indifferent perſon, is a better foundation for connubial happineſs than beauty joined with folly.

TIME, my Eumenes, which makes beauty familiar to the eye can render almoſt deformity itſelf not diſpleaſing. You will aſk why it has not likewiſe the ſame power to reconcile us to folly.

BETWEEN folly and deformity there is this very conſiderable difference; the latter is conſtantly the ſame, at leaſt with imperceptible alteration, whilſt folly is for ever putting on ſome new appearance, and giving, by that means freſh pain and diſguſt.

PLATO, in his republick, has ſaid, that men ſhould not marry 'till thirty; but there appears no reaſon why it might not be much ſooner; on the contrary, one great advantage which attends early marriage is the greater probability we have of ſeeing our

off-ſpring

off-ſpring grow up to maturity before we leave the world.

ADIEU, my Eumenes, whenever you ſhall find the woman you can approve, may your endeavours to pleaſe be then attended with ſucceſs, and may every felicity which life can afford be yours. I am, &c.

LET-

LETTER XXXIX.

To CLEANTHES.

May 5th, 1742.

I HAVE ſomewhere read, my Cleanthes that the child of a Græcian prieſteſs expired immediately upon her imploring the gods to beſtow on him the greateſt of all bleſſings for ſome extraordinary manifeſtation of duty.

THOUGH this, perhaps, may not be literally true, yet it diſcovers to us in what light ſome of the wiſeſt amongſt mankind have conſidered our diſſolution.

INDEED, my Cleanthes, you will find, upon recollection, that we have but little reaſon to pity thoſe who leave this world before they are acquainted with its cares. Whoever looks back upon his life, will find that by much the greater part has been paſſed in the expectation of happineſs which never

never came, and that the hours of anxiety and and ſuſpence have been by much more numerous than thoſe of content.

THESE are truths which ſhould palliate the parents grief upon the loſs of a child. He ſhould conſider likewiſe how liable to temptation we are in the younger years of life, and conſequently what pain he might have known from the depraved diſpoſition of his off-ſpring.

THE aſſurance we receive from our religion, that thoſe who leave this world in their infancy cannot fail of happineſs is ſurely no trifling conſolation.

YOU have loſt a child who could have recovered but to die, and that at an age when death, in all probability, would have been attended with terror.

AT preſent, a criminal, condemned at his birth to feel the pang of diſſolution, has in a great meaſure eſcaped its ſeverity, and retired from the world with the ſame calmneſs as he would have ſlept.

I SHALL only add, my Cleanthes what Sulpicius has written to Cicero upon the death of his daughter Tullia, 'There is no 'grief, ſo great which length of time will 'not alleviate, but it would be ſhameful in 'you to wait for that time, and not antici-'pate it by your wiſdom. I am, &c.

LET-

LETTER XL.

To EUMENES.

June 16th, 1742.

TO add all poſſible weight to the advice my laſt letter contained, and to ſhew the villainy of ſeducing thoſe whom we are born to protect in the moſt glaring light, I ſhall now relate a melancholy ſtory I lately heard, not the child of invention, but poſitive truth.

IN one of the vales of Glouceſterſhire, retired in eaſe and affluence, lived Eumelos, happy in the poſſeſſion of a fortune which equalled his ambition, and bleſſed with a partner who deſerved his ſincereſt love.

TWO children only were remaining of a more numerous off-ſpring, a ſon and daughter, the former of whom was bred at the univerſity of Oxford.

AMONGST the intimate acquaintance which he contracted during his reſidence at

college, Lucius was one, a young gentleman of near the ſame age with himſelf.

It was almoſt his conſtant cuſtom to take with him ſome acquaintance during the vacation to his father's houſe. Lucius once accompanied him, and was received with the ſincereſt welcome by the parents of his friend.

He had not long been there before the lovely ſiſter attracted his attention and addreſſes. She was not inſenſible to his entreaties, and admitted a paſſion to her breaſt ſhe had never known 'till then. During his viſit there appeared the utmoſt happineſs in the family, and at their departure the greateſt regret.

About this time Eumelos was applied to by a gentleman in the neighbourhood concerning the marriage of his daughter, whoſe charms had made a ſenſible impreſſion on his heart. He was in every reſpect ſuch a man as Eumelos could not diſapprove of for a ſon-in-law, and was therefore informed by this beſt of fathers, that if his daugh-

ter's

ter's conſent could be obtained, his own approbation might be depended on.

EUMELOS now aſked his daughter whether her inclinations were engaged, and told her at the ſame time the reaſons he had for enquiring. She heard him with an emotion and anxiety which alarmed the tender father. He entreated her by every argument he could think of to tell him if her affections were engaged. If they are my dear, ſaid he, no perſuaſions of mine ſhall be made to obtain thy conſent in this preſent affair.

BUT every endeavour was vain to diſcover the cauſe of her uneaſineſs, and their attention was ſoon after drawn from the conſideration of her marriage to that of her health. Grief *preyed on her damask cheek*, and all that tenderneſs could ſuggeſt was inſufficient to preſerve her life. After her death the following letter was found directed to her parents.

'My ever honoured beſt of parents,

'BEFORE you receive this letter your 'unhappy daughter will, I hope, have

'changed the moſt painful ſituation for 'happineſs. The father of mercies will, I 'hope, have pardoned a crime——but ſure 'twas no crime of mine. He ſwore by 'all things ſacred, that he loved me, and 'that as ſoon as his circumſtance ſhould 'make it prudent, he would bind me to 'him by the ſacred tie of marriage.—— 'Good heavens! what villainy reſided in 'his breaſt, deaf to every entreaty, forget-'ful of every vow——But alas! I ramble '——That villain who laſt accompanied my 'brother hither, regardleſs of the hoſpitality 'he found from you, forgetful of the friend-'ſhip which my brother bore him, was the 'baſe deſtroyer of my innocence. The di-'ſtraction I felt upon finding that his promiſes 'of marriage were made only to facilitate 'his deſigns, together with my pregnancy, 'have at length brought me to the grave.

'YOUNG as I am, it has now no ter-'rors for me, where elſe indeed could I 'hide my head where find a refuge from 'reproach and pain? Adieu, my beſt of 'parents, deteſt not the memory of your 'wretched daughter, but pardon the offence 'which heaven, I am aſſured, has forgiven.

Adieu

'Adieu 'till we meet again in the regions of 'bliſs, where pain and anxiety never come.'

THE ſituation of the unhappy parents, upon the diſcovery of this letter, is ſcarcely to be conceived. When the brother heard it, he was tranſported even to madneſs, and with difficulty reſtrained by his imploring father from ſeeking the author of their miſery. Who knows, ſaid the tender parent, but his ſword may be ſucceſsful; for 'tis not here that villainy is always puniſhed as it deſerves; do not then run the hazard of adding to the meaſure of our woes, and of ſending thy parents childleſs to the grave. Beſides, my ſon, baſe as he has been, we have no right to uſurp the office of heaven.

THESE were arguments which at length prevailed upon him, and changed his reſolution to aſk ſatisfaction, into that of ſending him the following letter.

'Villain,

'IF I were not reſtrained by ſeveral mo-'tives from demanding the ſatisfaction which

'cuſtom has authoriſed for baſeneſs ſimilar
'to thine, I ſhould before now have met
'thee with that intent.

'BUT though thou wert inſenſible to
'friendſhip, hoſpitality, humanity and re-
'ligion, I cannot be deaf to the entreaties
'of thoſe parents whom thou haſt made
'wretched.

'I SHALL therefore leave thee to the
'ſtings of thy own conſcience, a puniſh-
'ment of infinitely greater ſeverity than my
'ſword could poſſibly inflict.'

FROM the moment that Lucius heard the melancholy effects of his cruelty, the lonely hour to him was always an age of torture, and to diſſipate reflection his only method to avoid anxiety.

IN conſequence of this, he was engaged in perpetual riot and debauchery, amidſt the diſſolute and abandoned, and purchaſed momentary eaſe by adding to the number of his crimes.

A QUARREL aroſe one evening at a houſe of infamy, where his adverſary happened to be the favourite of the girl on whoſe account it began. A paſs or two had been made, and Lucius would in all probability have conquered, if the girl, obſerving this, and ruſhing upon him at the ſame inſtant, had not diſabled him from preſerving his guard, whilſt his ungenerous adverſary ran him through the body.

THUS died the baſe ungenerous Lucius by the infamy of an abandoned woman; by infamy to which he might have doomed the innocent ſiſter of his friend.

THE reflections which muſt ariſe from the manner of his death, if it were more univerſally known, would, I am convinced, be greatly beneficial to the younger part of mankind.

YOU ſee, my Eumenes, that he was driven by the ſtings of conſcience to ſcenes of riot, and fell by the treachery of an unhappy creature, who might have lived a life of virtue, if ſome one equally cruel with

himſelf had not ſeduced her from the paths of innocence.

THIS relation, however melancholy, is, I am apprehenſive too eaſily paralleled; nay more, it does not ſhew us the moſt complicated miſery which villainy of this kind has produced.

ADIEU, Eumenes, believe that a more permanent pleaſure will ariſe from the ſuppreſſion of vitious inclinations than their gratification, and be aſſured that I am, &c.

LET-

LETTER XLI.

To PHILEMON.

July 3d, 1742.

I WAS yeſterday in the park, with an old friend of mine who was bred to trade, and has improved a genteel fortune to a very conſiderable one, when we were joined by Aranthes, and ſome one whom we neither of us knew.

THE converſation was general, 'till the ſtranger took his leave, when Aranthes informed us that we had been walking with the celebrated author of ———

AT this, my friend the merchant, I perceived was ſomewhat ſurpriſed, and if I can gueſs at what paſſed in his mind at that inſtant, he knew not how to reconcile an author's being ſo like another man.

THE peaſant, who exclaimed upon ſight of the king, that he was but a man, could not perhaps be more diſappointed than the generality

generality of mankind, when they are with a writer of any eminence; they expect to find ſomething in his converſation very different from that of others, and imagine that like Hudibras.

——— He cannot ope
His mouth, but out muſt fly a trope.

It is, however, far from being true, that the admired writer is always an agreeable companion, facility of expreſſion being frequently denied to thoſe who ſeem to poſſeſs it in their writings.

It is at firſt a little ſurpriſing, that the writer, whoſe periods flow with all the grace and eaſe imaginable, ſhould in converſation be at a loſs to expreſs himſelf; but if we conſider that his eaſe is frequently the conſequence of repeated touches, and that his elegance is obtained by frequent obliterations, it appears no longer ſtrange.

Boileau was not aſhamed to own to his friends, that he laboured his productions, and gave them by that means their natural air and appearance.

For

For my own part I never meet with any paſſages where ſtriking ſentiments are elegantly and naturally expreſſed, without reflecting on the application they may have coſt, as I ſeldom ſee the corn waving in the field without recollecting the labours of the huſbandman.

The ſubjects of converſation are in general likewiſe ſuch as are ſuited to the common capacity of mankind, and capable of receiving but little embelliſhment from ſuperior talents. Beſides which, it frequently happens that the celebrated writer has confined his thoughts to one particular ſcience, and by that means rendered himſelf incapable of ſhining even as a companion or author in any other.

Men of real genius are alſo for the moſt part proud, and neglect the exertion of their powers before thoſe whoſe underſtandings they think but meanly of; nay, I have known ſome inſtances, when, by endeavouring to lower their converſation to a level with that of their company, they have gone conſiderably

conſiderably below the mark, and made but a mean and contemptible appearance.

THESE, my Philemon, are ſome of the reaſons why we are ſo often diſappointed in our expectations from the converſe of thoſe whom we have admired as writers; let us now ſee how it happens that he who has the character of a ſenſible and elegant companion may, as an author, be diſregarded and deſpiſed.

FROM having obſerved inſtances of this kind, I am almoſt inclined to ſuſpect whether converſation be an infallible teſt of exalted talents. Whoever joins a happy memory to a conſiderable degree of volubility, may paſs on the greateſt part of mankind for a ſenſible companion. He will frequently find opportunities of diſplaying the learning he has gleaned together, and may repeat the words of others with the ſame reputation as if they were his own.

BUT ſee by the applauſe and perſuaſion of his friends at the club, this man of fluent converſation is tempted to become an author. Unluckily for him, his former arts

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to procure admiration are now uſeleſs; in every page ſome admired paſſage is recollected, and the world condemns the plagiariſm of the author, which paſſed unobſerved in the companion.

ARANTHES is juſt this moment come here in his coach and inſiſts upon carrying us to ſpend the evening at his houſe. I have begg'd for half an hour longer in vain, he deſires me to add his compliments to thoſe of Lucinda to you and yours and then to conclude. I am, &c.

LET-

LETTER XLII.

To LYSANDER.

Nov. 6th, 1742.

LONG indulgence in follies is always attended with ill conſequences, and therefore it becomes the indiſpenſible duty of parents to recall their off-ſpring from the paths of vice as ſoon as ever they begin to tread them; yet perhaps the method which is commonly purſued for this purpoſe is far from being the moſt efficacious.

You have yourſelf, I think, erred in your conduct towards your ſon by extreme ſeverity. He has, 'tis true, in ſome meaſure, deviated from the œconomy he ought to obſerve, and has run into extravagancies which would have better been omitted. But tell me, Lyſander, what hopes you have of amending him by the method you have taken; do you imagine, that denying him money can ever have that effect? believe me, it cannot. If the ſame love of pleaſure ſhould continue, he will find thoſe who will ſupply him with the means of procuring it; and

and meanneſſes, not to ſay diſhoneſty, may probably be the conſequence of it.

METHINKS it is a little abſurd, that men who can, if they will, recollect the hours of their youth, and recall a thouſand extravagancies which they have been guilty of, ſhould be ſo little inclined to pardon the indiſcretions of their children, and to view with the eye of ſeverity the ſmalleſt deviation in their conduct.

WE are diſpleaſed with them for not ſubmitting to the dictates of reaſon, and forget that our philoſophy is more the work of nature than reflection. Old age ſteals upon us, and damps the fire of our paſſions, and we then erect ourſelves into philoſophers, becauſe the little reflection we are maſters of is ſufficient to regulate them when they are almoſt extinguiſhed. A little recollection will convince us that we ſaw many of the truths, which we enforce with ſo magiſterial an air, almoſt as clearly in our youth as we do at preſent, and that reflection without influencing our conduct, ſerved only to convince us we were doing wrong.

How

How often is the boaſted wiſdom of our advanced years inſufficient to protect us from abſurdities? Do we not hourly ſee examples of men who deny themſelves every indulgence from avaritious motives, and fear, in the midſt of the utmoſt affluence, the approach of poverty? Yet this they do at an age when they might reaſonably be thought to have known that he only poſſeſſes who enjoys, and that avarice is always prejudicial to the publick good.

Consult the youth who is juſt beginning his career, and he will declaim on the unreaſonableneſs of this paſſion; he will tell you, and that too with truth, that nothing can poſſibly be more abſurd; he will call it the puniſhment of Tantalus and bring a thouſand arguments to evince its folly to all but miſers themſelves,

Since then our exemption from the indiſcretions of youth, appears in general to be grounded on motives which we have no great reaſons to flatter ourſelves upon, let us view, with partiallity, the little follies of our off-ſpring, and not by our ill-judged ſeverity contribute to render them crimes.

INSTEAD then of witholding your ſon's allowance, let me adviſe you to follow, in ſome meaſure, the method which was taken by a friend of mine in a ſimilar inſtance. His ſon, like yours, had been extravagant and contracted ſome debts, which he had no other hopes of diſcharging than by making his father acquainted with his circumſtances, and obtaining aſſiſtance from him. The father heard this affair with a good deal of uneaſineſs, began to conſider what would moſt probably ſucceed in order to reclaim him, and determined at laſt to make œconomy his intereſt: he ſent therefore, with his uſual allowance, a thouſand pounds, out of which he might pay his debts, but told him, at the ſame time, that this ſum muſt be conſidered as part of his fortune, for that a family muſt not be injured by the extravagancies of one child: he deſired him therefore to conſider, and alter his conduct for the future.

THIS prudent management produced the deſired effect, and ſo greatly influenced the ſon, that after he had diſcharged his debts, he determined to lay by ſomething every

year, 'till he had again made up his thouſand pounds.

LENIENT methods are evidently the moſt proper on ſuch occaſions, as there is a certain pride in human minds, which renders the appearance of obligation extremely diſagreeable from whomſoever it ſhall come.

IF you purſue ſomething of this kind, I am convinced that it will be attended with equal ſucceſs, and you will have the happineſs of ſeeing your ſon, as he has a good ſhare of underſtanding, diveſted of his follies.

YOU will then, my Lyſander, feel the the moſt exalted ſatisfaction we can know, I mean, the perceiving that thoſe whom nature has bid us love with all their frailties, are entitled by their behaviour to our affection. I am, &c.

LETTER XLIII.

To DEMETRIUS, *with a preſent of fruit.*

June 28th, 1743.

YOU would have received a much larger quantity of fruit, but to ſay the truth, my band of muſicians have made bold with more of it this ſummer than uſual; however, when I conſider that 'tis the only wages I pay them, I am no otherwiſe diſpleaſed with it, than as it prevents me from obliging my friends in town as I could wiſh.

MY Lucinda, you know, is extremely fond of birds, and ſhe ſays, it would be cruel to deprive them of their liberty, when we can be entertained with their ſongs without it; to encourage then their reſidence amongſt us, they are not denied a great ſhare of the productions of my garden.

WE were this morning at ſix o'clock in our garden, an hour which you are totally unacquainted with, and which, notwithſtand-

ing affords the nobleſt ſcene which a human creature can be preſent at.

THE ſun, my Demetrius was juſt riſen above the horizon, and all the eaſtern ſky was tinged with bluſhes, the zephyrs as they paſſed, were fraught with fragrance from the opening flowers, and the feathered ſongſters were waked to their reſpective parts in their morning hymn to the author of nature.

WHILST my Lucinda and I were walking, like a fond old-faſhioned couple, arm in arm, I could not but recollect that part of the Paradiſe loſt, where Milton has deſcribed our firſt parents as riſing to their labours, and addreſſing their grateful oriſons to the bounteous father of every mercy.

THERE is indeed ſomething which at this time inſpires us with gratitude to our maker, and produces ſentiments in almoſt every boſom, like thoſe which are given to Adam.

Theſe are thy glorious works, parent of good,
Almighty, thine this univerſal frame
Thus wondrous fair; thyſelf how wondrous
then

Unſpeakable

Unſpeakable, who firſt above theſe heavens
To us inviſible or dimly ſeen
In theſe thy loweſt works, yet theſe declare
Thy goodneſs beyond thought and power divine.

THERE is likewiſe ſomething which muſt create a grateful ſenſe of our obligation to heaven, when we wake again to life, with the bleſſing of health, and recollect that many have paſſed the night in all the anguiſh of pain and diſeaſe. As for myſelf, I ſhould retire to ſleep with no little anxiety, if I were not aſſured that we are protected in thoſe hours by our maker, when we are not conſcious of our own exiſtence. There cannot ſurely be a more comfortable reflection than being convinced that a power who commands and directs all nature is our guard, without whoſe knowledge no action is committed, nor even the moſt ſecret thought can ariſe.

WITH this confidence of ſecurity the good man commits himſelf to the arms of ſleep, where all beſides muſt fear it, and feels ſerenity where every other breaſt muſt be diſcompoſed.

THE unuſual ſerenity of the morning, which inſpired every warbler with chearfulneſs, detained us in the garden 'till our little boy came running to inform us that the breakfaſt waited.

'Is it not extremely abſurd, ſaid Lucinda, 'as we returned, for mankind to complain 'of the ſhort duration of their lives, when 'they even refuſe to live a number of hours 'which providence has beſtowed on them. 'How many can we recollect amongſt our 'acquaintance, who have been loſt to every 'joy this morning has afforded us, and who 'may, notwithſtanding, before night aſſert, 'that the age which men in general attain 'to, ſerves only to conduct them to a ſuper-'ficial knowledge of the ſciences, or that 'old age approaches almoſt as ſoon as we 'begin to live.

SUCH indeed is frequently the language of human creatures, who loſe the moſt valuable parts of every day. Such too I have heard from your mouth, but then indeed you riſe—by eleven.

LUCINDA

LUCINDA and myſelf, who are great advocates for early hours, want much to try whether we cannot reform you, as we have already done Leontes; and ſhould therefore rejoice to ſee you amongſt us; there is then ſome probability of your ſeeing the ſun riſe, which I ſincerely believe you have not done for many years, and which is one of the moſt pleaſing ſcenes upon the theatre of nature. I am, &c.

LET-

LETTER XLIV.

To FAVONIUS.

July 5th, 1743.

YOU have yourſelf undoubtedly, my Favonius, felt the influence of ſuſpence, and have known how much it diſpoſes the mind to believe the greateſt improbabilities; you cannot be ſurpriſed to hear then that I began to imagine from your long ſilence that I had loſt your friendſhip, and that conſequently your letter afforded me moſt ſenſible ſatisfaction.

BUT ſurely if I did not admit of your apology at preſent, I ſhould juſtly be thought devoid of that benevolence which makes ſo amiable a part of the chriſtian character, as an individual only ſuffered whilſt you prepared the page of entertainment and inſtruction for thouſands.

TO confeſs the truth, I have long expected ſomething new from your pen, and have wondered, with the reſt of mankind, at

at your ſilence, ſince you have already been rewarded with fame for ſeeking only to do good.

YOUR new work, which I have almoſt read through, pleaſes me greatly, and will, I am convinced encreaſe your reputation: I have a ſtrong inclination not to tell how much my Lucinda admires it, becauſe you are one of thoſe mortals who think but meanly of female capacities.

I DO not know that there is any thing in which we differ ſo remarkably, as in our opinions of the fair ſex; you conſider them as infinitely below us in genius and underſtanding, and will by no means allow that our ſuperiority ariſes ſolely from education. For my part, I cannot but think that it is with their minds as with their perſons, and that the ſame ſuperior delicacy prevails in one as well as the other.

WHERE nervous eloquence, and almoſt irreſiſtible periods are neceſſary, we are there, I am aſſured, the moſt likely to ſucceed; but in ſubjects where delicacy of ſentiment and expreſſion are the chief beauties, with equal

equal advantages the fair ſex would excel us.

THE only ſpecies of writing which is common to almoſt all mankind, is the familiar epiſtle, in which they greatly outſhine us. There is an eaſe in their letters which is ſeldom found in our own, and eaſe is the characteriſtical excellence of epiſtolary writings.

THE letters of *Madam de Sevigne* are eſteemed by ſeveral beyond thoſe of *Rabutin*, who is thought the beſt writer in that way amongſt the men; and I think our own hiſtory can ſupply us with ſome equal, if not ſuperior to any of the ſame age they were written in.

WE may boaſt as much as we pleaſe, but we ought to attribute the little fame they have acquired in the literary world to the diſadvantages of their education, by which they are deſtined to employments or accompliſhments which can only render them more engaging without cultivating or improving their talents.

How

How much aſtoniſhment does it create in the world to find a votary of the muſes amongſt the lower claſſes of mankind, and how greatly is his underſtanding admired. And yet the fair ſex has ſcarce more literature beſtowed on it in general than the inferior ranks of men, and are ſeldom acquainted with any language but their own.

Yet with theſe diſadvantages and in oppoſition to the authority of cuſtom, we have ſeen them neglect their uſual employments and entertain the world in poetry, criticiſm and philoſophy.

If you were to aſk a native of thoſe countries where the ſalic law prevails, why the female part of the world is excluded from the affairs of government, he would certainly inform you that their minds are too weak for the arduous taſk of governing a nation; that they would be the tools of ambitious miniſters, and, ſeeking nothing but pleaſure, yield to them the reins of empire.

To prove that this aſſertion is contradicted by experience, we need only turn to the annals

annals of our nation, we ſhall there perceive that we enjoyed under the long and illuſtrious reign of Elizabeth, a ſtate of felicity we never knew before, and that ſhe equalled in the arts of government the greateſt of our kings.

THE few blemiſhes in her character, which have been ſo greatly exaggerated by her enemies, ariſe from natural frailty, and only contribute to prove, that perfection is inconſiſtent with humanity.

YOU ſee here, my Favonius, an inſtance of the higheſt ſtations being filled with dignity, by a woman who lived the delight of her happy ſubjects, and the terror of her foes.

INDEED, you will find upon reflection, that they do not want judgment to determine, penetration to foreſee, nor reſolution to execute, and think with me, that providence has not given them beauty to create love without underſtanding to preſerve it.

NOTWITH-

NOTWITHSTANDING your opinion of the ſex, Lucinda ſends you her compliments, and bids me tell you ſhe ſhould be glad to diſpute with you in perſon on this ſubject whenever you pleaſe. I am, &c.

LET-

LETTER XLV.

To LEONTES.

Aug. 29th, 1743.

WE were laſt night engaged in a ſubject, which has often exerciſed the talents of diſputants, the compariſon of the antient and modern learning: as is uſual in diſputes, we each of us endeavoured to eſtabliſh the truth of our own opinion, concluded without convincing, or being convinced, and retained the ſame ſentiments with which we began.

FROM this we paſſed by a natural tranſition to the examination of their virtues and vices, when it was affirmed by one of us, that the preſent age was more marked with vice than any other. This was contradicted by another, who believed that every age and every country were equally vicious, as men were always actuated by the ſame paſſions, and conſequently ſubject to the imperfections which naturally ariſe from their indulgence.

EACH of theſe opinions was ſupported with great good ſenſe, and what is yet more ſingular,

ſingular, with the moſt perfect politeneſs, an affair which diſputants too frequently neglect; and without which, converſation however otherwiſe adapted to entertain, is extremely diſpleaſing.

With reſpect to myſelf, I am not of either of theſe opinions; I neither believe the preſent age to be more polluted with crimes or diſtinguiſhed by follies than ſome others; nor do I think on the other hand, that every nation or age poſſeſs an equal quantity of virtues and vices.

It appears, indeed, evident from hiſtory, that this aſſertion is falſe, for ſurely it would be highly abſurd to imagine that the Romans were not more virtuous in the beginning of their empire, than when their luxury had contributed to their ruin. This was obſerv'd by Theron to him who had endeavoured to ſupport this opinion, who confeſſed, that he had advanced this ſentiment without having ſufficiently examined it, and owned it could not be defended.

It would greatly contribute to the pleaſure of ſociety, if this example were more univerſally

univerſally followed, as diverſity of opinion would then be an advantage, which is now too often the occaſion of ill-timed raillery and perſonal reflection. There is nothing which more offends me, than the obſtinacy with which ſome men defend their ſentiments, even after they are convinced of their abſurdity. Methinks a man never makes a meaner appearance, than when from the fooliſh pride of not being willing to be convinced by the arguments of another, he perſiſts in endeavouring to ſupport the moſt evident contradictions; as if we were enjoined no more to deſert our opinions than our offſpring.

THIS conduct is the more prepoſterous, as all mankind may recollect opinions which they have now forſaken, and which notwithſtanding they once defended with their utmoſt abilities. Indeed, I am inclined to think with a friend of ours, that it is almoſt as ridiculous to be too fond of our opinions, as of our cloaths, ſince we change the firſt almoſt as often as the latter.

HE has carried on the alluſion between dreſs and opinion yet farther, and ſays, that ſentiments

ſentiments which we have no ſooner entertained and examined, than we diſcard them, are like *plain clothes*; that others which we obtain by much reflection and reading, and which we notwithſtanding relinquiſh at ſome time or other, reſemble *laced ones*; and that thoſe truths which we acquire by our religion, and which tend to make us better men, are *jewels* whoſe value never diminiſhes, which never wear out, and are an ornament during every hour of our lives.

As to what I juſt now mentioned with reſpect to all ages being equally virtuous, it ſeems to me that the natural deſire of imitating their ſuperiors, which prevails amongſt all ranks of men, will infallibly prevent it, unleſs we can imagine that the ſovereigns of nations are for ever equally deſerving themſelves.

The complaiſance which is obſerved to princes, will lead thoſe who are dependent on them into an imitation of their vices, as the moſt probable means by which they can procure their favour, and theſe are again flattered by the ſame deſtructive arts. To expect indeed that the people can be virtuous

beneath the reigns of abandoned princes, is to ſuppoſe that the ſtreams can flow with health, when their fountain heads have been poiſoned. The example they afford then to the millions beneath them, ſhould be an adtional inducement to the others which they have in common with mankind for the great to be virtuous, or at leaſt, if they will not be really ſo, to add hypocriſy to the reſt of their vices, and appear ſo.

BUT this is not to be hoped for, whilſt many are engaged in vices, not for the ſake of the vices themſelves, but the reputation of them, and make no other uſe of hypocriſy than to conceal their virtues.

A prince, therefore, by making the appearance of virtue neceſſary (ſuppoſing no more) to procure his regard, would be of infinite ſervice to his people, as many are engaged in the purſuits of vice againſt the real turn of their diſpoſitions, becauſe they are faſhionable, and that to be obliged to bluſh at vice is making ſome progreſs in the paths of virtue.

I KNOW

I KNOW a gentleman who is in the country, one of the beſt and moſt indulgent huſbands in the world, and who rails at conſtancy when he gets to town, aſſumes the air of a rake, and is often ſeen in the morning, coming out of a bagnio where he has lain *alone*.

How many are there who drink hard, and ſacrifice their health, who would never have been guilty of exceſs, but for the reputation of being jolly fellows. With reſpect to gallantry, I think we may venture to ſay, that an intrigue has no charms for a fine gentleman, 'till it is diſcoverered, and that innocence would not be ſo frequently ruined, if the diſgrace which now attends the ſeduced was to fall on the ſeducer.

IN ſhort, it will ſcarcely be too much to affirm, that the vices of mankind ariſe rather more from vanity than real propenſity; and that they would be infinitely better if they would dare to wear their virtues publickly.

IF it were poſſible that the ſages wiſh that every man had a window in his breaſt,

could take place, how much would thoſe who emblazon humanity with the blackeſt colours, be ſurpriſed to find that virtues as well as vices are frequently concealed: and how greatly ridiculous muſt thoſe appear who are thus found in the poſſeſſion of good and amiable qualities.

You would then likewiſe, my Leontes, be convinced that no friendſhip can be more ſincere than that I bear you, and know with how much truth I aſſure you I am yours.

LET-

LETTER XLVI.

To VALERIUS.

October 6th, 1743.

I GREATLY rejoice, my Valerius, at the conqueſt your good nature has made over your ſmartneſs, by having determined you to ſuppreſs the publication of thoſe paſſages in your poem which are ſatyrical.

THE ſatyrick muſe, has been called by her encomiaſts the ſupplement to human laws; yet her inſpirations are, I think, rather to be avoided than ſollicited, as they never fail of creating us a number of enemies, without adding to our friends.

IT is however certain, that whilſt we continue to make a proper uſe of ſatyr, we can only raiſe the reſentment of knaves and dunces, and where ſay you is the diſagreeable conſequence attending this. I own indeed, that with reſpect to the former, their diſpleaſure is by no means to be ſhunned, but by ridicul-

ing the performances of a dunce you may make an honeſt man your foe. Where too ſhall we find the ſatyriſt, who has ſo equitably managed his muſe, as not to have made her ſubſervient to the gratification of perſonal pique.

It is well known that Boileau, whoſe character as a man, is highly amiable in general, was with difficulty diſſuaded by his friends from attacking Fontenelle in his ode upon the taking of Namur, and that Quinault's inconteſtible merit could not protect him from his ſeverity.

We have, I am afraid, likewiſe ſeen in our own country, the poet who was beſt adapted by nature to do good with his talents, forget the end of Satyr, and apply them to the indulgence of private reſentment. You already perceive that the man I mean is Pope, whoſe treatment of Cibber was by no means conſiſtent with the ſentiments he *muſt* have entertained of him, and conſequently with that impartiality which ſatyr, as a ſupplement to laws ſhould always preſerve.

IT appears to me, that Cibber's being placed at the head of the dunces, will never influence poſterity in the opinions they ſhall form of him, whilſt the *Careleſs Husband*, and ſome others of his productions ſhall remain as proofs of his comick genius. Nay, the *Dunciad* itſelf gave riſe to a performance, in which the beſt natured and however paradoxical it may ſeem, the ſevereſt raillery prevails I ever remember to have ſeen. This is his letter to Mr. Pope, which I am well aſſured gave Pope more concern than ever he himſelf had felt from the *Dunciad*.

FROM what has happened with reſpect to the two moſt celebrated of the modern ſatyriſts, I am led to believe that men have rarely a ſufficient degree of philoſophy and equity to prevent a miſapplication of their ſatyrical abilities. To ſuppreſs the impulſes of revenge when we *may* puniſh, is too much for human creatures, who view an inſult through the magnifying medium of ſelf-love, and then are blinded by reſentment.

FROM theſe conſiderations, my Valerius, I look upon your reſolution with pleaſure, and conſider it as a ſacrifice to one of the moſt engaging virtues of the heart.

THERE is yet another diſadvantage attendant on ſatyrical writings in general, which is, that if characters are drawn they muſt be drawn from human life, and reſemble thoſe which are hourly ſeen in the world. However cautious, therefore, you may be to avoid the appearance of perſonal reflection, it will be impoſſible to prevent mankind from applying originals to your portraits, and making you by that means ſome enemies you never knew.

BUT you will tell me, perhaps, that if ſatyr ſhould be univerſally avoided from theſe motives, that folly would then want its ſevereſt ſcourge, and reign with greater deſpotiſm than it does at preſent.

I MUST own that ſatyr, which has been called a mirrour, ſeems to me to want one requiſite to entitle it to that appellation, which is, that men ſeldom ſee *themſelves* in it. They

They diſcover the ridiculous appearance of ſeveral characters; but inſtead of examining how much of the ſame folly is blended in themſelves, and forming reſolutions to avoid it, they are in general content with admiring the ſkill of the writer, and recollecting ſuch of their acquaintance, whoſe manners he ſeems to have copied.

UPON the whole, however, I am convinced that ſatyr has been of great ſervice in extirpating a numerous train of follies, and has contributed not a little to the improvement of taſte in general. I cannot, therefore, wiſh to have it intirely neglected, but at the ſame time I would rather that the talents of a man I loved ſhould be differently employed, as he may be of ſervice in the cauſe of virtue, without being ſubject to the ſame inconveniencies.

LUCINDA, who rejoices with me upon your determination, deſires her compliments to you and yours, and hopes for the pleaſure of ſeeing you ſoon amongſt us. The good Ariſtus and Theron, who are now at the tea-table, likewiſe join in this wiſh. I am, &c.

LET-

LETTER XLVII.

To EUMENES.

Dec. 15th, 1743.

WHEN I recollect, my Eumenes, how much of the happineſs of my life has ariſen from the friendſhips I formed in my youth, I cannot too earneſtly recommend to you that deliberation in the choice of your acquaintance, which alone can make it an ornament to yourſelf.

THOUGH I am not of opinion with ſome others, that friendſhip cannot poſſibly ſubſiſt but between equals, as if a mutual and exact return of obligations were neceſſary to ſupport it; yet, I am convinced, that ſincerity of friendſhip is more likely to be found amongſt them, than where a diſparity of circumſtances prevail.

THERE is generally amongſt the great, a certain pride which prevents them from aſſociating with their inferiors; their intimacy is ſeldom obtained by thoſe below them without ſervility, and the violation of that honeſt

honeſt pride, which every boſom ſhould be influenced by.

METHINKS there is not a more ridiculous character, than that of one who deſpiſing the ſociety of his equals, paſſes his time with thoſe who endure him but for his flattery and complaiſance for their vices, who relinquiſhes the liberty of hazarding his opinion, till he knows it is conformable to that of his company, and becomes the moſt abject ſlave that lives, for the poor ſatisfaction of being able to ſay, that he dined ſuch a day with my lord ——, ſupped ſuch an evening with the counteſs of ——, or played a pool of quadrille in company, with the earl of——, at lady ——'s.

THIS is the recompence he obtains for being governed by the inclinations of others, and receiving perpetual inſults, which like a man of true ſpirit, he returns to thoſe below him.

WHERE, however, the eſteem of the great can be obtained, without forfeiting the privileges an honeſt man ſhould never forfeit, it is then an honour, and conſequently not to

to be rejected; indeed, the regard of ſuch only amongſt the higher ranks of men is worth acquiring, who can deſpiſe the arts of adulation, and beſtow it for no motive but deſert.

FRIENDSHIP, like love, ariſes firſt from a certain *je ne ſcay quoi*: we ſee by accident, the man who amidſt many others we are moſt pleaſed with, and find a kind of inclination to form the link of friendſhip. So far it is involuntary: we have then to examine the character of the man, and to be aſſured that he deſerves that confidence which is the ſoul of friendſhip, and purſues that conduct which can never reflect diſgrace upon ourſelves.

WITHOUT this precaution we ſhall often have the moſt diſpleaſing recollection, not of having ſerved, but of having been obliged to a bad man. To recall the acts of friendſhip which are forgotten by thoſe who ought to remember them, is no otherwiſe painful to generous minds, than as it ſhews them the ingratitude of mankind. But to think we are under obligations to one who does not deſerve our eſteem, and to find an inclination

clination to love the man whom we ought to deſpiſe, is ſurely one of the moſt painful ſituations we can know. There is likewiſe no little danger that his behaviour to ourſelves may palliate his conduct in general, and render his vices by that means leſs the object of our deteſtation than they ought to be: the conſequence of this is greatly to be dreaded, as approbation with reſpect to vices, is the next ſtep to not beholding them with averſion, a ſtep too, which human frailty has rendered extremely ſlippery.

You ſee, therefore, my Eumenes, that previous to the connection which truly deſerves the name of friendſhip, an intimate examination of the boſom is neceſſary, to which you ſhall confide the moſt ſecret of your thoughts, and to which in the hour of anxiety you ſhall diſcloſe the cauſe of your diſquiet.

But where is the neceſſity, it may be aſked, of confiding our ſecrets to any breaſt, or putting it in the power of any one to betray them? Is this reliance on another's honour neceſſary to render our lives happy, or is not rather his moſt likely to be ſo whoſe

ſecrets

ſecrets cannot be divulged? Theſe are queſtions which may indeed be aſked, but I would not wiſh to hear them from the man I loved. Let him anſwer them who has often felt an alleviation of his anxiety from having diſcloſed it; or he who has altered reſolutions, which muſt have ruined him, by the admonition of a friend. Let ſuch as theſe, which are the greateſt part of mankind, but mention their obligations to friendſhip, he will then perceive the advantages which ariſe from it, and think it one of the greateſt bleſſings which life beſtows.

But there requires in general but little argument to convince the younger part of mankind, that friendſhip is productive of felicity; there is rather more danger of their forming connections too haſtily, and placing confidence in thoſe who do not deſerve it. At their entrance into ſociety they conclude, that every human creature's boſom is as honeſt as their own, nor know what 'tis to ſuſpect 'till they have felt what 'tis to be deceived. At riper years they examine more minutely the characters of thoſe they truſt, and by the time that old age comes on, ſuſpicion is too

too greatly increaſed to ſuffer perfect friendſhips to be formed.

YOUTH, therefore, is the ſeaſon when the ſeeds of friendſhip muſt be ſown, ſince the natural ſuſpicion which accompanies in ſome degree every other period of life will prevent them from taking root. It was at that age I firſt knew Cleanthes, and ſelected him from a numerous acquaintance for the participation of my amuſements; but why I firſt approved him in particular muſt be anſwered as honeſt Montaigne does in ſpeaking of his friendſhip, with *Etienne de la Boetie parce que c'eſtoit luy, parce que c'eſtoit moy.*

THE inexplicable ſomething which pleaſed me in his appearance, made me wiſh to find him worthy of the confidence I was willing to repoſe in him, and examination convincing me of his virtues, the ſincereſt friendſhip was commenced between us. From that moment to the preſent we have known each other's thoughts; for honeſt men, my Eumenes, can have none which they ought to conceal from their friends. We have mutually adviſed and been admoniſhed by each

each other, and found by experience, that every joy is heightened, and every anxiety ſoftened by being imparted to a friend.

MAY it be yours, my Eumenes, to find a man as worthy of eſteem as Cleanthes, and to know, through a length of happy years, the value of a real friendſhip. I am, &c.

LET-

LETTER XLVIII.

To LUCINDA.

July 5th, 1744.

AFTER ſo many years which we have paſt, my Lucinda, almoſt without ſeparation, one would naturally imagine that the few days abſence I have known ſhould not be diſpleaſing, and yet believe me, I am already tired of the town, and am preparing to leave it with the utmoſt expedition to return to domeſtick joys.

WHEN I reflect on my diſpoſition, I am greatly thankful to providence that the ſame diſlike for publick pleaſures has always prevailed in Lucinda as myſelf, and that we have been actuated by the ſame inclinations during the tenor of our lives.

THOUGH I own myſelf in general but little fond of the town, yet I never fail of ſeeing objects in it which remind me of my own felicity, and increaſe the love I bear you. Alas! my dear, the faſhionable tenor of matrimonial lives is ſo little ſuited to my turn

of mind, that I muſt have been wretched with what is now called a very good wife. I could by no means have endured to ſee the heart of the woman I loved, entirely devoted to pleaſure, nor have even been content to ſhare it with the king of trumps.

It is, however, happy for mankind, that the ſame delicacy does not univerſally prevail, as there are now many couples who are thought to be happy, becauſe the wife has never tranſgreſſed the bounds of virtue, nor the huſband treated her with language which he would be aſhamed to uſe to a ſtranger. Their amuſements are diſtinct from each other, they know nothing of that heart-felt joy which ariſes from being with thoſe they love, ſecluded from every eye, and breathing the ſweets of the balmy evening. Their only care is refining thoſe pleaſures which repetition has rendered dull, and inventing new arts to paſs the tedious day, which, notwithſtanding their endeavours, affords ſome hours in which that moſt impertinent of all companions, called *ſelf*, never fails of intruſion.

THERE are many women in the world, I believe, to whom I might have made a *good* huſband, but I do not recollect any one but my Lucinda who could have made me a *happy* one. How greatly then am I indebted to thy amiable diſpoſition and virtues, ſince indifference and content are to me incompatible in the marriage ſtate. To heaven likewiſe my ſincereſt thanks are due, for preſerving its beſt and moſt valuable gift to bleſs my life. For as Milton elegantly expreſſes it.

With thee converſing I forget all time,
All ſeaſons and their change, all pleaſe alike.
Sweet is the breath of morn, her riſing ſweet
With charm of earlieſt birds, pleaſant the ſun
When firſt on this delightful land he ſpreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit and flower,
Gliſtring with due; fragrant the fertile earth
After ſoft ſhowers; and ſweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild, the ſilent night
With this her ſolemn bird, and this fair moon
And thoſe the gems of heaven, her ſtarry train:

But neither breath of morn, when ſhe aſcends
With charm of earlieſt birds, nor riſing ſun
On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flower,
Gliſtering with dew, nor fragrance after ſhowers,
Nor grateful evening mild, nor ſilent night,
With this her ſolemn bird, nor walk by moon
Or glittering ſtar-light without thee is ſweet.

HAVING once begun thoſe beautiful lines of my Lucinda's favourite poet, I found it impoſſible to break off ſooner; nay, I was pleaſed to be able to expreſs ſo elegantly the language of my heart.

ARANTHES, who is juſt come in, and has looked over my ſhoulder, upon ſeeing ſo much poetry, cried out, Very fine, truly, I ſhall take the firſt opportunity to inform Lucinda of this, I aſſure you. If you have any thing, I replied, to acquaint Lucinda with, you may make uſe of me, for I am now writing to her. How's this, ſays Aranthes, what larding your letters with poetry after more than twenty years marriage,

marriage, I concluded you were addreſſing ſome other fair one, and endeavouring to ſoften her inexorable heart by the muſe's aſſiſtance. But come, with me to lady ——'s. Not a word, however, of Lucinda all night; to be ſeen with ſuch an old-faſhioned creature as you, would ſpoil my reputation intirely, if your character ſhould once be known.

You know, Aranthes, my Lucinda extremely well, and will perceive by this, that he is ſtill the ſame man as ever. He deſires me to apologize for his taking me from you as he calls it, and at the ſame time to ſend you his compliments. My bleſſing to the children, whom I ſhall make happy by ſome little preſents at my return; to thee, my Love, I ſhall bring a heart more truly thine than ever, more intimately acquainted with thy virtues, and more perfectly convinced of its own felicity. Believe me, &c.

LETTER XLIX.

To EUMENES.

Aug. 29th, 1744.

IT is ſaid of Charles the ſecond, that he refuſed a favour with a better grace than his father granted one; and Henry the fourth of France, is affirmed to have ſent thoſe away to whom he denied a requeſt as well pleaſed as if he had gratified them.

INDEED we may ſee every day conſiderable obligations, conferred in ſuch a manner, that they cannot excite the ſenſe of gratitude, but leave upon the mind one of the moſt diſpleaſing ſenſations it can know. We may ſee likewiſe thoſe from whom the moſt abſolute trifles are received with pleaſure, from the engaging manner in which they are beſtowed.

MONTAIGNE, in one of his eſſays, has ſaid, that he always deducts conſiderably for the manner an obligation is conferred in. I have ſometimes fancied, that his accounts of

of friendſhip might be made in the following method.

Dr.		Cr.	
To Menalcas	£100.	Paid him	£100.
To an obliging and friendly manner in lending it.		Remained due a grateful ſenſe of the obligation, and an inclination to ſerve him whenever it ſhall be in my power.	

Dr.		Cr.	
To Fabius	£100.	Paid him	£100.
		The appearance of coldneſs whilſt he lent it me, and ſeveral ill-natured reflections on the neceſſity of œconomy	
		Remains due	0 0 0

Such indeed are the effects of the oppoſite manners in which obligations are conferred, that men naturally ſettle them in their own minds in ſomething like this way. Is it not therefore to be wondered at, that thoſe who grant the requeſts of their friends ſhould neglect that little ſomething which ſo greatly enhances their ideas of a favour? From the obſervations I have made on mankind, I

have found the general opinion that the man who lends his money muſt be a friend to be falſe. I have ſeen thoſe, who, at the ſame time that they yielded to ſollicitations, have planted daggers in the heart, and who give leſs pain by denial than compliance. Is there any one whom Superbus knows, that wants his aſſiſtance, let him aſk and he obtains, but not 'till he has heard that his imprudence ſcarcely deſerves compaſſion; that men, as the cauſes of their own calamities, ſhould be left to feel them, and that the ſum which he now receives is to be conſidered as abſolutely given him. Theſe are not the only mortifying circumſtances which attend him, Superbus exacts ſervility from thoſe he has obliged, as if they had mortgaged their liberty to him, and conſiders himſelf entitled by his wealth to tyrannize over their opinions and their actions.

How different from this is Eugenius, he never fails of inſinuating to thoſe who apply to him, that all mankind are in want of money at certain times, that to relieve when it is in his power is to feel the greateſt ſatisfaction he can know, and that he therefore

therefore conſiders himſelf obliged to thoſe who aſk his aſſiſtance. In return for this he procures the ſincereſt eſteem, and fixes in every boſom a ſenſe of gratitude which is never effaced.

It is almoſt impoſſible, Eumenes, that you ſhould eſcape ſollicitations from your acquaintance, let me therefore adviſe you to ſtudy that happy manner of doing friendly actions, which ſo eminently diſtinguiſhes Eugenius, and which, like the ſkill of a celebrated artiſt, adds ineſtimable value to things of little intrinſick worth. As it is in every man's power to ſelect his acquaintance, it would be almoſt his own fault if he admitted any one to that degree of intimacy, which would entitle him to aſk a favour who did not deſerve gratification.

It is obvious, if your acquaintance conſiſt of ſuch only as obſerve a neceſſary œconomy, and purſue in a moderate degree the pleaſures and amuſements of life, that provided they are of equal rank with yourſelf, they can ſeldom be reduced to the neceſſity of aſking your aſſiſtance; but ſhould you imprudently aſſociate in any degree of familiarity

miliarity with a man of unlimited expence, whoſe love of pleaſure knows not the leaſt curb from reaſon, you may naturally conclude, that the time will come when you ſhall be more frequently importuned than with prudence you can gratify.

If you would, therefore, my Eumenes, avoid the pain of denying ſollicitations, avoid as much as poſſible the ſociety of extravagance; and, as I have ſaid before, they can ſeldom be made by any but thoſe whom it muſt be a pleaſure to oblige.

As my laſt letter contained ſome advice with reſpect to real friendſhip, in the ſtricteſt ſenſe, it may not, perhaps, be amiſs to add to what I have already ſaid in this letter, ſome further admonitions with reſpect to thoſe we call friends, in the loſer's acceptation of the word. I think then, that they cannot be too nearly of equal condition with yourſelf, becauſe by aſſociating with thoſe of much ſuperior circumſtances, you may be guilty of extravagance, whilſt your companions keep within the bounds of œconomy. How frequently has the ambition of keeping company with thoſe above them, reduced the

the thoughtleſs to poverty, unpitied by their equals, whom they once deſpiſed; and what is yet worſe, unpitied by thoſe whoſe ſociety has occaſioned their ruin.

THERE is an advantage which muſt ariſe from their being likewiſe of about the ſame years, which is, that ſome of them will probably attend you if you ſhould live to old age, by which means you may ſupply the loſs of a boſom friend, who has ſunk into the grave with one whom you have long known, and whoſe virtues you have long admired.

As companions to whoſe converſe you will devote ſome of your time, you may endeavour to find them much ſuperior to yourſelf as you can in underſtanding and learning, by which means thoſe hours that are generally loſt and uncultivated, will afford you amuſement and inſtruction. Believe me, &c.

LETTER L.

To VALERIUS.

Dec. 15th, 1744.

I SCARCELY remember to have ſeen the character of an old maid, drawn without a great affection for dogs, parrots, monkeys, and other animals. Plutarch has accounted for this by ſaying, that the inclination to love, which is natural to human nature, for want of proper objects to be diſcharged on, ſeldom fails of ſubſtituting falſe ones to ſupply their place. Thus it happens that thoſe who have lived to a certain age without having their affections ſollicited, rather than let them lie abſolutely miſemployed, beſtow them, as it happens, either on a ſquirrel or guinea pig.

EXCESSIVE fondneſs for animals is ridiculous enough in every ſtation of life; but methinks it is much more ſo in thoſe who have the proper objects to beſtow their love on, I am always diſpleaſed therefore when I ſee a wife or mother infected with this paſſion, and cannot help recollecting a ſarcaſm

caſm of Cæſar's who obſerving ſome foreigners at Rome extremely fond of little animals, aſked them if the women in their country had no children.

A friend of mine is not a little proud of having ridiculed a lady of his acquaintance out of this folly by the following accident. He waited on her one morning, and found her in tears, for the loſs of her favourite monkey: he uſed every argument he was maſter of to palliate her grief, and ſent her his compliments the next day, with the following little poem, which he hoped would in ſome meaſure amuſe her at this melancholy ſeaſon.

A TOWN ECLOGUE.

Upon her arm her drooping head reclin'd,
Fair Cælia ſat with ſad and penſive mind,
When Damon came to hope, in terms polite,
She caught no cold at Ranelagh laſt night.
Silent ſhe ſigh'd, and heav'd her ſnowy breaſt,
And thus the ſwain the beauteous maid addreſt.

Say,

Say, Cælia, ſay from whence thy ſorrows flow,
And why thy anxious boſom ſwells with woe:
Perhaps, by ſad miſchance the careleſs maid,
Thy tender point or Bruſſels has miſlaid:
Or it may be, that Tib, in evil hour,
Has broke thy porcelain ſtain'd with many a flow'r,
And diſregarding of the gods around,
With ſcatter'd fragments has beſtrew'd the ground.
But ſay, could ought like theſe produce a ſigh,
Or call the trembling drops from Cælia's eye?
Could trifles thus thy boſom diſcompoſe,
Or flow thy tears, my fair, from real woes?
Cælia. How can I, thus o'erwhelm'd my grief, impart
Alas! no common loſs affects my heart;
What words, expreſſive, can my pain diſplay,
When, cruel fate—my monkey's run away!
Poor hapleſs pug, thy tender limbs ſhall know
The icy fang, and feel the numbing ſnow:
No gentle hand at morn ſhall e'er prepare
The toaſt embrown'd for thee with niceſt care:

From

From no enamell'd vaſe the fragrant tea
Shall flow, nor dulcet cates be made for thee.
Oft haſt thou wanton'd playful round the chair,
Whilſt Betty turn'd with artleſs eaſe my hair;
And whilſt the ringlets learn'd to flow with grace,
Thy mimick airs beguil'd the tedious ſpace.
To ſee thee trifle, and the fan diſplay,
Call'd forth the ſmile, and made my boſom gay.
Not thus, alas! the future morn ſhall paſs,
When day returning calls me to my glaſs.
Ah! then a gentle ſigh unknown ſhall riſe,
When on the well known ſpot I fix my eyes.
Each object round ſhall call the trembling tear,
And tell me, painful thought, my pug was here.

SAY, if each morn, to eaſe me of my woe,
Should bring the mimick of my pug, a beau;
Could he like pug, deceive the hour away,
And twirl like him the knot in wanton play?
No, uſe each art, each effort that he can,
His awkard air ſhall ſpeak him *half a man.*

I COULD have view'd ſerene the ſhatter'd
vaſe,
With calm content have loſt my Bruſſels lace,
Without a ſigh been baſted at quadrille,
And ſeen my hopes deſtroy'd by dread
ſpadille.
This bitter anguiſh ſhall my ſoul impart,
And ſighs break forth to mock the ſmiles of
art.
I ſtrive in vain the face of joy to wear,
Bedimpled cheeks avoid the breaſt of care.

THUS ſaid the fair, perplex'd in anxious
thought,
Nor ended till the chocolate was brought:
When penſive, o'er the painted vaſe ſhe
ſigh'd,
Play'd with the ſpoon, and Damon thus
replied.

Is it for this thy cheek reſigns its roſe?
Is this the cauſe from whence thy anguiſh
flows?
No more fair Celia ſigh! ah weep no more!
The coming hour perchance may pug reſtore.
E'en now, perhaps, he bends to thee his way,
And ſoon ſhall chear thee with his frolick play.

No

Or yet if wand'ring, far away he flies,
No more to pleaſe, delight and charm thy eyes.
Yet bear the loſs with calmneſs, as you ought,
Dry up your tears and—get another bought.

THIS Eclogue which was little more than the converſation of the preceding day, ſomewhat heightened and thrown haſtily into verſe, had it ſeems almoſt forfeited the lady's eſteem for my friend; however ſhe perceived the intended ridicule, and though her monkey was ſoon after brought back ſhe gave it immediately away.

IF this folly proceeded from the exceſs of a commiſeration which extended itſelf to every ſtate of exiſtence, I ſhould be inclined to look on it with a gentler eye than I now do; but I have never been able to diſcover that thoſe who place any part of their affections on animals are more inclined to alleviate the diſtreſſes of their fellow-creatures than others; nay, on the contrary, I rather think that what they beſtow on them is generally loſt in their feelings for humanity.

I RECOLLECT a remarkable inſtance which verifies this aſſertion. The laſt time I paid a viſit to Leontes, he took me with him one morning to ſee a friend of his in the neighbourhood; we were alarmed, when we approached towards the houſe, with the cries of a boy, whom we ſoon after perceived to be the helper in his ſtables: he had it ſeems neglected to water the horſes an hour beyond the accuſtomed time, for which his maſter had very ſeverely, not to ſay cruelly, treated him. When we came up, we were aſſured that the young ſcoundrel had been tolerably well beaten, but that it was not half what he deſerved, for ſuffering poor dumb creatures to want water, who are not capable of complaining.

I COULD ſcarcely help ſmiling at this ſpeech, from the mouth of a man who ſeemed to imagine that cruelty could only be practiſed on *dumb creatures*, and had forgot that whilſt he tranſgreſſed the bounds of due correction, he was himſelf more cruel than the boy he puniſhed.

THIS

THIS, my Valerius, is one example which I have ſeen, amongſt a thouſand others, of that inconſiſtency in human creatures which is every day exemplified by numerous inſtances, and which you yourſelf have frequently obſerved.

LUCINDA, myſelf, and our fire-ſide are well, and ſend you our beſt wiſhes. I am, &c.

LETTER LI.

To VALERIUS.

October 6th, 1744.

THE little ſpecimen you ſent us, my Valerius, of your poem on angling gave us great pleaſure, we rejoice to ſee our favourite diverſion ſung by a friend, whom we ſo highly eſteem, and are greatly impatient for the continuation.

LUCINDA, whoſe opinion in things of this nature I prefer to my own, admires your alluſions to ſome fabulous traditions, which never fail of making an agreeable appearance in poetry. Phillips, in his Cyder, after having ſpoken of the nature of various ſoils, very beautifully ſays,

I nor adviſe, nor reprehend the choice
Of *Marcley Hill*; the apple no where finds
A kinder mold: yet 'tis unſafe to truſt
Deceitful ground: who knows but that, once more,
This mount may journey, and, his preſent ſite

For-

Forſaking, to thy neighbours bounds transfer
The goodly plants affording matters ſtrange
For law debates? If therefore thou incline
To deck this riſe with fruits of various taſte,
Fail not by frequent vows t'implore ſucceſs,
Thus piteous heaven may fix the wand'ring
glebe.

THIS always pleaſed me in the Cyder which is, perhaps, one of the moſt perfect poems in our language, and may be of great ſervice to you in the proſecution of your work. To confeſs the truth, I had myſelf, when I was young, begun a poem upon the ſubject of my favourite ſport, which I might, perhaps, have taken the pains to reviſe and finiſh, as there is but little wanting to compleat it; but indeed I am ſo out of countenance with my performance, when I conſider and compare it with yours, that I am determined never more to think of it.

I SHALL therefore ſend you a little tale, which you may interweave, by way of epiſode, in your poem, and I am convinced you may improve it, by your talents, into a very pleaſing one.

SYLVIA, the daughter of an induſtrious farmer, was born with all the beauty which nature could beſtow; her air was greatly ſuperior to her birth, and good-nature ſat ſmiling on her countenance: ſhe was the object of univerſal admiration, and the village ſwains were always collected about the church-door to ſee her paſs, happy he, and envied by all beſides was the man on whom ſhe ſmiled as ſhe went by.

AT no great diſtance from Sylvia lived Palemon, who had been taken when he was young from his parents by a neighbouring gentleman, who, pleaſed with the child's phyſiognomy, and having no off-ſpring of his own, had determined to charge himſelf, with his education, and ſettle him very advantageouſly in the world. Unhappily for Palemon, in a few years after his patron died ſuddenly, without having made any proviſion for him in his will; by this event he was obliged to return to his father, after having ſpent thoſe years at a ſchool, where he had made ſome little progreſs in the latin language.

HIS father, to whom he was an only child, died ſoon after he was of age, and left him

him in poſſeſſion of the little he had acquired by ſeveral years induſtry, which Palemon determined to increaſe by the ſame arts it had been acquired. Sylvia's perſon had attracted his attention; he had danced with her at a wake, had preſented her with a ribbon, and had been flattered, by the ſmiles ſhe beſtowed on him, to believe he was not indifferent to her. He found, at ſeveral opportunities he enjoyed of mentioning his paſſion, a heſitation and trembling, which always prevented him, and therefore determined to write her the following letter.

'Deareſt SYLVIA,

'I am but little acquainted with the lan-
'guage of love, however truly I feel its
'power, and have found myſelf at a loſs
'to tell you that your charms have made a
'deep impreſſion on my heart. You may,
'perhaps, be led to imagine, that this con-
'feſſion ariſes from one of the momentary
'ſtarts of paſſion which beauty generally
'creates, and is only of a ſhort duration;
'but believe me, Sylvia, notwithſtanding
'your perſonal recommendations, I ſhould
'never have ſollicited your love, if I had

'not obſerved your diſpoſition to be equally
'amiable.

'You have it in your power, Sylvia, to
'make me the happieſt of mankind. I
'tremble when I conſider that your heart
'may be engaged, and I may become
'wretched without being able to accuſe you
'of cruelty. I ſhall come, my deareſt
'maid, this evening to your houſe, and
'ſhall then read my fate in thy eyes.
'Heaven grant they tell me that Sylvia
'ſhall be mine. I am, with the ſincereſt
'affection, yours, &c.'

It will be neceſſary only to ſay, that Sylvia's eyes convinced the happy ſwain that her heart was all his own, and that they were ſoon after united in the tender link. Sylvia could give to Palemon nothing but the moſt perfect love, and this her Palemon would have purchaſed with the wealth of Crœſus if he had poſſeſſed it. They lived the envy of all around, and happy in each other, ſaw nothing in ſuperior circumſtances which deſerved a wiſh. Thus day ſucceeded day 'till an accident of the moſt terrible nature happened, which reduced them from the

the ambition of their humble wiſhes to poverty and want.

By ſome misfortune the farm took fire, the greateſt part of his cattle were deſtroyed, the hay burnt, and all that Palemon could truly call his own was loſt. At this melancholy ſeaſon, the only ſerenity he could find was in the preſence of his beloved Sylvia; her ſmiles ſecluded the thoughts of his misfortune, and taught him to acquieſce in his condition; his own underſtanding convinced him that honeſt poverty was no diſgrace, and that a reaſonable man ſhould never think himſelf unhappy whilſt he has it in his power to be virtuous. Reflections of this kind, and the chearfulneſs which his Sylvia for ever wore before him, by degrees reconciled him to his circumſtances, and the morning which called him to the labours of the field, found them as happy as they had ever been. He went with content to that labour which ſupported the woman he loved, and was repaid at his return by emanations of gratitude and affection from his Sylvia's eyes. He felt a pleaſure when he ſaw her with their infant off-ſpring on her lap, which the ſons of wealth

wealth might envy; and connubial felicity ſeemed to have fixed its reſidence in their humble cottage. Health ſmiled upon their labours, and diſpenſed its bleſſings with a liberal hand, whilſt decent neatneſs appeared in every thing around them.

When they were thus reſtored by the lenient power of time to eaſe and tranquillity, a meſſage came one morning to Palemon, which ſummoned him with the utmoſt haſte to a village at ſome diſtance. He left his Sylvia with reluctance though but for a trifling ſpace, and bad her be chearful in his abſence, which ſhould be as ſhort as poſſible.

When Palemon arrived at the place where the meſſenger was to conduct him, he was ſhown into the chamber of a ſick man, whom he ſoon diſcovered to be a perſon who had once lived in the ſame village with himſelf. "You ſee here, ſaid he to Palemon, a man whom love has made as unhappy as a human creature can be. Sylvia, with whom you are happy, is the cauſe of all my pain. I ſought with honour, and the moſt earneſt entreaties, her affections, which

I could never gain, and felt, when your hands were united, the ſevereſt pang. If you can form any idea of the diſtraction you yourſelf would have felt if Sylvia, inſtead of yielding to your ſolicitations, had bleſſed another with her love, you may then conceive the anxiety I knew. Good heaven! to what lengths may we be carried by paſſion thus inflamed, it made me, who, in the tenor of my life, have no other crimes to accuſe myſelf of than ſuch as human frailty is ſeldom free from, a villain. If you have a degree of patience beyond the reſt of mankind, ſummon it to hear that I was the curſed cauſe of your misfortunes; that by my means your barns were burnt, and you and Sylvia reduced to poverty. Can you now pardon the man who has thus injured you? You muſt, you ſhall forgive; you will not deny me that, which with-held, would imbitter my laſt moments, and give me greater pain than any thing beſides on this ſide the grave."

PALEMON, who was greatly moved at what he heard, told him that he forgave him every injury, and would never recollect him as a man whom he had reaſon to diſlike. "You are too, too good, he replied; Why

Why did I make ſo deſerving a man wretched? But I knew not your virtues——Here is my will, I have no family whom I can injure by repairing an injury, and have therefore here made you my heir: this is the only method by which I can palliate my crime. May you be bleſſed by this addition to your fortune; but that wiſh is needleſs to the man who was ſo in poverty. The world will naturally enquire into the reaſons of my conduct with reſpect to you, and perhaps, for want of knowing the truth, will explain it to the diſadvantage of your honour. Conceal not then the real inducement; conceal not then from mankind the greateſt error of my life, but tell them at the ſame time, that it ſprung from the inſtigation of jealouſy; and not to blame too ſeverely, 'till they have felt, like me, diſappointment in their fondeſt hopes."

THEY parted in the tendereſt manner imaginable, and the unhappy man ſoon after died with the moſt perfect ſerenity and calmneſs. Palemon haſtened to his Sylvia; he found her employed in preparing for his return. She welcomed him with a look more expreſſive of joy than language can

can be, and enquired into the buſineſs which occaſioned his abſence. He explained to her the whole affair; he claſped her to his breaſt, and together they offered thanks to providence, which had made their calamities the occaſion of happier fortune than they could ever have otherways expected. The morn no longer divides them from each other; they live as happy as the conditions of humanity can permit, and have this only to implore, that they may never be long divided, but like two lamps which have long burnt together, they may burn together out.

WHENEVER they relate the ſtory of their lives, they never omit to inforce this truth, that reſignation to the will of heaven can ſoften adverſity, and that relief is often neareſt when we leaſt expect it.

WE are all well, my Valerius, and ſend you our beſt Wiſhes. I am, &c.

LET.

LETTER LII.

To CLEANTHES.

April 15th, 1746.

THAT you may not perſiſt in an error, my Cleanthes, which I can point out, is the intention of this letter; and that my advice may be leſs grating to your ſelf-love, I own I have hitherto been likewiſe guilty of it myſelf. We have erred I find in a very conſiderable affair, I mean the education of our children, and have begun our care of of them, it ſeems, at the wrong end.

ARANTHES, not long ſince, took me with him to a lady of quality's, where he is intimate, as ſoon as the tea was removed, the card tables were placed; and as there was an odd one among us, an elderly clergyman ſat out. Her ladyſhip's ſon, about ten or twelve years old, was all the time in the room, and employed himſelf in looking ſometimes on one hand and ſome times on another. The clergyman, who obſerved him criticiſe, with a good deal of knowledge, upon the manner of playing, ſaid to him, with a very grave

grave face, and without any previous introduction, Pray, Sir, how many *commandments* are there. The young gentleman looking in her ladyſhip's face, as willing to be informed by her, ſaid, with a kind of contemptuous ſmile, I ſuppoſe, mama, the gentleman means *matadores*.

FIE, Mr. Worthy, ſaid her ladyſhip, it is enough for you clergymen to be acquainted with the commandments, I am determined to make my ſon a fine gentleman, and fit for the politeſt company of this nation. I have therefore determined to avoid the ſame courſe in which lord Manly educated his eldeſt ſon, who is now abroad, and who was thought, by ſome people, a promiſing youth; and yet, believe me, a tradeſman would have come as politely into a room as he.

I HAVE no patience when I think on the time which is thrown away at the univerſity; how contemptible a figure in general do your ſcholars make. Why I am told, that the univerſity of Oxford, amongſt all its profeſſors, has no dancing maſters to keep up ſo neceſſary an accompliſhment.

THIS

This conſervation of her ladyſhip raiſed my curioſity, and determined me to enquire into the preſent method of faſhionable education, when I perceived that a very conſiderable advantage attends it, which is, that thoſe who are bred in it, at twelve or fourteen have got to their higheſt points of perfection. They dance as well as ever they will, behave with the ſame polite familiarity they ſhall ever attain, and know almoſt as much as ever they will know. Whereas we have at that age but juſt introduced our offſpring to the dawn of learning, have only put them in a path, in which they are retarded by numerous difficulties, and which, with all their endeavours, they can never arrive to the end of.

We have, beſides this, endeavoured to implant in their minds the reverence of a higher power, who ſees each action, and knows each thought of mankind. To what purpoſe, but to prevent a thouſand ſallies of ſpirit to make a man determined to put up an affront with the ignomy of cowardiſe, rather than hazard the diſpleaſure of his maker, and to think that debauching the

ſiſter

ſiſter of his friend is a crime of the moſt cruel nature.

We have taught them likewiſe to view, with an eye of pity, the calamities to which humanity is ſubject, and alleviate the ſufferings of their fellow-creatures, as if there were not misfortunes enough in every man's life but he muſt feel for thoſe of others. Beſides, my Cleanthes, what propriety is there in parting with one friend to relieve another; and ſurely that title will ſcarcely be refuſed to money, which ſupplies our wants and deſires.

Yet more, we have endeavoured to perſuade them that merit, not wealth, ſhould give the ſuperiority to one man above another, and that poverty ſhould never ſeclude the deſerving from their ſociety. We have taught them to deſpiſe the villain in magnificence, as well as the knave in rags; to ſtrip the veil of wealth from human characters, and to deteſt, above all mankind, the man who owes to the injury of his country the greatneſs he poſſeſſes.

In a word, we have taught them to conſider this life as an inſtrument only by which they may form their future happineſs or miſery, and have endeavoured to make them believe, that thoſe proſpects are too bounded for a wiſe man's conſideration which terminate on this ſide the grave.

Alas! my Cleanthes, what errors have we been committing! let us take them from the uſeleſs toil of literature, which ſeldom fails of ſpoiling a man for good company; let us point out to them ſome ſtriking examples of the preſent age for their imitation, and free their minds from prejudices which may render a thouſand inſtances of lively wit extremely ſhocking; let us teach them to conſider wealth as the ſole object to which diſtinction ſhould be paid, and poverty the greateſt crime a man can be guilty of. In ſhort, let us inculcate the abſurdity of a future life, which has 'till of late been confidently believed, and perſuade them that their moments were given for the enjoyment of pleaſure.

If we do this, there will then be ſome probability, that by flattering the vices of of a miniſter, they may procure places of diſtinction at court, and riot in more magnificence than ever can be expected from the plan we have hitherto purſued. Believe me, &c.

LETTER LIII.

To LEONTES.

Dec. 29th, 1746.

IF we examine the conduct of mankind, we ſhall find, my Leontes, that they are more influenced by whim than is generally imagined. It is not long ſince that a friend of mine gave, in the rigorous ſeaſon of the year, a quantity of warm clothes to thirty-nine poor people in his pariſh. Half the world will ſay, that thirty-nine is a very extraordinary number, and be ſurpriſed at his limitting his donation in ſuch a manner. The true reaſon of their not being forty is, that he was the very day he gave them juſt thirty-nine years of age.

How often do we obſerve, that in the choice of lottery tickets, where a juſt cauſe for preferring one to another muſt infallibly be wanting, that the imagination of mankind is exerted to find ſome whim to influence their determination. One is reſolved upon the date of the year, and another for the ſum total of the ages of his family together.

NEITHER

NEITHER of theſe motives can ariſe from ſuperſtition, which I confeſs has no trifling influence on almoſt every mind, and is, perhaps, the moſt general motive of preference in the affair I am ſpeaking of. The merchant, who advertiſes for the ticket which has the ſame number with the tons of his moſt fortunate veſſel, is actuated meerly by its effects, and cannot be brought as an inſtance of what I advance, as I am ſpeaking of whim abſtracted from every thing elſe.

I CANNOT help obſerving that there ariſes in moſt minds a diſagreeable ſenſation from leaving the direction of any incident to meer chance, as it cannot poſſibly afford our vanity the leaſt room for ſelf-approbation. In the affair of lotteries, therefore, I am not ſurpriſed to find that many amongſt mankind, by chuſing their tickets for ſome imaginary reaſon, ſecure an occaſion of complimenting themſelves if fortune ſhould favour them. I have ſeen an inſtance, where a man has determined the number of a ticket by *Chance*, rather than take one which *accident* ſhould throw in his way. This method of ex-

preſſion will appear paradoxical 'till you know that an acquaintance of mine, after having heſitated about the numbers of his ticket, came to a reſolution to fold up ſome pieces of paper with the number from one to ten incluſive; four of theſe he drew, and having ranged them ſide by ſide as they were drawn, the number was by that means determined.

By motives of this trifling nature are our charities and actions frequently regulated, which ariſes from the univerſal inclination in mankind of doing every thing for ſome reaſon, and where a juſt one is wanting, to ſubſtitute another in its place.

You will tell me, perhaps, that I am making mankind more reaſonable than it is in reality, or elſe the epithets of thoughtleſs, inconſiſtent, and a thouſand others, are unjuſtly beſtowed on the ſons of Adam. Here, Leontes, I am far from affirming that men are actuated by true and weighty reaſons; I only mean that they are influenced by a ſomething which appears a reaſon to themſelves, and which determines them how to act.

THIS may, perhaps, be ſometimes of ſervice: as for example, if my friend had not been ingenious enough to think of ſettling his charitable donation in the manner I have mentioned, it might probably have evaporated in intention, for want of his being able to determine the preciſe number.

THE ſpectator, in one of his papers, has collected ſeveral inſtances of the love of ſymmetry and order, which, in my opinion, can by no means be accounted for by that principle, but muſt be attributed intirely to whim. How can we account for Gregorio Leti's publiſhing as many books as he was years old, or for Homer's dividing his Poems into as many books as there are letters in the Greek alphabet, from the love of ſymmetry and order. If I have any idea of theſe words, the order would not have been deſtroyed, if Leti had failed in the exact conformity of his volumes and years, nor would mankind have been affected with any other ſenſation than that of joy, if Homer had extended the Iliad beyond the limits of the alphabet.

If this had really been the caſe, my Leontes, you may be aſſured that the happy talents of ſome of his numerous commentators would have found a reaſon for his ſo doing, and whatever the number of his books had been, we ſhould certainly have known by what motive it was determined. This inclination of attributing to ſome cauſe what in fact was the effect of chance, will always enable a man of a warm imagination to aſſign a number of reaſons, and not to derogate from the Merit of the poets of antiquity, this inclination has given them reputation for beauties which they themſelves never thought of.

Whether Homer's books are twenty-four for any other reaſon than that they are not twenty-five, or ſome other number, can never be certainly determined, nor indeed is the matter in the leaſt worth our enquiry, yet the happy aſſigning ſome reaſon for it has influenced his ſucceſſors to divide their works as they have done. Thus Herodotus has juſt the ſame number of books as there are muſes, and Virgil was, perhaps, induced by ſome motive for limitting his Æneid to twelve. Milton is ſaid

ſaid to have changed his books from ten to twelve for no other reaſon than to make them equal to Virgil's, and Cowley owns, that if he had finiſhed his Davideis he ſhould likewiſe have followed his example.

AMONGST the various inſtances of whimſical regularity, I have obſerved an inclination in mankind of beginning the new year well, and a determination of abandoning ſome little follies which they are determined to indulge themſelves in no longer than the 31ſt of December. I am myſelf acquainted with a man who loves his bottle, who is ſeldom ſober in that month, becauſe he has aſſured his wife that he will never be guilty of exceſs during all the next year. I knew a ſtudent in the temple who ſtrenuouſly determined to begin the new year with the cloſeſt application to ſtudy, which he thought, ſuch is the folly of mankind, a very good reaſon for not reading a word 'till it came. Many inſtances of this kind are obvious enough to thoſe who know any thing of mankind. I wiſh that we could likewiſe perceive that they purſued their reſolutions into action, and reformed in reality, their character and conduct; but ſuch is the

weakneſs

neſs of human determinations, that men in general preſerve them but for a few days, aſſume their former practices, and defer amendment again 'till the enſuing year.

I ALWAYS conſider the laſt, ſays an old friend of mine, as the moſt debauched month in the year, becauſe men are then taking leave of their follies and vices. There is certainly a good deal of truth in the obſervation, and I could wiſh that the abſtinence which followed in January were a recompence for the uncommon indulgence which then prevails.

THE ſpectator has adviſed the fair ſex to beware of the month of May. Methinks he might with equal propriety have cautioned mankind to beware of thoſe which precede it, and to be remarkably circumſpect in the firſt part of the year, as there might be ſome probability of their continuing well, from the meer love of order, as well as the ſuperiority they will by that time have obtained over their antagoniſts.

IT is not uncommon for ſome extraordinary efforts towards virtue to be made at

at this ſeaſon of amendment. I have known a miſer do a generous act, which ſerved him for an inſtance to boaſt of, and was conſidered by him as an aggregate of generoſity ſufficient for a whole year. I have often ſmiled at the man I mentioned before for his determining to become a tea-drinker, and was greatly ſurpriſed at his becoming one in reality; but to uſe his own words, *as it unhappily raked upon his ſtomach, he found himſelf obliged to qualify it with a little brandy*; and by ſometimes forgetting how many ſpoonfuls he put in, I have ſeen him the worſe for his afternoon's tea.

I HAVE known ſome great people pay their tradeſmen's bills, and determine to contract no more debts of honour. I have known a faſhionable wife keep good hours, and a more faſhionable huſband diſcharge his miſtreſs, whom he kept to be in taſte. But theſe extraordinary inſtances of amendment are ſeldom of long continuance, the time ſoon comes when the ſharper's claim is again preferred to the honeſt tradeſman's, when my lady relapſes into her former hours, and my lord is tyrannized by a new miſtreſs.

THUS

THUS does the world, my Leontes, proceed, and if I may be allowed the expreſſion, *proannuate*, their intended reformation without conſidering that vices and follies are never ſo eaſily conquered as in their infancy, and that time will ſo encreaſe their power as to render oppoſition fruitleſs.

THE man, therefore, who would ſucceed in eradicating certain habits, ſhould never defer it a moment beyond the time in which he deſcovers them. Indeed I am convinced that reſolutions to reform are never effectual, unleſs they are immediately carried into execution; and conſider that kind of determination I have been here ſpeaking of, as one of the ingenious ſophiſms by which we delude ourſelves into a temporary indulgence of our paſſions.

LUCINDA apprehends, that Clarinda is got into the *proannuating* ſcheme, from her delaying the viſit ſhe intends us ſo long, and deſires her to ſhorten, as much as poſſible, our moments of expectation. Believe me, &c.

LET-

LETTER LIV.

To ARISTUS.

July 2d, 1747.

IT has been remarked, my Ariſtus, by a celebrated writer, that the country affords us little more than an opportunity of ſeeing the vices of mankind, without offering to our view the numerous follies which prevail in cities and the metropolis of every kingdom. The truth of this is evident always to me whenever I am in town, where I find that folly when hunted down in one form ſtarts up in another, and like a witch, eludes every effort which the more reaſonable part of mankind employ for her deſtruction. As I am fond of ſeeing human nature in all its attitudes, I generally employ myſelf for the few firſt days after my arrival, in the only ſpecies of hunting I admire, which is that of characters; for this purpoſe, my Ariſtus, I am ſeen in the very ſame day at the two extremities of the town, and viſit in my way thoſe coffee-houſes where I fancy I can ſtart.

SOME

SOME buſineſs obliged me, this morning to breakfaſt with a merchant in the city, and upon my return I determined to obſerve, as much as poſſible, the objects which ſhould offer themſelves to my attention. I fancied that I diſcerned in many phyſiognomies the anxiety of the tradeſman, where I would rather have remarked the moſt perfect ſerenity, and ſaw with a kind of indignation and pity, thoſe who were wrinkled in the acquiſition of wealth, ſtill toiling for its increaſe. I fancied that the remark of old Cornaro, *that there ſhould be ſome time ſet apart for reflection before a ſoldier's death*, might be extended with equal propriety to the tradeſman. The numerous cares, the ſuſpence and fears which are ſo cloſely, and inſeparably connected with that ſituation, muſt prevent the mind from attending to the truths of our religion, the contemplation of which affords ſo pleaſing an exerciſe at a time when every other pleaſure has deſerted us.

IN this train of thinking was my mind engaged, when I found that I had miſtaken my way; I applied to the firſt perſon I ſaw

to

to direct me, who ſaid in a weak and faltering voice, that he had nothing for me, and continued his accuſtomed pace. I could ſcarcely help ſmiling at his miſtake, when I told him ſomewhat louder, that I wanted his directions and not his money. He eyed me with a look which conveyed the ſtrongeſt marks of ſuſpicion, and ſliding his hands downwards to ſecure his pockets, gave me the information I deſired.

THIS accident naturally led me to conſider the nature of ſuſpicion, and the anxiety the man muſt feel who guards himſelf with the utmoſt caution againſt thoſe who never intended him an injury. I could not help thinking that I had interrupted him whilſt he was meditating on his wealth, and congratulating himſelf on the poſſeſſion of riches he had no ſoul to enjoy or beſtow. There is no part of mankind, I believe, ſo ſubject to ſuſpicion as the commercial; they have found, perhaps, too often, that deceit was concealed beneath the appearance of honour, and have been injured by thoſe in whom their firmeſt confidence has been placed; from hence they have been induced to ſuſpect that all mankind may be rogues,

and

and to eſtabliſh a maxim that every individual ſhould be treated with as if he was known to be a bad man.

HOWEVER uſeful the obſervance of this maxim may be in our commerce with the world, it would give me great pain to hear a youth juſt entering amongſt mankind repeat it as the ſtandard of his conduct. An eminent writer, my Ariſtus, has remarked, that his ſuſpicion of mankind can ſcarcely ariſe from the frequent abuſe of confidence, the detection of fraud, or the experienced baſeneſs of his fellow-creatures, his prudence, therefore, for by that ſoftening name will his ſuſpicion be generally expreſſed, can ariſe only from the native blackneſs of his diſpoſition.

I WAS drawn from reflections of this nature by a coach's overturning, which had collected a number of people together; as ſoon as the perſons who were in it were diſengaged, I heard an elderly man ſay to his wife, as I ſuppoſed, that he was not much ſurpriſed at the accident, becauſe the coach had the ſame number with their ticket in the laſt lottery, which came up a blank. I ſhould now have certainly entered on a

ſeries

ſeries of reflections concerning ſuperſtition, if I had not, upon putting my hand in my pocket, miſſed my handkerchief, by which means I was led to wiſh that ſome effectual means could be taken by which this kind of theivery might be prevented, and a number of idle and diſſolute fellows be rendered of ſervice to their country.

I NOW entered a coffee-houſe, where buſineſs had drawn together a number of people of different ages, and of different nations. Their converſation was in general relative to commerce; but ſee for a ſhort ſpace their attention is taken from their uſual topick by the appearance of one who ſeemed to be of a different race of beings. An air of libertiniſm was ſpread over his countenance, his dreſs was careleſs and expenſive, he walked with an air which cannot be deſcribed, drew an elegant ſnuff-box from his pocket, and called for a glaſs of orgeat in a tone of voice which theſe walls had ſeldom reverberated. When the waiter brought it, he aſked him if Sir Theophilus Bamboozle frequented this houſe; upon the boy's ſaying innocently that he did not know, but he would aſk his miſtreſs, my fine gentleman burſted into a

immoderate fit of laughter, and ſat without confuſion amidſt the eyes of all. This ſtrange phænomenon, like a comet, was of no long continuance; after he had looked a little round him, he called the waiter, and giving him a ſixpence, told him to pay for the orgeat, and keep the remainder himſelf. After this he departed with a ſmile, and ſaying loud enough to be heard, Rot me, a pack of queer old ſouls.

This did not a little amuſe the company, which now I perceived was encreaſed by the old gentleman from whom I had juſt before enquired the way. Upon applying to the perſon who ſat next me, I found him to be what I before imagined, a man in poſſeſſion of a monſtrous fortune which he had rather ſaved than acquired, who never knew what it was to relieve a fellow-creature, though he had no family of his own to whom his fortune would deſcend. He has quarrelled with his neareſt relation for giving a coat to a ſervant before it was turned, and never kept a promiſe which he did not give under his hand.

THIS man was contraſted by another I obſerved, whoſe phyſiognomy intereſted me in his favour; it beſpoke the utmoſt candour and integrity, and wore a placid ſerenity, which I obſerved in none of the reſt. His dreſs was extremely neat, and ſuited at once to his ſituation and age. This was a merchant who had been fortunate; but envy could not ſay he had ever deviated from the ſtricteſt juſtice. He never gave his word without the moſt punctual obſervance of it, he had the trueſt ſenſe of his duty to God and man, and beſtowed in charity the greateſt part of what his induſtry acquired. A man of this character, who collects with the noble deſign of diſtributing among the indigent and oppreſſed, is an honour to human nature, and deſerves to be reverenced as a bleſſing.

AS I am poſſeſſed of a conſiderable ſhare of philanthropy, the ſerenity of this good man imparted its influence to me, and I left the place with a ſenſation of ſatisfaction at having ſeen ſo amiable a character. I could not avoid obſerving, as I paſſed along the ſtreets, a kind of amphibious animal, called

a city prentice, with ſhoes japanned and wig powdered with the niceſt art; they attend the fair ſex and from thence contract a pertneſs which is their diſtinguiſhing characteriſtick. When ſunday releaſes them from the counter, they are found ſauntering at George's, where they talk in loud whiſpers of their amours, and are ready to die with laughing at adventures which never happened.

At length, my Ariſtus, I advanced towards the court, when the objects were every moment changing; the love of money was loſt in that of pleaſure, and the numbers of the hackney coaches were converted into coronets. I again entered a coffee-houſe, where idleneſs had collected the company together, where the word money was heard only amidſt the loſſes or gains of gaming, and where the Phænomenon I have already deſcribed would have attracted no peculiar notice. The warmth with which a perſon near me converſed, excited my curioſity to liſten to what he ſaid: I then diſtinguiſhed ſomething to this effect; 'Sir, ſaid he, to 'the perſon he was with, you may be aſ- 'ſured that 'tis falſe, he is one of thoſe ridi- 'culous

'culous creatures who boaſt of favours 'they never received, and ruin the repu-'tations of the innocent. I dined yeſterday 'with my lord —— where, amongſt other 'things, we talked of this ridiculous practice. 'My lord, whom all the world allows to 'be a man of infinite underſtanding, was 'very ſevere upon theſe gentlemen, and 'agreeed with me, that they are highly de-'ſerving contempt.'

AFTER his having thus inveighed againſt boaſting, you will certainly be ſurpriſed to hear that his dining with my lord —— was nothing but meer vaunt, and that I ſaw him taking a beef-ſtake yeſterday at a chop-houſe. However ridiculous men of this character appear when they are diſcovered, it is certain that they do not deſerve the epithets of cruel, baſe, and ungenerous, like thoſe who endeavour to blaſt the reputations of virtuous women. No fatal conſequences can ariſe from their ſaying that they were ſuch a day in company with the earl of —— or my lord ——, and the ſmile of deriſion is the higheſt puniſhment they deſerve.

In this place, my Ariſtus, I obſerved a certain character, called the coffee-houſe ſaunterer, which muſt ſurely be the moſt unhappy one a man can poſſeſs. Bred to no profeſſion, devoted to no particular ſtudies or amuſements, how can he paſs a day of ſo many hours? He riſes rather by inſtinct, than inclination, at eleven, and loiters away the intervening hours between that and the time of dining at the coffee-houſe. How often is the dial conſulted, and how tardy do the minutes ſeem to move 'till it comes? The theatres happily offer him an aſylum in the evening; and to theſe he repairs, not to admire the force of an applauded actor, or the ſublimity of a celebrated poet, but meerly to paſs ſo many hours away.

In the ſummer, when the theatres are ſhut, the publick gardens ſupply their place; but ſee, unhappily the morning lowers, and he fears it will be no weather for Vauxhall; it brightens, his ſpirits chear, and again, in a ſhort time, every hope is baniſhed by the deſcending rain. What a melancholy number of hours are now before him?

He

He calls on a friend, who is abſent, and leads a joyleſs life 'till he retires to ſleep, in hopes of ſunſhine the next day, and pleaſed he can paſs ſo many hours without being a buthen to himſelf.

FROM hence, my Ariſtus, I went to dine with Aranthes, where I found my Lucinda, and ſpent the remainder of the day. It appeared to me from the variety of reflections it produced, an extremely long one, and has led me into an uncommon length of letter. If it affords you the leaſt entertainment I ſhall be greatly pleaſed. A proof of my friendſhip you muſt certainly deem it, when I aſſure you I never write long letters but to thoſe whom I greatly eſteem, and from whom I ſhall rejoice to receive much longer in return. Lucinda deſires me to ſend you her beſt wiſhes. Believe me, &c.

LETTER LV.

To ARISTUS *from* Bath.

Nov. 15th, 1748.

YOU will by this time, perhaps, my Ariſtus, begin to imagine, that the amuſements of this ſcene of pleaſure have driven you from my thoughts, and may rank me amongſt the number of thoſe who enter into engagements from a momentary ſtart of good-nature, which are ſoon forgotten and neglected.

I MUST at preſent own that appearances are conſiderably againſt me, yet believe me, my ſilence has proceeded from no diminution of eſteem, nor indifference which diſtance has excited, it ariſes on the contrary, however paradoxical it may ſeem, from a knowledge of your diſpoſition, and a deſire of contributing in ſome meaſure to its gratification.

HAD I imagined that an exact deſcription of the publick buildings in this city would have given you the leaſt ſatisfaction,

you

you had certainly before this received a letter in folio; but as I am convinced you would look with indifference on the letter which ſhould tell you the length of the rooms, or ſome truth of equal importance, I deferred writing 'till I could ſay ſomething on the characters of the company, a ſubject which even in my manner of treating it will afford you more entertainment.

It is at firſt, my Ariſtus, ſomewhat ſtrange that the votaries of pleaſure ſhould fix upon a place where they muſt often be reminded that no age is exempt from diſeaſe, and frequently perceive the intruſion of reflections which muſt ſuppreſs the ſmiles of gaiety. One would rather have imagined that they ſhould fly the ſilent morality of pain and anguiſh, to aſſemble where every object around inſpired joy.

This, however, is naturally enough to be accounted for. As ſoon as the virtues of theſe waters became known, the diſeaſed were followed to them by a train of relations, who influenced by affection or intereſt, came to attend their laſt moments, or participate the joy of their recovery. For

thoſe who enjoyed the bleſſing of health it was neceſſary to find ſome amuſement to relieve them from the conſtant attendance of ſickneſs, and pleaſure was thought to haſten likewiſe the recovery which the waters had happily begun.

As the reputation of the waters increaſed, the votaries of health became more numerous, and conſequently thoſe alſo who were in no want of their ſalutary power. It now became the intereſt of ſome individuals to contribute to the amuſement of the company, and hence, by degrees the publick buildings devoted to that purpoſe have riſen.

Without ſome ſuch motive we ſhould never have ſeen the votaries of pleaſure collected in any particular place but the metropolis. Fine proſpects, or ſerene air, would never have prevailed on a number of them to aſſemble together, becauſe they are to be found in ſo many places. Whereas neceſſity having given riſe to amuſements of a peculiar nature in places like Bath, it is frequented at preſent by thoſe who come neither in ſearch of health themſelves, or to accompany others who do.

From

FROM conſidering it in this manner, it is eaſy to conceive how it has grown into its preſent ſtate, when pleaſure is the general purſuit of the place, and become its diſtinguiſhing characteriſtick.

I THINK I promiſed you a circumſtantial account of this place: I ſhall begin, like other travellers, with an account of its government, which is entirely monarchical. The ruler is diſtinguiſhed from his ſubjects by a white hat and a buckle on the fore part of his neck. Though his edicts be perfectly abſolute, they are chearfully complied with; and ſo little does he reſemble moſt other ſovereigns, that he walks unaccompanied by his guards amidſt thouſands, and converſes with thoſe around him with the utmoſt chearfulneſs and condeſcenſion. Some of his enemies, however, have affirmed that he is not entirely free from ſuſpicion, and ground their aſſertion on his not permitting his ſubjects to carry arms, not even to wear a ſword; but this will have but little weight, if we conſider that he is nevertheleſs entirely in their power.

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THE power of the preſent ruler has grown with the people, and, as I have already ſaid, they obey with pleaſure. It is however thought that great confuſion will ariſe upon his deceaſe, unleſs he ſhould name his heir and ſucceſſor; though even in that it is thought the form of government will change conſiderably, and deviate into a kind of ariſtocracy.

BUT to drop alluſion, my Ariſtus, there is a ſameneſs in the pleaſures of this place, and one day ſo perfectly reſembles another, that I ſoon grow tired of it, and feel the want of domeſtick calmneſs and content. There is, however, near this place an object which never fails of attracting my attention, which is the houſe of the good Mr. Allen, a man whoſe character, Ariſtus, has often admired with me. I look on this building with peculiar pleaſure, and fancy I ſee him in his elegant library enjoying the recollection of virtuous actions, or determining what eye he ſhall next brighten, or what boſom chear. I ſee him with that ſerenity which the good man only knows, and cannot help offering

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a wiſh to heaven that his life may be continued to a happy length of years.

FROM contemplating his virtues I am naturally led to repine, that amongſt the number who poſſeſs abilities, ſo few ſhould follow his example, and ſacrifice entirely to pleaſure, the wealth with which they might relieve.

AN ingenious gentleman of our acquaintance here, ſays, that Bath is one of the few places where an Engliſhman forgets to be a politician; there is, I believe, ſome truth in the obſervation, which may be ſupported by an inſtance from antient hiſtory, which is ſomething parallel. When Cicero returned from the quæſtorſhip of Sicily, he left it extremely pleaſed with the ſucceſs of his adminiſtration, and flattering himſelf that all Rome was celebrating his praiſes, and that the people would readily grant him every thing that he deſired. In this imagination he landed at Puteoli, a conſiderable port adjoining to Baiæ, the chief ſeat of pleaſure in Italy, where there was a perpetual reſort of all the rich and the great, as well for the delights of its ſituation, as the uſe of its Baths and hot waters.

But

But here, as he himſelf pleaſantly tells the ſtory, he was not a little mortified by the firſt friend whom he met, who aſked him how long he had left Rome, and what news there? When he anſwered, he came from the provinces. From Africk, I ſuppoſe, ſays another; and upon his replying with ſome indignation, No, I come from Sicily, a third, who ſtood by, and a had mind to be thought wiſer, ſaid preſently, How! did you not know that Cicero was quæſtor of Syracuſe? Upon which, perceiving it in vain to be angry, he fell into the humour of the place, and made himſelf one of the company who came to drink the waters.

I FANCY from this account in Middleton's ingenious life of Cicero, that the company at Baiæ and Bath had a great reſemblance in the ignorance of publick affairs, and that health or pleaſure were the only things they purſued. I was yeſterday in a bookſeller's ſhop, where I took up the third volume of l'Abbé le Blanc's letters on the Engliſh nation, and read, amongſt others, a letter of his from Bath. To me his remarks appear extremely trite, and taken rather from report than obſervation. The mention

mention of the water's efficacy to bleſs a long expecting huſband with an heir, or to cure the fair ſex of the vapours, is highly inſipid. But what ſhall we ſay, when a moment after he advances the moſt glaring falſity imaginable?

At London he ſays, a circle of ladies at their tea-table is, in general, a dull affair, they talk but little unleſs ſcandal be the topick, and even the moſt gallant of their acquaintance are afraid to join them. At Bath, on the contrary, the tea-tables are very gay, and the tea they uſe is different from that which is taken in every other part of England. The common tea has no power on the ſpirits, that of Bath inſpires melancholy itſelf with chearfulneſs, and is made of brandy, arrack, lemon and ſugar. Wine itſelf does not communicate more gaiety; for which reaſon the ladies make great uſe of it; they call it arrack tea, which, however, every where elſe is known by the name of punch. In town the women are obliged to lay a reſtraint upon themſelves, and cannot drink but in private: here anniſeed and citron-water are part of the tea-equipage.

SUCH are the falſities with which this writer hath injured our fair country women, and which prove, almoſt to a demonſtration, that he was never here himſelf. Indeed his whole letter contains ſuch remarks only as he might gather from common converſation in London, and which I am aſſured would have been ſupplied with more original, and entertaining ones, if he had really ſeen the place; for he does not appear in other parts of the work to be a bad writer.

AMONG the various characters which may be ſeen in this place, I have obſerved a man who proves, that great abilities and weakneſs may be joined in the ſame individual; ſevere upon the follies of others his raillery wounds, infatuated with the love of play his fortune ſuffers. The motive which determines him to purſue it is neither want nor avarice, and continued loſſes to ſcoundrels he deſpiſes, cannot convince him they are his ſuperiors. 'Tis his ambition to be thought a ſkilful player, and to ſhew the confidence he has of himſelf he riſks his money. That which men would wiſh to be eſteemed they ſoon fancy they are in reality; his loſſes therefore

are

are attributed to ill luck, and the common ſophiſm, that it cannot always continue, prevails on him to proceed. Such is the conduct of a man whoſe talents are deſervedly admired, and who frequently apologizes for his folly by the moſt genuine ſtrokes of wit.

So far, my Ariſtus, I have endeavoured to afford you amuſement, I will now give you pleaſure, by informing you that my Lucinda's complaint is entirely removed, and that Leontes, his Clarinda and myſelf are well. Believe me, &c.

LETTER LVI.

To AMELIA.

Jan. 6th, 1749.

AT this ſeaſon of the year when thoſe who beſtow nothing elſe are laviſh of their wiſhes, I have been conſidering, Amelia, what preſent to make you; as I am incapable of offering you my heart, I have determined to offer you my advice, and that perhaps may ſecure you another which will pleaſe you better. This I am determined to do from having obſerved your diſpoſition, and being aſſured that it will not be contemned nor rejected.

YOU are juſt now entering upon the age when you will ſeldom hear the language of ſincerity but from ſuch as me, and adulation, which you have not long known, will ſupply its place. The extravagant epithets which are generally beſtowed on the fair ſex at your age, have an intoxicating quality, and make them forget the ſhort duration of perſonal charms, and neglect the attainment of more laſting ones.

BEAUTY

BEAUTY has been called in every age a tranſient flower, which withers in a ſhort ſpace; but beauty even if it were permanent and fixed, would be inſufficient to preſerve the paſſion of love. When once it is grown familiar to the eye, its power is loſt, and it muſt then be aſſiſted by the amiable qualities of the boſom and the mind.

Do not imagine me one of thoſe formal and auſtere old fellows, who have forgot their moments of youth, and expect from that age what cannot in nature be complied with. I aſk from you no rigid abſtinence from every amuſement, no conſtant and unwearied application to the improvement of your underſtanding, nor do I adviſe you, Amelia, to baniſh the men from your ſociety, as I am aſſured you have not been taught to jump into the arms of the firſt pretty fellow you ſhall meet, by hearing at every moment that men are *horrible creatures.*

WOMEN who have always converſed with women want an amiable eaſe in their behaviour, as men who have been but little with the fair ſex want politeneſs and refinement.

It is neceſſary, however, to be extremely cautious in ſelecting your male acquaintance, and by the niceſt circumſpection prevent the ſlanderous tongue of envy. Thoſe of your own ſex who want charms to attract attention, are too much inclined to cenſure and to view the conduct of others with malignant eyes, which they wiſh to purſue themſelves. It will not therefore be enough to be virtuous in reality, if by a too great levity in your behaviour you afford to malice an opportunity of ſullying your reputation. But envy, perhaps you will tell me, wants no real occaſion to blacken, ſhe exerts her malice on the faireſt characters, and can be avoided by no poſſible precaution. This, Amelia, is, I own, too true, but cenſure which is not grounded on probable appearances at leaſt, will be thought by mankind to ariſe from envy, and be treated with that contempt it deſerves.

It is in the power of the fair ſex, in a great meaſure, to regulate the behaviour of their acquaintance, and to prevent even impudence itſelf from tranſgreſſing the laws of politeneſs. I remember, when I myſelf was young, to have been convinced of this truth, and to have ſeen men, who in ſome companies

paniés were ſcarcely decent, ſo awed in others, as never to have deviated from the moſt perfect modeſty. This was not, Amelia, the effect of prudery, but of affability, blended with reſerve, good ſenſe with a laudable pride, and good nature with prudence.

WHERE theſe are juſtly obſerved, indecency dares not appear, and the inſipid and immodeſt jeſt will never be often repeated where it is not encouraged, much leſs where it is treated with inattention. In a word, if modeſty be found to procure your favour, thoſe who wiſh to preſerve or obtain it will purſue her dictates, and thoſe who are ſtrangers to her charms will avoid your ſociety.

I SHALL now offer to your attention ſome obſervations for your conduct towards a lover, which ſeem naturally to follow what I have ſaid with reſpect to a general acquaintance. I am no ſtranger to the power which perſuaſion has on the hearts of the fair ſex at your age, and how much they in general prefer the man who can ſay *the tendereſt things imaginable.* Yet believe me, Amelia,

the ſincerity of a lover's paſſion is not always to be meaſured by the eloquence with which he expreſſes it. Men of the greateſt underſtanding frequently make the moſt inelegant lovers, and have nothing but *ſincerity and merit* to recommend their paſſion. Theſe are, I am afraid, too often rejected for admirers of a romantick turn, who woe in ſcraps of tragedy and high-flown metaphors, and have no reaſon to hope for ſucceſs but the *weakneſs of thoſe they addreſs.*

To examine the character of the man who ſollicits your affection, ſhould be the next ſtep to approving him, and not deferred, as is too frequently the caſe, 'till little more than indifference is ripened into love, and the dictates of prudence cannot be liſtened to without the utmoſt pain. Indeed when partiality has taken root 'tis too late for enquiry, no vices will then appear in the colours they ought, nor any motives be thought ſufficient to excite a reſolution which love oppoſes. A little obſervation, Amelia, will convince you that this advice is extremely neceſſary; not that the addreſſes of a man you like muſt be refuſed becauſe his virtues are alloyed with trifling failings,

perfection

perfection and humanity can never be united, and he is the moſt deſerving your affection who has the feweſt of its weakneſſes.

To make a ſure conqueſt of a heart, you muſt neither ſtarve the tender paſſion of a lover in its infancy, nor render your affections cheap in his eſtimation by a too ſpeedy compliance. Many little favours muſt be denied, but none of that tyranny exerted which many of the fair ſex exerciſe over their lovers to ſhew their power. A little inconſiſtency, however, may be ſometimes of uſe, as I have known men whom uniformity would ſoon have cured, and whoſe paſſion was kept alive by a ſucceſſion of hopes and fears.

There is a part of female life when they ſcarcely know how to regulate their conduct, and which I therefore adviſe you to make as ſhort as poſſible; this is the time between your convincing your lover you will be his, and your being it in reality. Beſides the diſagreeable circumſtances which attend not knowing in what manner to behave, it is ſurely ridiculous, after you are once determined, to defer an admirer's felicity for any

length of time. We are not, Amelia, the cotemporaries of Shalum and Hilpa, and deliberation may be extended 'till it becomes abſurd.

WHENEVER you give your hand, may you give it to one whoſe heart you are in the abſolute poſſeſſion of, and whoſe virtues entitle him to your ſincereſt affection, and the love of all mankind. Believe me, &c.

LET-

LETTER LVII.

To CLEANTHES *from* Bath.

Nov. 10th, 1750.

HOWEVER fond of retirement I may be, I find Cleanthes is yet more ſo, or ſurely he would not reſiſt the united intreaties of his friends to join them at this ſcene of pleaſure. We ſhall urge our wiſhes no more, but we are determined to puniſh you by paſſing a few days with you in our return.

I WAS yeſterday at the rooms, when I met with a man whoſe face I remembered ſomething of; we looked at each other with that kind of uncertainty which is uſual, 'till an explanation enſues, and diſcovered our old ſchool-fellow Flavius. There is nothing more pleaſing to me than accidents of this nature; after a ſeparation of ſo many years as have elapſed ſince we ſaw one another at ſchool, there is a great amuſement in hearing and relating the ſtories of the intervening time. Flavius was extremely fond of the army, and purchaſed a commiſſion ſoon after he

he left us. His conduct I have often heard ſpoken of with applauſe, and yet he has had the mortification, after ſerving a number of years, and being expoſed to frequent dangers, to ſee youth and ignorance riſe to thoſe honours which are due to merit.

THIS determined him ſome time ſince to leave the army, and as he was then a batchelor, to live upon a little eſtate which he poſſeſſed, but luckily for him, he has met with an old flame of his, a widow, and is now enabled, by receiving her hand, to live in elegance and eaſe.

FLAVIUS invited me to dine with him to day, and from thence I am juſt returned. I found at the head of his table a very agreeable woman, who received me with that politeneſs which proved the elegance of her education, and her regard for Flavius, who introduced me to her as an old ſchoolfellow for whom he had the greateſt eſteem. After dinner he acquainted me with ſome circumſtances relative to his lady whom he admired in his *May of youth, and bloom of luſtihood*, as Shakeſpeare elegantly expreſſes it.

'I

'I HAVE ſeen, ſaid he, variety of inci-
'dents ſince we were laſt together, I have
'been amuſed with hopes and diſquieted
'by diſappointments, the remainder of my
'days I am determined to paſs in calmneſs
'and content. I am married to a very
'amiable woman, ſhe was daughter to a
'very rich old gentleman in —— where I
'was recruiting ſoon after I came into the
'army, at the aſſembly it was my good for-
'tune to dance with her, and my yet
'better fortune not to be diſpleaſing to
'her: we were ſoon lovers in the converſa-
'tion of the place, and her father, who
'thought that no man could make her
'happy without affluence, forbad her to ſee
'me, with an aſſurance that if ſhe threw
'herſelf away ſhe muſt expect no favour
'from him.

'I HAD ſeen, during the time I had then
'been in the army, ſo many inconvenien-
'cies which attend a ſoldier's marrying
'meerly for love, that I determined to
'think no more of urging my addreſſes,
'leſt the obſtinacy of her father ſhould
'involve the woman I loved in difficulties.

'My

'My ſtay was ſhort, and ſoon after I left the 'place the old gentleman forced his daugh-'ter to give her hand where ſhe could not 'give her heart. Upon my return to Eng-'land, ſome time ſince, I found her here 'at Bath; her huſband had been dead 'about two years, and left her in poſſeſſion 'of a very good eſtate. There was now no 'father to prevent my ſollicitations, nor had 'ſhe any averſion to my renewing them, 'ſhe therefore gave me her hand; and I 'can now inform my old friend, that I am 'perfectly content.

I CONGRATULATED him on his good fortune, and our converſation afterwards turned upon the affairs of the army; he lamented the condition of many brave and experienced officers, who after having paſſed through various dangers in the ſervice of their country, are ſubject to the command of boys and ſtriplings. Whilſt ſtations which ſhould be the reward of martial virtues, can be purchaſed, it is vain to hope that our officers can be animated like thoſe of a neighbouring nation; honour alone can ſupport the ſoldier in the day of battle; without this invigorating principle, humanity will tremble

tremble at the ſight of ſlaughter, and every danger will be avoided which neceſſity does not impoſe.

I HAVE frequently thought it, my Cleanthes, ſomewhat extraordinary, that our love of imitating the French nation ſhould be meerly confined to its follies; theſe are propagated here with great ſucceſs, and, like certain plants, flouriſh more than in their native ſoil, whilſt many examples which are truly worthy our imitation are neglected and deſpiſed. Amongſt many others, I think that the eſtabliſhment of an order analogous to that of St. Louis would be greatly beneficial to our country. The hopes of wearing in the publick eye a proof of having ſerved our country, muſt animate pride into the exertion of fortitude, and the contempt of ſurrounding dangers. To be thought brave is, perhaps, the moſt flattering of all things to mankind; what therefore will they not attempt for that diſtinction, which ſhall at all times evince merit without the imputation of boaſting. Why ſomething like this has ſo long been omitted is hard to ſay, unleſs we agree with Camillus, that our native country, whilſt ſhe adopts the follies

follies of every other nation will foſter no virtues but her own.

I WAS highly entertained with an officer who dined with us to day, one major —— in an advanced age he has all the vivacity of youth, and, like Neſtor, is greatly inclined to talk of the actions of his earlier years. His toaſt after dinner was all the pretty girls at Bath; and, with a whiſper, he told me that he had a girl in keeping here, at whoſe lodgings he ſhould be glad to ſee me, and Flavius would ſhew me the way.

I WOULD not refuſe his invitation, but went the next day, where I was introduced to his daughter. This wench, ſaid the old gentleman, I have kept theſe twenty years, and I hope to keep her as long as I live. There was ſomething ſo affectionate in his manner of ſpeaking theſe words, that I conceived a very good opinion of his diſpoſition, and Flavius afterwards informed me, that his life had been paſſed with chearfulneſs and pleaſure, but that no man had been a better huſband, or could be a better father.

AFTER

AFTER the tea-things were removed, he deſired his daughter to entertain us with a ſong, which ſhe did in a very genteel and agreeable manner. The old gentleman ſo greatly pleaſed me, that I gave him an invitation to paſs ſome time with me in the country. I accept your propoſal on no other terms, ſaid he, than your permitting me to bring my girl with me; for ſince her mother's death I have never been abſent from her a day. I aſſured him that nothing could be more agreeable than his conditions, and told him I had myſelf a daughter who would receive the young lady with the greateſt pleaſure.

WELL, ſince that is the caſe, ſaid he, you may depend upon ſeeing us ſoon. What ſay you, Belinda to the gentleman's invitation? She very politely replied, that nothing could be diſagreeable to her that he approved. You will be pleaſed, Cleanthes, with the major, who has ſeen a great deal of the world, has an exceſſive ſhare of ſpirits, with great good nature and underſtanding. His wit has made him a welcome companion to the great, his penetration has diſcovered their

characters,

characters, and his converſation is therefore enlivened with a number of amuſing anecdotes.

FLAVIUS enquired in a very friendly manner after you, and talks of coming to ſee you. I have told him how fond you are grown of retirement, and that there is little probability of your leaving your favourite ſhades for any inducement whatever. You ſee, Cleanthes, I have executed your commands, and have juſt room in my paper to add that we are all well, and that I am, with the moſt perfect ſincerity, yours, &c.

LET-

LETTER LVIII.

To CLEANTHES.

Dec. 3d, 1751.

I Have now, my Cleanthes, ſeen the celebrated player in all his characters, and can truly ſay, I have found him ſuperior to the idea I entertained of him. Enthuſiaſtically fond of Shakeſpeare as you are, you have not yet felt his force: in the cloſet you may admire the ſuperiority of his genius, accompanied with Garrick's action, you will ——————I want a word to expreſs the pleaſure it muſt afford you.

'TILL now the player has generally come ſhort of my own conceptions; Garrick, on the contrary, has vaſtly exceeded them. The man who can view him in Lear without tears muſt have ſomething about his heart which I have not, and which none, I am aſſured, ſhould have.

I WOULD enter into a more minute account of his excellencies, but deſcription cannot

convey an idea of them; let him tempt you then, whom nothing elſe can tempt, from the ſhades of ——. I dare promiſe that you will leave the town enraptured, and with a reſolution of ſeeing it again.

Upon my returning from the theatre I have ſometimes taken up the part which I have juſt been entertained with; I have then ſeen new beauties which I never remarked before, and wondered from their then appearing ſo obvious, that they could before have eſcaped my notice. Thus, my Cleanthes, will it be with you when you return to your admired poet, you will recall, as you read, the action which accompanied ſuch and ſuch parts, and receive by that means an additional pleaſure from his exalted genius.

I have frequently wiſhed that the player, like the poet, could leave his exellencies to poſterity, and that Garrick, like Shakeſpeare, might charm for ages yet to come. It is indeed a painful reflection, that the powers of an applauded actor muſt ſink into the grave with himſelf, and that he has no ſooner reached his higheſt point of perfection, than he is ſnatched from the admiration of mankind.

THE moſt that the celebrated player can poſſibly do is to impart his powers in ſome meaſure to another; but to impart them with their full force another muſt be found of equal genius with himſelf. That ſuch are not common amongſt mankind is but too evident, it is therefore more than probable, that as Shakeſpeare's name is mentioned with delight, poſterity will ſpeak of Garrick with regret.

POSTERITY is perhaps too comprehenſive a word. The generality of mankind in all ages cannot form ideas of any thing beyond what they ſee or hear, they will therefore conſider the beſt player of their times, as one who has reached the extent of his profeſſion, and accuſe the man of partiality who ſhall ſay he remembered a Garrick in his youth by far ſuperior to him they ſo greatly admire. The few, however, of taſte, will ſcarcely be of the ſame opinion; when they hear the player applauded who comes greatly ſhort of their own idea's, they will ſay, perhaps, this is no Garrick, and wiſh that nature, which bleſſed him with uncommon talents, had reſerved him for themſelves

UNDER proper reſtrictions, the theatre may, I think, afford us one of the moſt rational of all amuſements, I could therefore wiſh that every thing was baniſhed from it that modeſty may be offended by. It is not a little ſurpriſing to me that comedies ſo full of indecency as the Old Batchelor, the Double Dealer, and ſome others are, ſhould continue on the ſtage, not ſo much from their offending the graver part of mankind, as becauſe the fair ſex might baniſh them from the theatre. I have frequently been at a loſs to gueſs by what means they can ſit unmoved and unblushing, amidſt a crowded audience, at what no man would dare to read, and which would give them the utmoſt confuſion at their tea tables. Methinks, however, they have no right to be offended at the ſmart who diſplays his wit in double entendres, when they give him ſo publick an invitation to it.

I AM ſomewhat angry, methinks, with our fair country women for giving countenance to obſcenity, by appearing where they know it will be repeated; they have nothing to do

to

to reform our theatre in this particular but to be abſent; where there is no check to which a bluſh can be called, an immodeſt ſentence muſt loſe its merit and intent, and every endeavour to procure applauſe by indecency would ſoon be neglected if it were found to offend the fairer half of an audience. Believe me, &c.

LETTER LIX.

To EUMENES.

June 28th, 1752.

YOU are now, my Eumenes, in poſſeſſion of an extenſive fortune, which you had once but a diſtant hope of ever enjoying, and have determined, I find, to deſert the law. I am pleaſed to hear, at the ſame time, that your heart, which was engaged to one of the moſt amiable of her ſex remains unalterable in its fidelity, and as truly devoted to the object of its wiſhes as ever.

To ſwell with arrogance and pride at unexpected good fortune, is one of the complaints which has exiſted in every age, and every language has reiterated. It is indeed certain, that weak minds are generally inebriated with proſperity, and conſider thoſe below them with contempt, though once their equals in the gifts of fortune, and now their ſuperiors in thoſe of nature.

IT is ſaid of Cato that he choſe not ſo much to appear virtuous as to be ſo. With reſpect

to

to happineſs, men are quite the reverſe, and had rather be thought happy than enjoy felicity unknown; it is not therefore to be wondered at that the wealthy ſhould keep their inferiors at a diſtance, leſt, upon too cloſe an inſpection it ſhould be found that affluence cannot prevent the intruſion of care and anxiety, nor render them deſervedly the objects of envy to thoſe beneath them. The generality of mankind whoſe circumſtances are rather below mediocrity, imagine that affluence can gild every moment with content and pleaſure, and render life an uninterrupted ſcene of eaſe and happineſs. The artiſan, or tradeſman, who, after ſome little indulgence, returns to his employment, will naturally enough conceive, that if fortune ſhould ſmile he might then be as happy every day of his life as in the few which he now devotes to amuſement. He will ſcarcely ſuſpect that neceſſity, which detains him from the frequent enjoyment of pleaſure, gives every diverſion its greateſt charms; or that independence and anxiety can ever be united. This animates mankind to the purſuit of wealth, which a thouſand meanneſſes are made uſe of to procure; it cannot therefore be thought ſtrange, that men

who have riſen to proſperity by the low arts of fawning and adulation, ſhould require the ſame ſervilities from thoſe below them which they once paid to others, and expect diſtinction and deference from thoſe who were once their equals.

This may, perhaps, be the reaſon why a tradeſman retired with a vaſt fortune becomes the moſt conſequential creature in the world, and aſſumes a ſuperiority over thoſe about him, which renders him ſo much the object of contempt. As for thoſe who are born to eaſe, and are conſequently exempted from mean dependance on the will of others, if unexpected proſperity ſhould ſo greatly elevate them, as to make them deſpiſe the friends of their leſs exalted hours, I know no circumſtances which can palliate their conduct, or ſecure them from the cenſure of mankind.

This, my Eumenes, is your caſe, be careful then to appear to thoſe whom you have thought worthy your friendſhip as you have hitherto done; let them ſee that fortune has no influence on your opinion of their virtues, nor any power over the affections of your heart.

heart. By this conduct you will at once prove your ſteadineſs and humanity; for, believe me, nothing can more ſenſibly wound a man of delicacy, than to find that he had placed his regard on one whom fortune could make forgetful of that friend who had never by his conduct deſerved neglect.

IT is not, however, to be expected that you can eſcape without blame, I might add, it not even to be wiſhed. Many of thoſe who are amongſt your ſlighteſt acquaintance, and whom you would in no circumſtances admit to participate your friendſhip, will now pretend to the greateſt intimacy; if theſe are rejected, as they certainly ſhould be, with the appearance of coldneſs, they will not fail of repeating that *you are now too great a man to look upon your old friends; but 'tis the way of the world, and what they ought to expect.*

SUCH is the language of thoſe who are invited by your poſſeſſions only to ſhare your regard, and who want the many requiſites which are neceſſary to deſerve your friendſhip. Such are the cenſures I am contented you ſhould bear if it cannot be

be aſſerted at the ſame time, that you have looked with the eye of indifference on a man in whom you had repoſed the firmeſt confidence. For I hope, my Eumenes, and believe that you have formed no connections with any but ſuch whoſe friendſhip would do you honour in the moſt exalted ſtation of life.

I AM almoſt convinced that it is needleſs to exhort you to that uſe of your wealth which may make it a bleſſing; you have it now in your power to enjoy as much felicity as a human creature can hope for in this life, where many accidents muſt happen to wound repoſe, which no human foreſight can prevent, nor the greateſt fortitude ſuſtain without anguiſh. You may now give to dejected merit the balm of eaſe, to diſeaſe the joys of health, and liberty, the moſt invaluable of all our bleſſings, to one who has not deſerved its loſs. To yourſelf, my Eumenes, you will give the higheſt of all gratifications in a good man's eſtimation, I mean the pleaſure of alleviating the diſtreſſes of your fellow creatures, and an aſſurance that you are deſerving the favour of that power who has promiſed to repay a life of religion and virtue with endleſs felicity. Believe me, &c.

LET-

LETTER LX.

To CLEANTHES.

Nov. 15th, 1753.

IT is no ſmall alleviation of that anxiety which the loſs of a friend produces, to reflect that the ſame virtues which procured him our eſteem, will likewiſe entitle him to eternal happineſs. This conſolation I received upon cloſing the eyes of Ariſtus, the laſt and moſt melancholy office which friendſhip can perform.

AT length, my Cleanthes, that friendſhip which we once divided is now confined to ourſelves. We have ſeen thoſe who advanced with us along the vale of life, ſink into the grave, and have lived to be the only links of the chain of friendſhip which we helped to conſtitute at our entrance on the world. We have together, in the hours of youth, looked back and deſpiſed the toys of infancy, in our manhood we have ſmiled at the pleaſures of our youth, and are now come to that age in which we look back on all alike,

alike, and conſider every proſpect that terminates on this ſide the grave as beneath our notice or regard.

At this ſeaſon of life, one of the moſt conſiderable pleaſures which remains to human nature, is, the recollection of the moments which are paſt. Now, whilſt I write, my Cleanthes, I recall with ſatisfaction the time in which we were induced, by a parity of ſentiments, to form the ſocial connexion, and the ſteady union in which we have paſſed from that hour to the preſent. The time approaches which muſt put a period to our friendſhip, none hope that providence will extend their lives to an unuſual length but thoſe who fear to die; as for ourſelves, we have reached that age which few are born to attain, and which, in the language of an admired writer, requires a great deal of providence to produce. I flatter myſelf that our days have been ſo ſpent that we have no reaſon to tremble at the thought of our laſt, nor imbitter the remaining part of our life with apprehenſion for the inevitable hour to come.

We have lent the tear of pity to diſtreſs, and alleviated the misfortunes of our fellow creatures, we have neither indulged our paſſions, nor neglected the praiſe we owe the author of our mercies. Why, therefore, ſhould we tremble? We leave a world whoſe pleaſures we are no longer capable of poſſeſſing, we have paſſed through its enjoyments, and have found them vain, we leave it for the happieſt of ſtates: and yet the tender tie of parent holds us; we muſt leave thoſe whom nature obliges us to love: yet let us remember that we leave them to the care of a divine providence, and be thankful that we were not called whilſt their minds were yet unformed, or we had conducted them from the budding to the bloom of reaſon.

If at any time a kind of wiſh ariſe which would defer the hour that heaven has allotted for my laſt, 'tis when I am ſurrounded by my family, and obſerve the looks of tenderneſs which they gratefully beſtow on me; yet ſometimes their being preſent has the oppoſite effect, and I am apprehenſive leſt the

the moment ſhould not arrive 'till I mourn the loſs of a child.

I KNOW not that any thing would give me more conſiderable amuſement than our reviewing together our paſt lives, and recollecting the dangers we have paſt from the ſtorms of our paſſions, and now time has lulled them to reſt. It would not be unentertaining, I imagine, to collect the various opinions and ideas we have had of the ſame object, and mark the progreſs of the human mind through the different ſtages of life Cleanthes, therefore, who enjoys the bleſſing of health in a more eminent degree than his friend, will haſten to ſee and give him the greateſt ſatisfaction he can poſſibly know.

I WRITE this from the grotto which Lucida's fancy decorated, and where we have paſſed ſo many happy hours. Providence has taken care to wean us from the love of life by degrees. Scarce have we reached the ripened age of manhood before we have more friends in the grave than ſurviving, and from that moment, which is almoſt the firſt of ſerious reflection, we begin to perceive the vanity of human happineſs.

It

It was the will of heaven that I ſhould mourn the loſs of my Lucinda, and feel the pang of ſeparation, yet not 'till we had grown old in love, and ſweetened the greateſt part of our lives with connubial happineſs. Since the retroſpect part of our lives preſents us with nothing which ſhould terrify our imagination, let us paſs the remaining days which heaven ſhall allot us in calm ſerenity, and in reſignation to the divine will.

WHENEVER the deſtined hour ſhall come, my Cleanthes, may we ſink contented from the world, and in the perfect aſſurance of eternal happineſs. I am, &c.

FINIS.

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